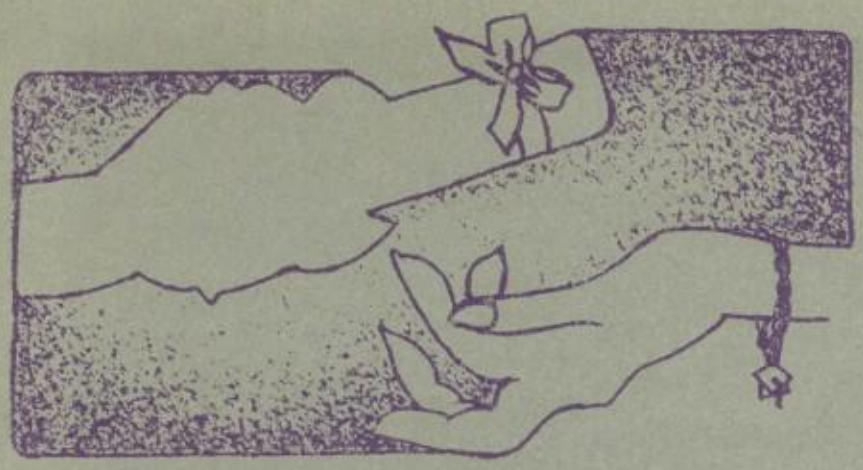
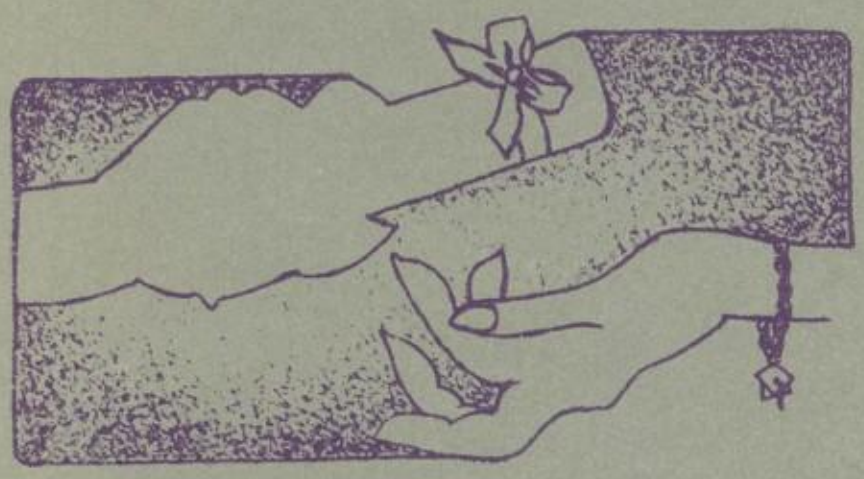
PROSPECTUS
1986

HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL
QUEENS, NEW YORK

DOUGLAS FANNING





To Doug:
Its been "real"
Its been "Fun"
but too bad it
wasn't been real fun"
Good luck at the
Academy of Aeronautics. toilet
May your life be as
Paper... long and useful.
good luck
James

718 526-7692

Dear Doug!
We made it through Ms Fenstors
class together and also Mr. Shein.
I wish you good luck in whatever
you do after high school
Stay Cool
Raphael.

Dear Doug, knowing
it's been great knowing
you. I can't believe we
made it through Hacker's
class. Stay
good luck
Love ya.
Valerie

DEAR DOUG,
YOU HAVE BEEN IN MY
HOMEROOM FOR A NUMBER OF
YEARS AND I APOLOGIZE IF I
HAVE PICKED ON YOU TOO MUCH.
GOOD LUCK IN ALL YOU DO
AND MAY THE FORCE
BE WITH YOU!
THE HOMEROOM BULLY,
STEVE (HOSEMAN IF
YOU FORGOT)
976-3636

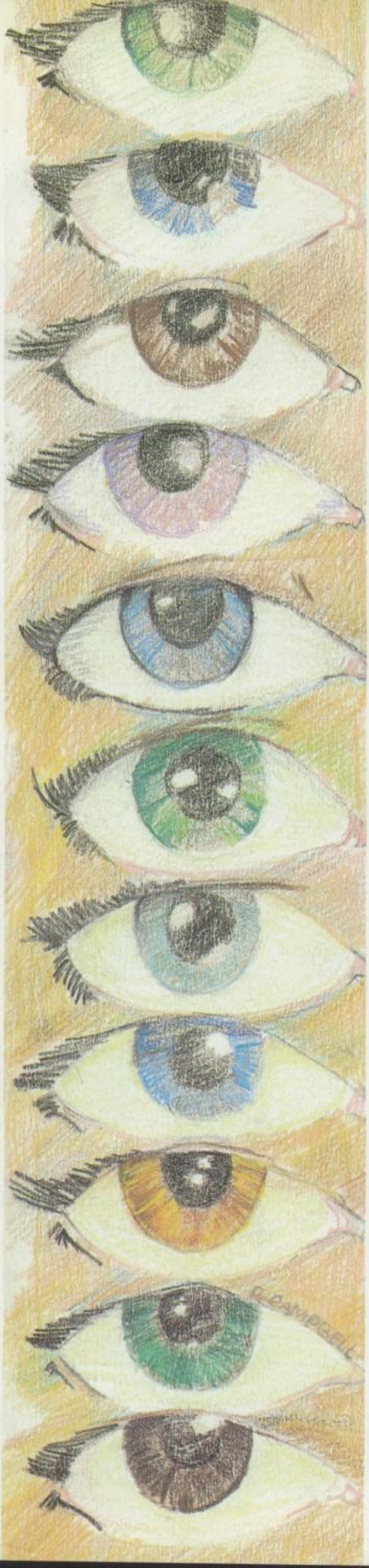
Doug,
It's been nice
knowing you.
Good Luck!
Jamie
(Journalism)

"Douglas Fanning"

June 1986

To Doug
Hope you
have a
nice summer
Keep on
Smoking
and
Smoking
up
Rafael

To Doug
Good
Luck
John T.
Tinnman



Visions

During our years of high school, each day that passed has been filled with precious moments for everyone to remember. The days we first entered Hillcrest, unsure of the new tasks which were ahead of us, the days we laughed or cried, the days we spoke about our future goals or just fooled around, the days we studied and were tested, are all visions in our minds. But now that we have reached the point of making decisions that will determine our lives, we dream about things we'll do, the way we'll change, the lives we will lead and the days that lie ahead, which are also visions in our minds. Visions of the days and years ahead and visions of the gone will always be within us, to be nourished and cherished now and in time to come.

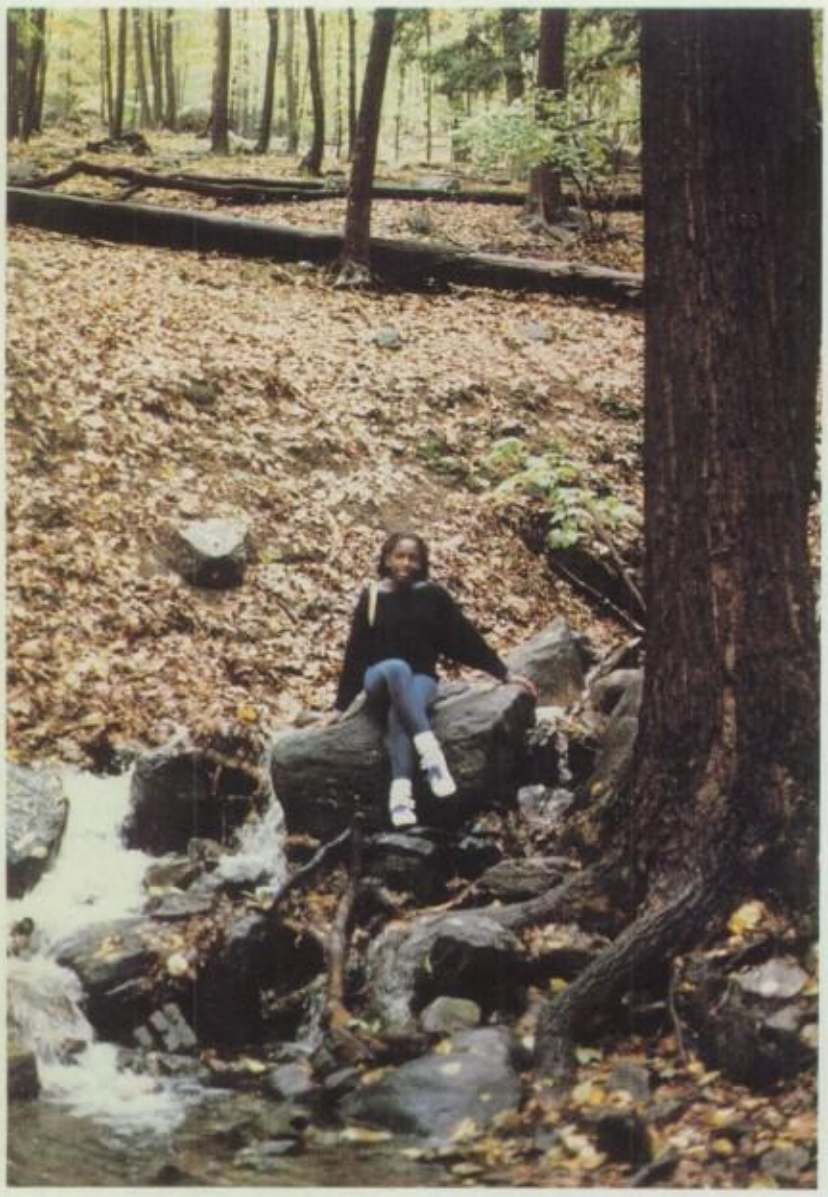
It was here at Hillcrest that most of our principal visions were born. We all grew together to form the Senior Class of 1986. During our years here, we were given the chance to learn more about ourselves and our visions. Now our visions of our futures will be set in motion, for once we depart this building, we commence the rest of our lives. All that until now was "just a vision" can, if we are diligent and lucky, become truth. Building upon the premises we developed here, we will formulate — and achieve — our visions of a successful and happy life.

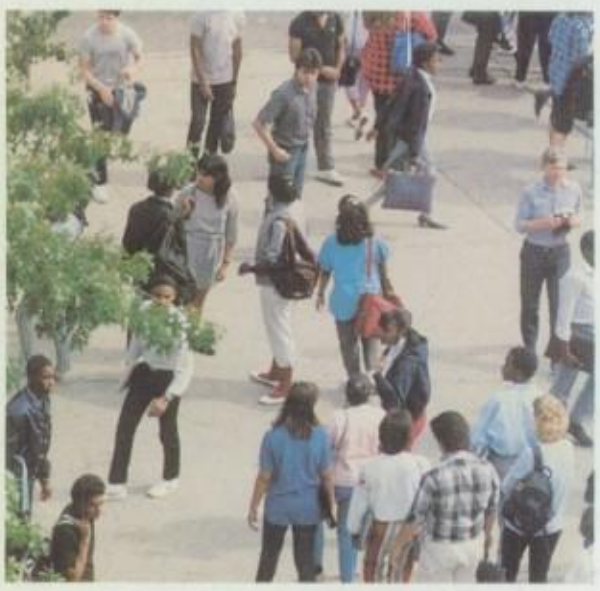
Stefania R. Traylor
Lisa Goeb

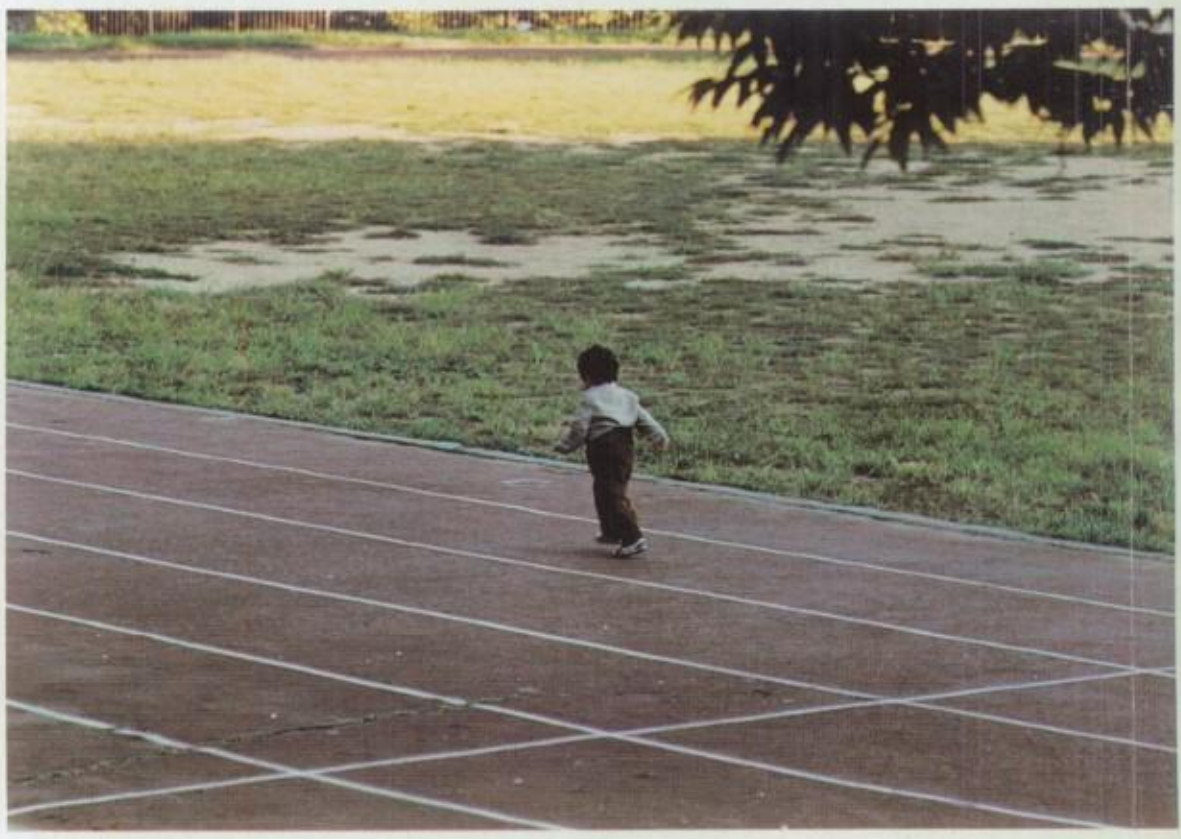
PROSPECTUS
1986

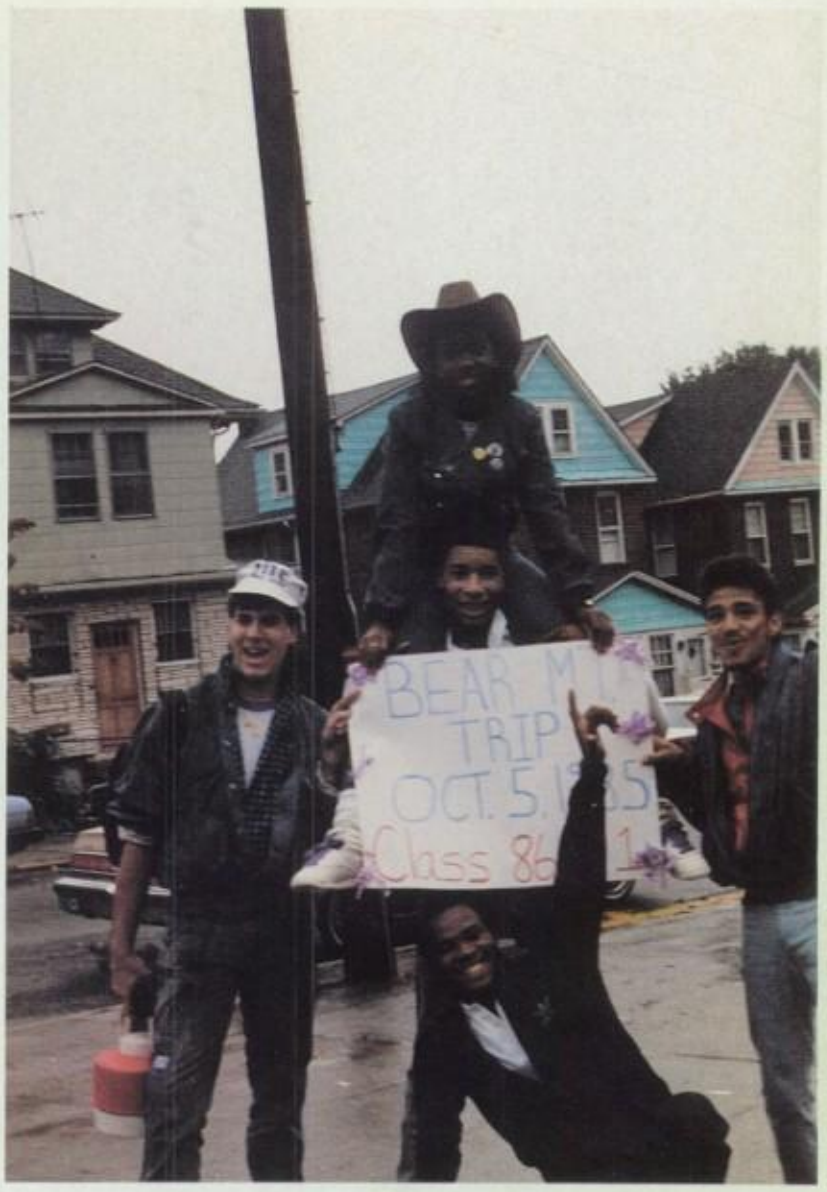
HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL

Florence Aronson, Principal

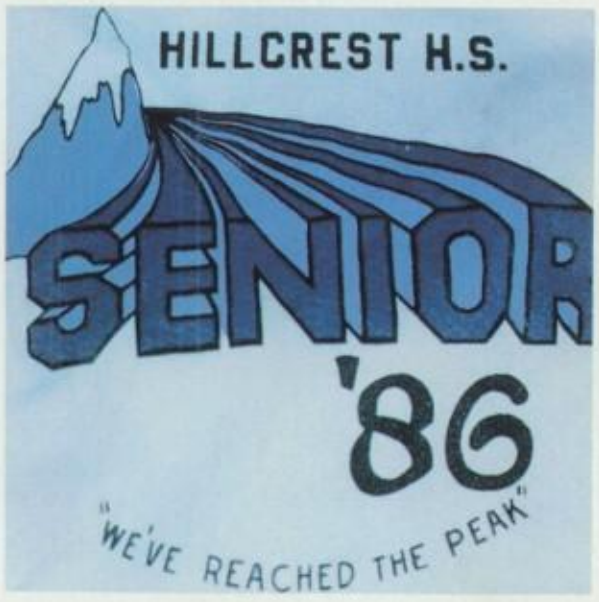


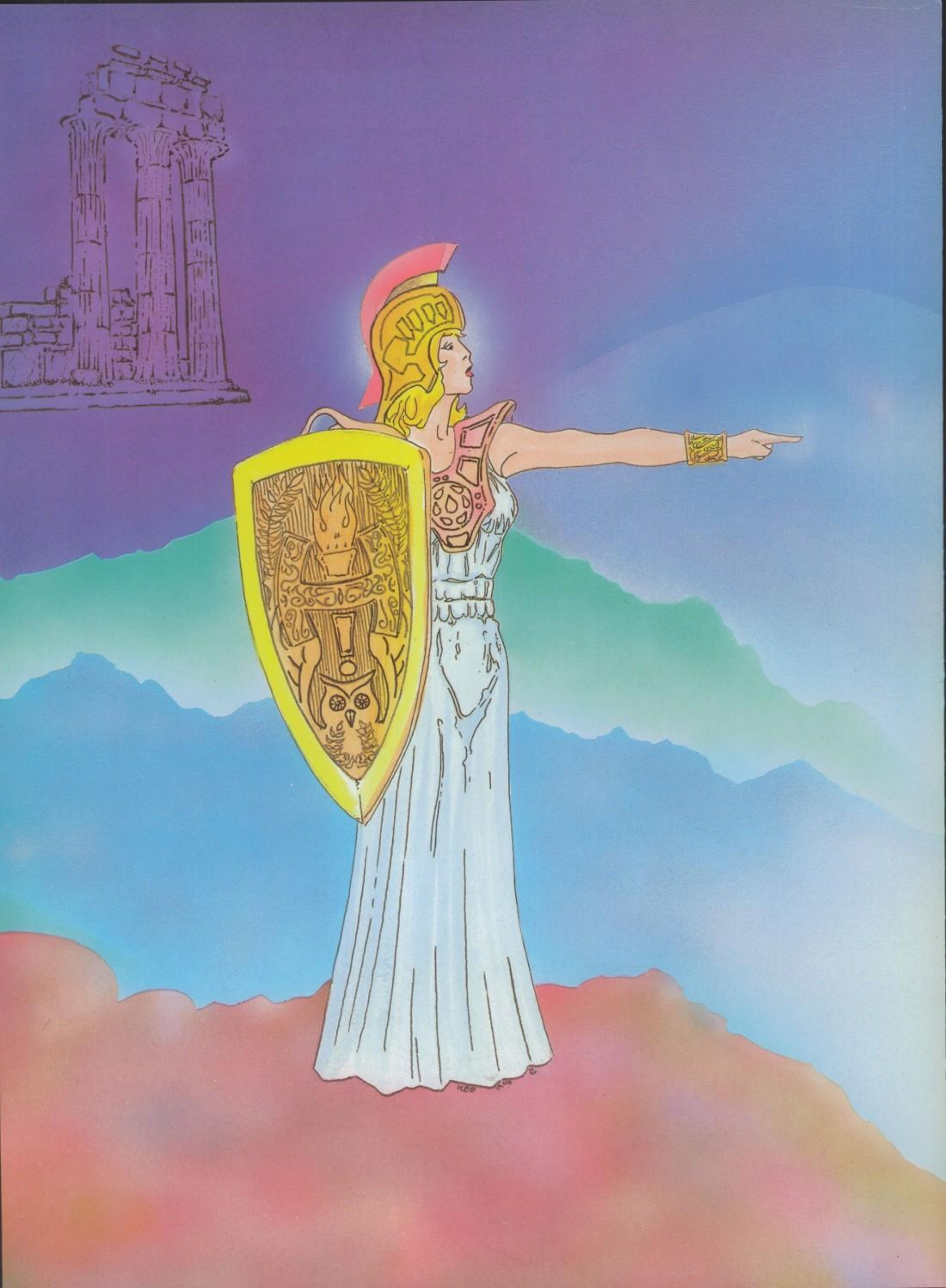





BEAR M
TRIP
OCT. 5, 19
Class 86

HILLCREST
HIGH SCHOOL


HILLCREST H.S.
SENIOR
'86
"WE'VE REACHED THE PEAK"

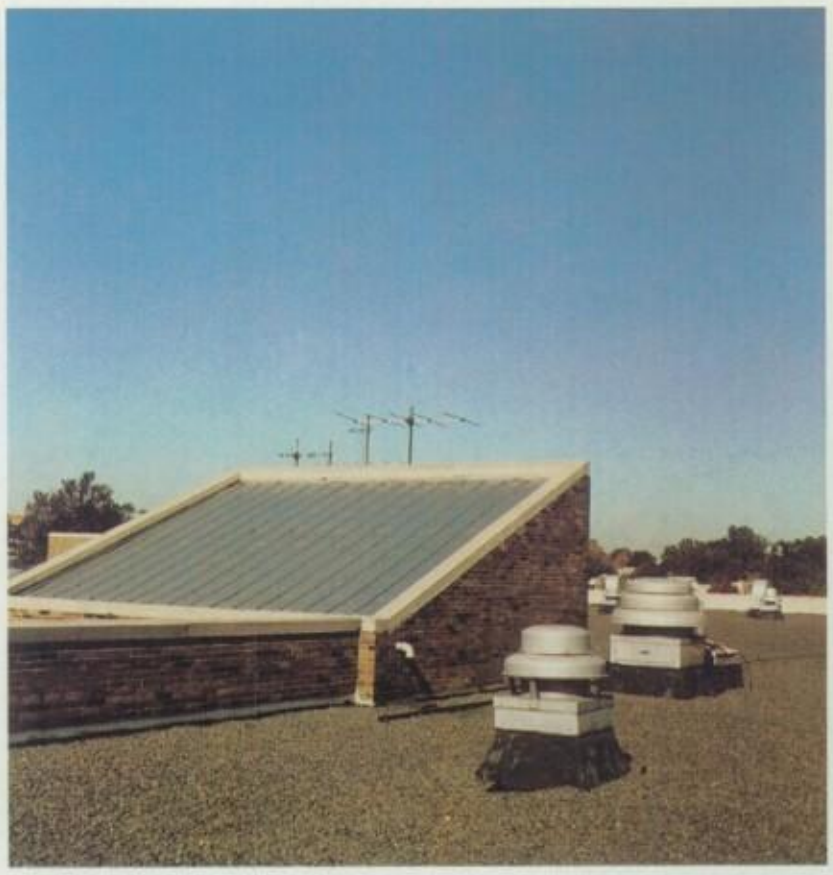


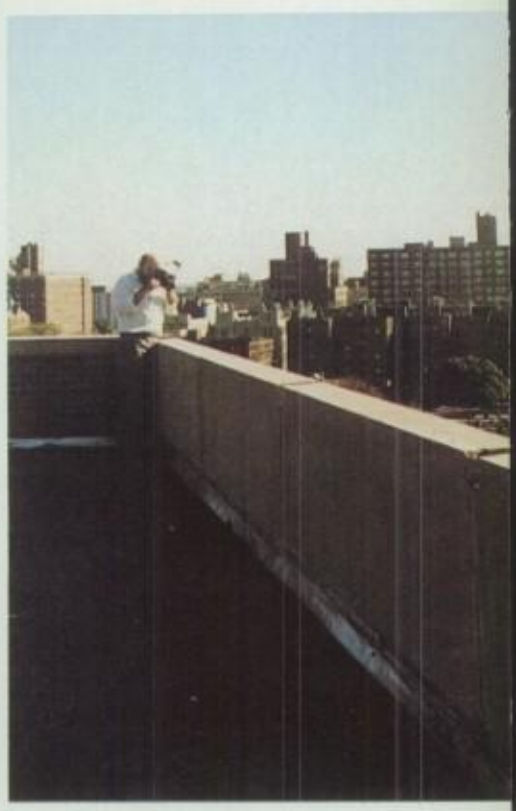
VISIONS

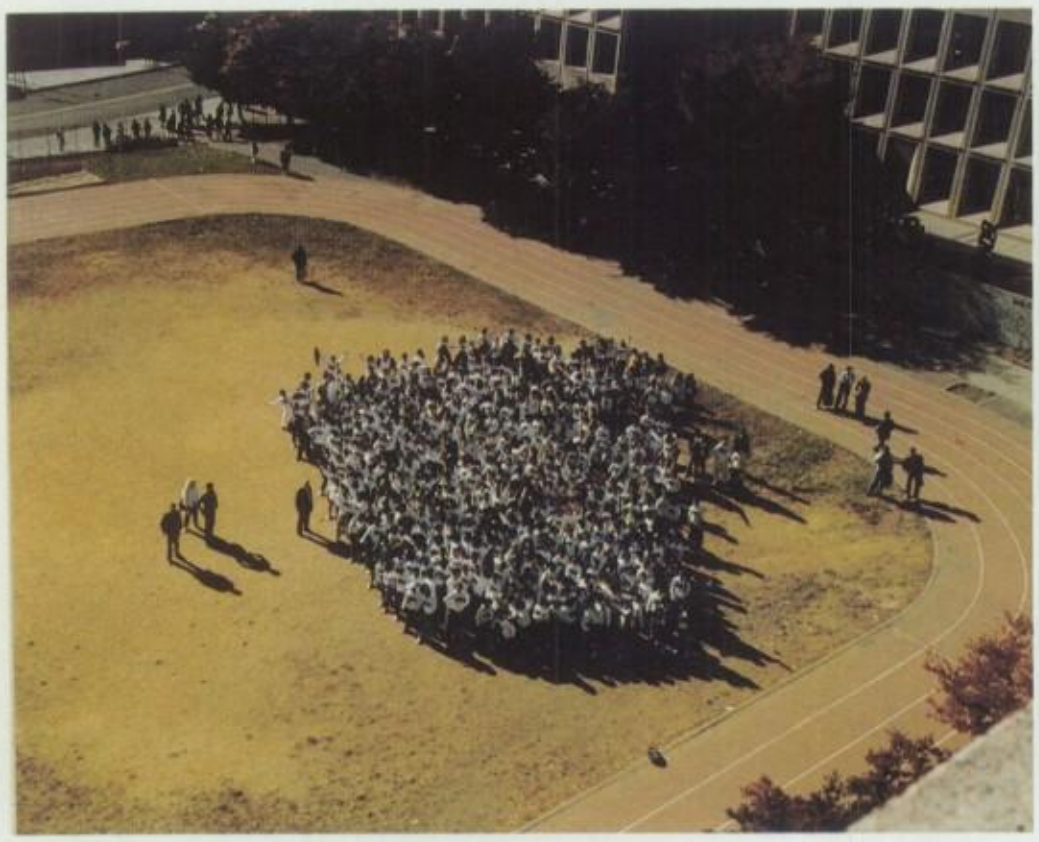
As we wake up to tomorrow,
We never really know what we'll be
We never really know what we'll do.
We try to live up to our visions of tomorrow
To be that perfect somebody we often
See in our minds and feel in our hearts

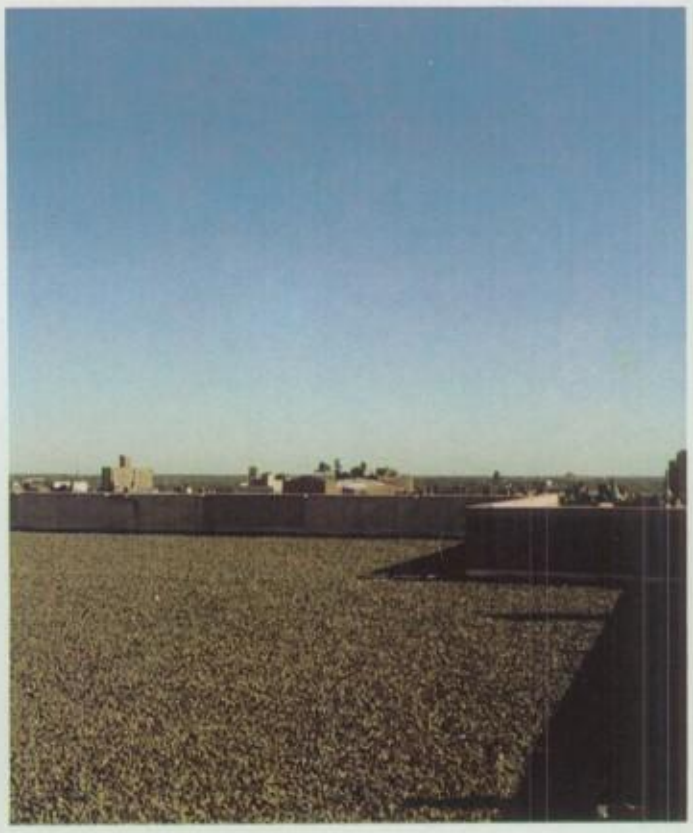
We visualize ourselves as the future of our world.
Right now we are the hope of a future generation.
Our young will visualize themselves in our place,
Just as we once visualized ourselves in our parents' place
Taking one of the greatest steps of our lives.
We tread the paths of our forefathers,
In hope to be as they were.
They had visions of the future,
And their visions were of us:
Capturing all the knowledge our minds can absorb,
Fighting for what we believe,
Standing up for our place in the world.
Those were their visions; now they're ours.
In the midst of storms, we visualize unclouded days.
In the midst of heartache, we visualize peace and happiness.
In the midst of tears, we visualize a brighter tomorrow.

Meshelle White

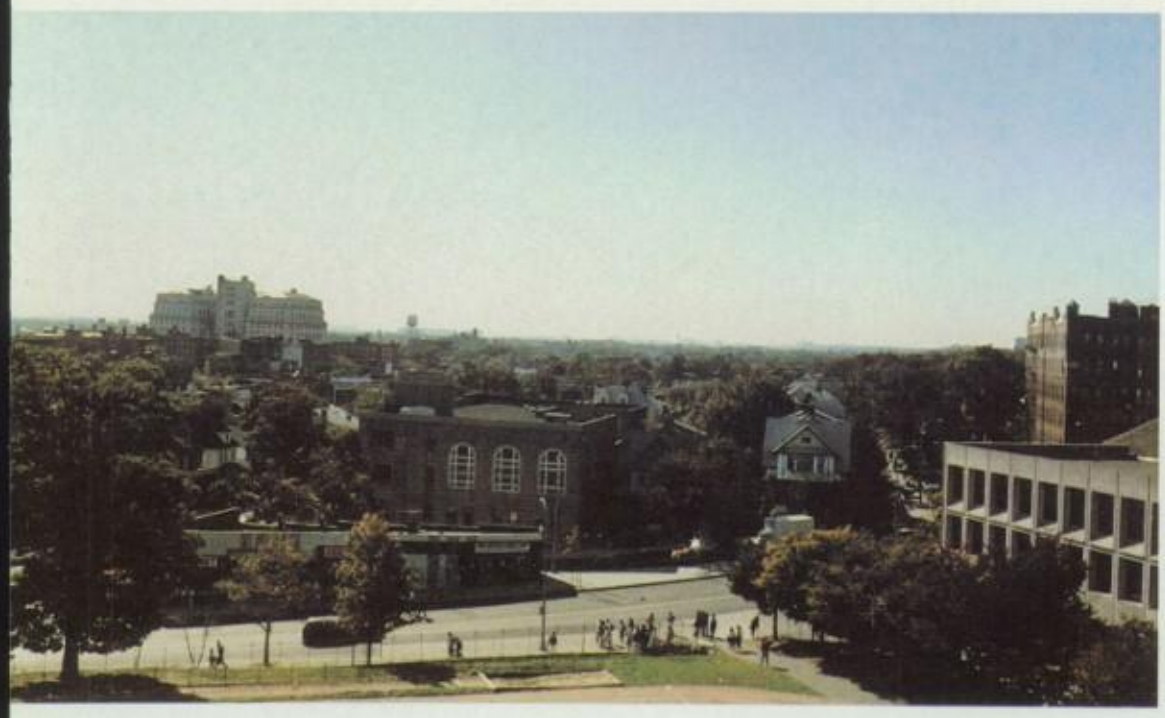


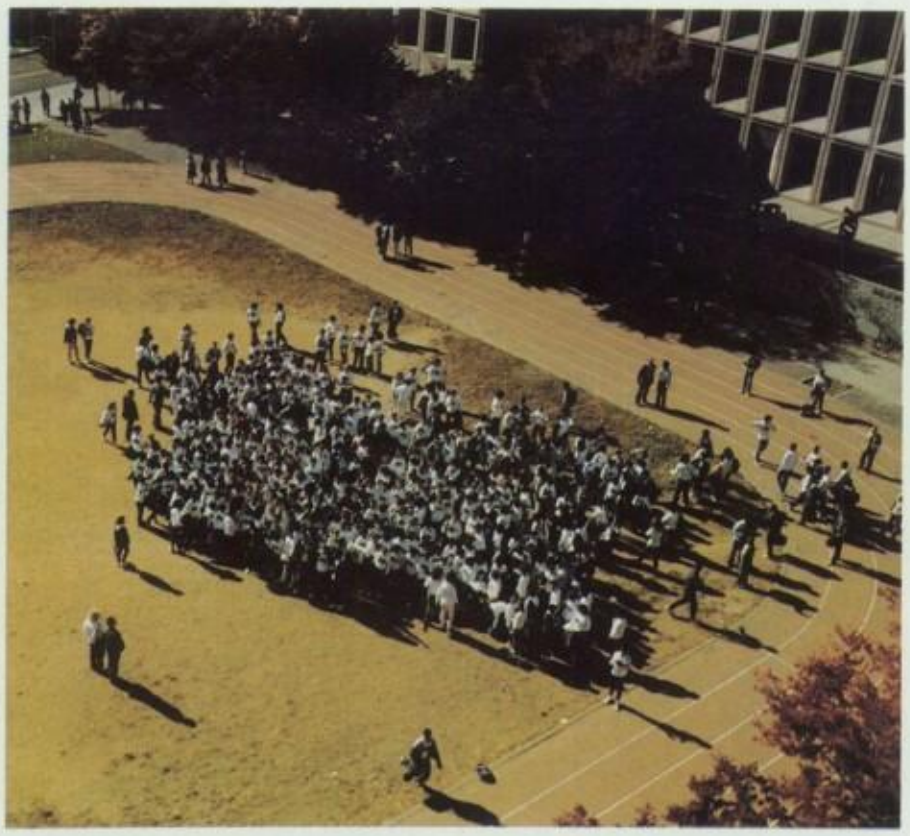


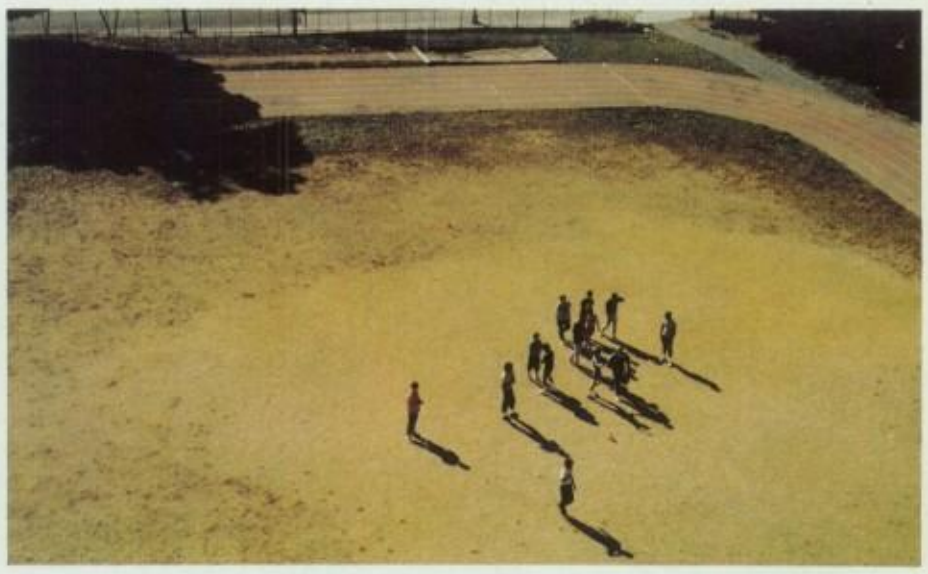


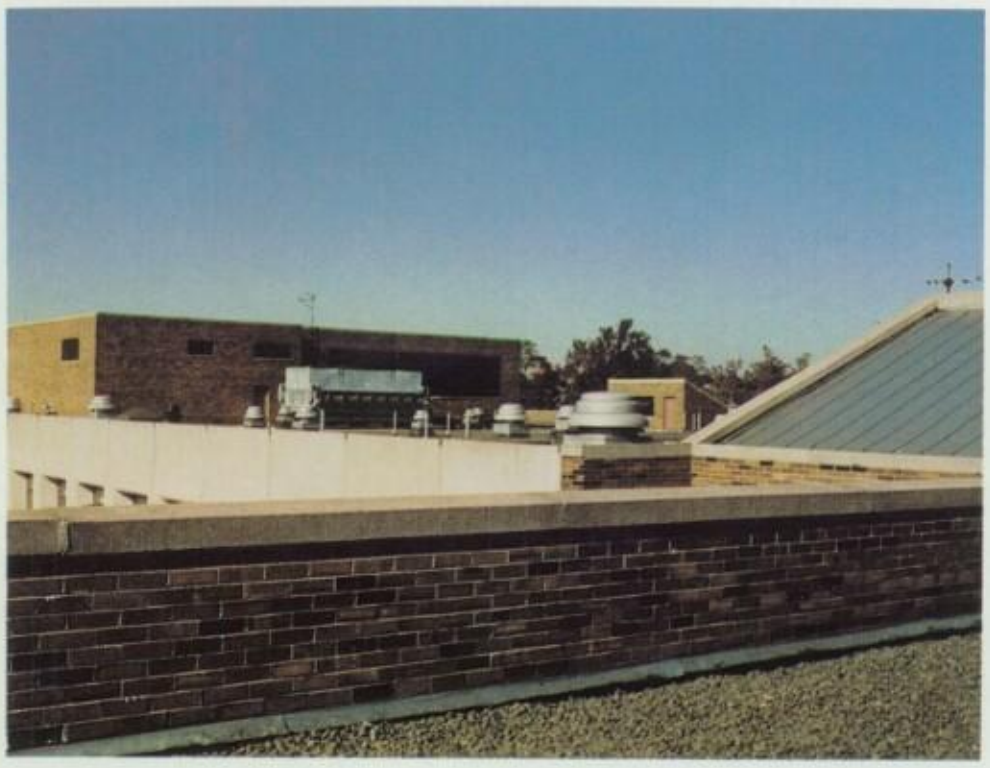


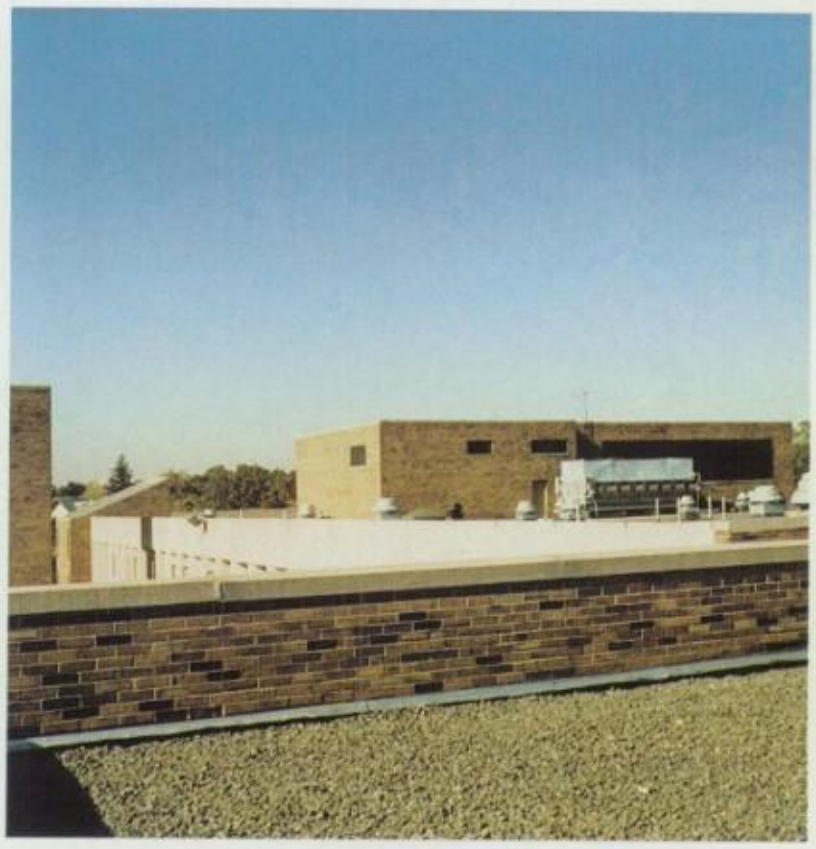
A VIEW FROM THE TOP







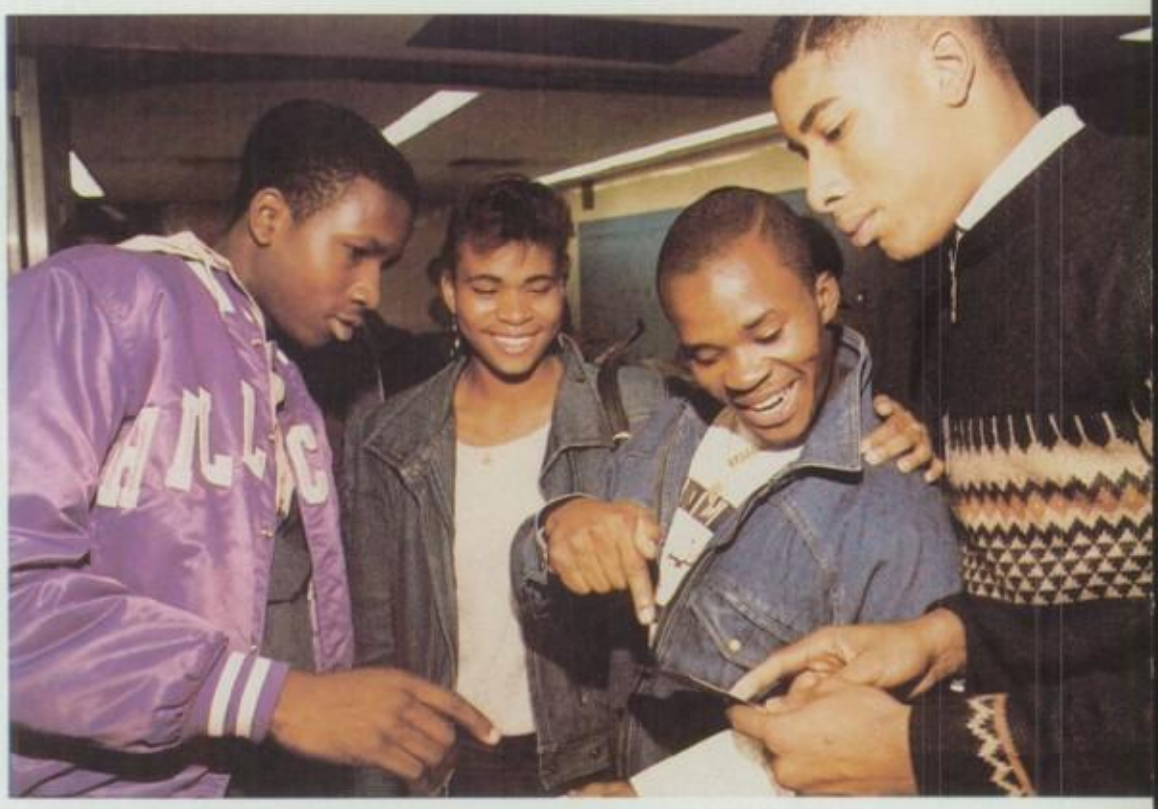




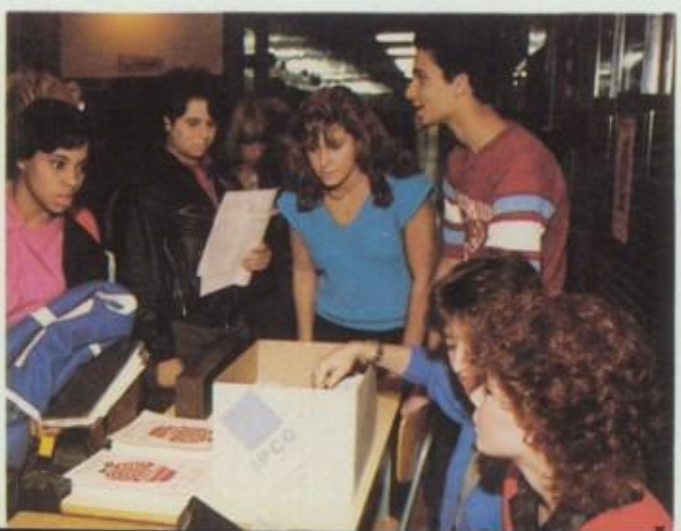
SENIORS '86

We've Reached

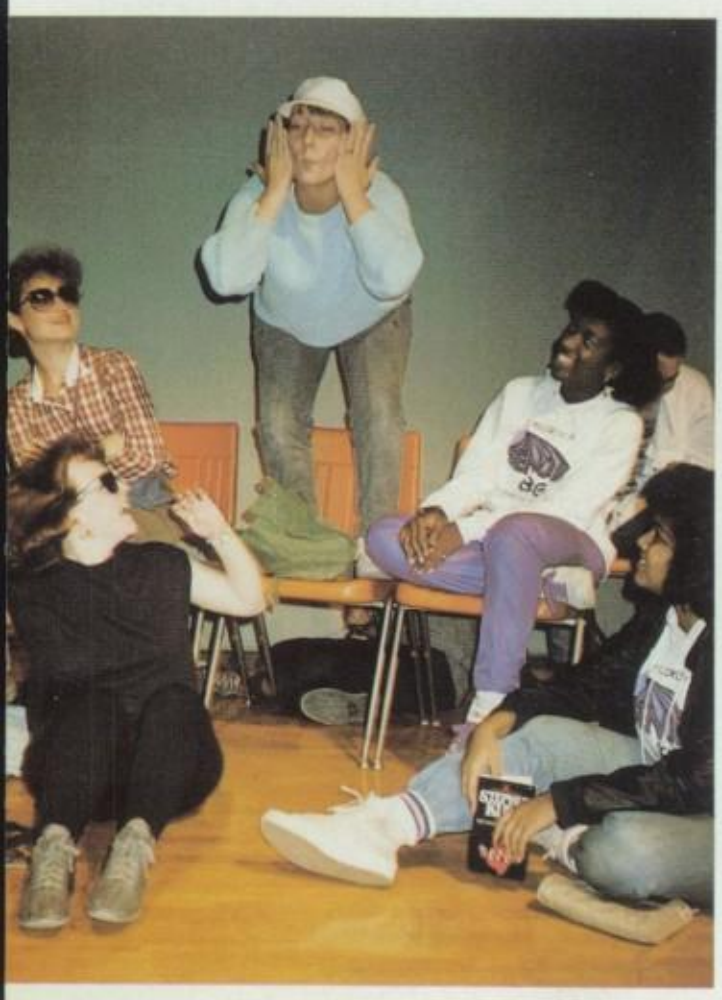
The Peak . . .

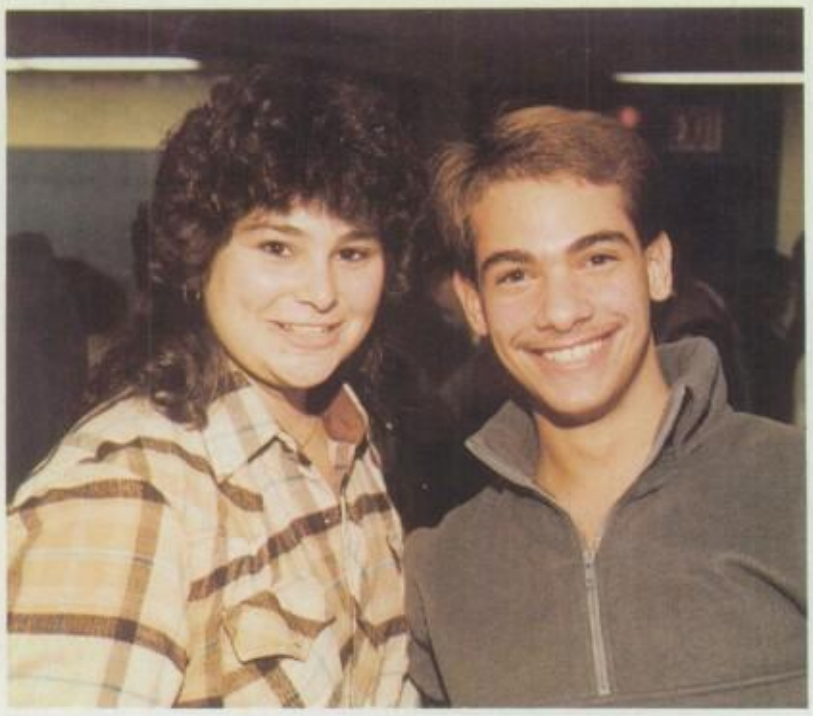


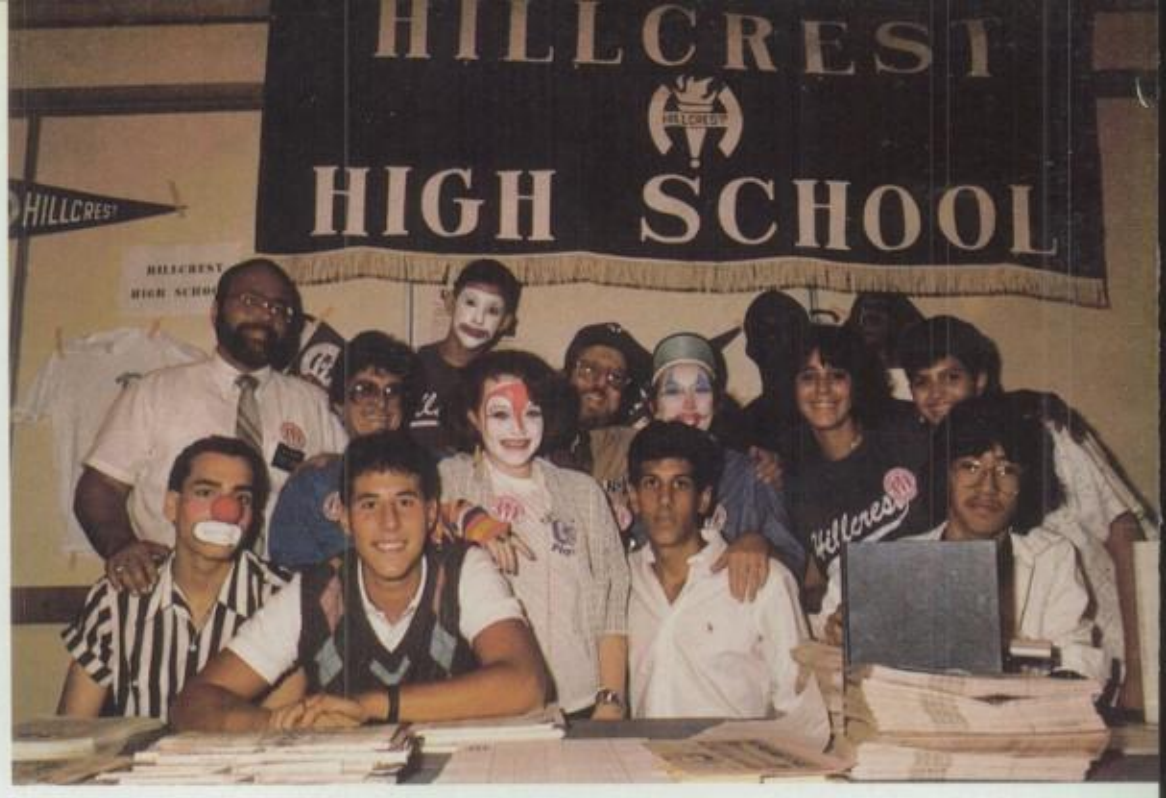
COLLEGE NIGHT

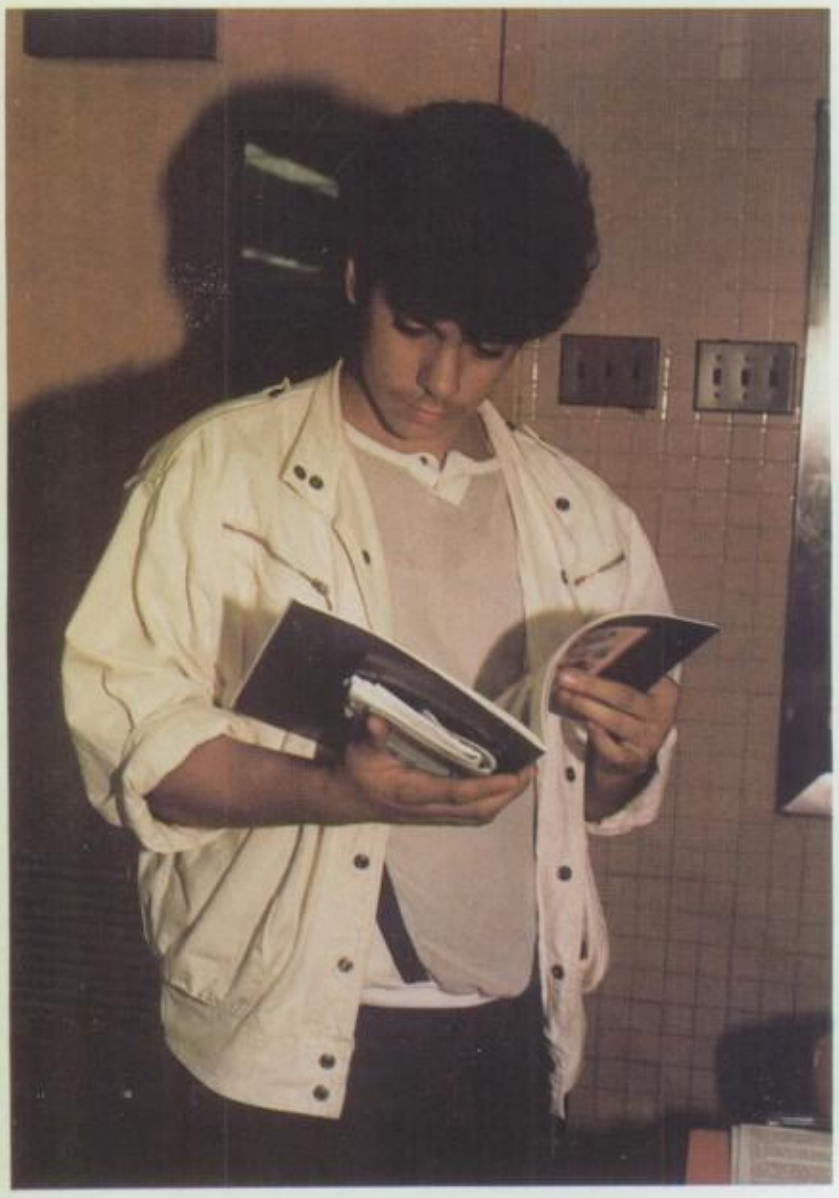


MIKE'S CASE









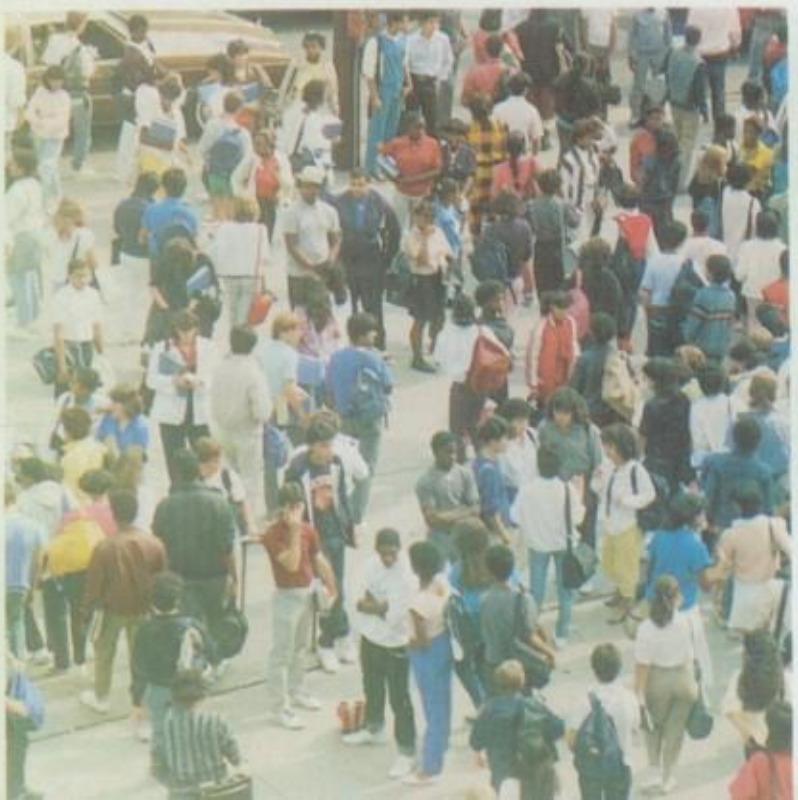
TO EACH OTHER

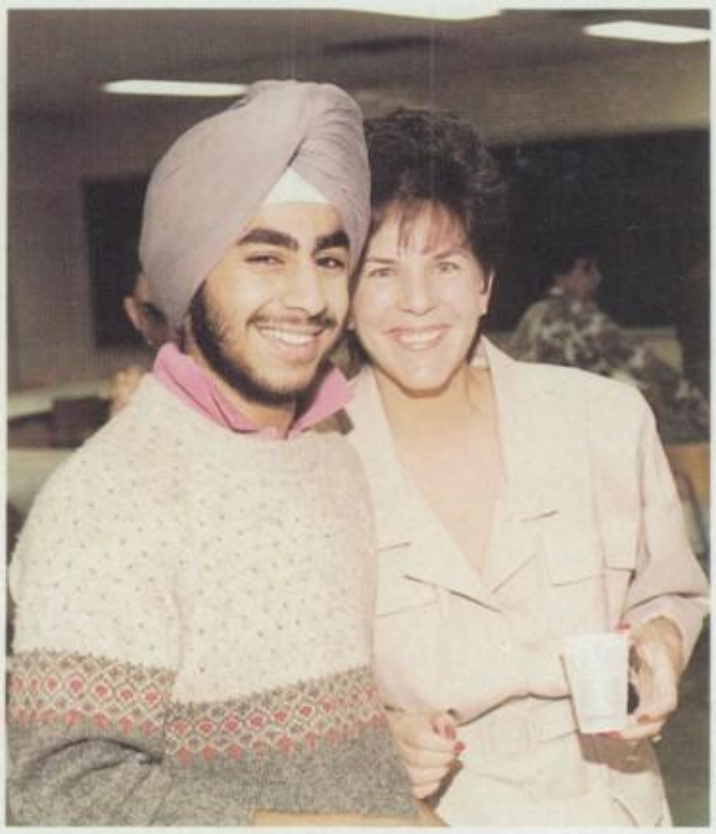
All too often cliches and redundancy take the true meaning out of what we would like to say. That is why we wish to dedicate "Prospectus" to each other. Perhaps the pictures and poetry in this book will better portray the feelings we need to share than ordinary words ever could.

We have all played a part in each others' lives. We have grown tremendously in four years. Long years because they were full of confusion and pain; short years in that they represent only a small segment of our lives. In these four years we have grown as one, turning to each other for help along the way. Whether it was cramming together in the library or going to a movie on a Saturday night, we have been there for each other, to exchange a smile or a slap on the back, and sometimes words of anger and pain. We have opened our hearts and our minds to those we call our friends. We have stood before one another with our strengths and weaknesses revealed, our character left unguarded, and now we stand as one for the last time, the grand finale, the final curtain for the class of 1986.

We have worked hard and have reached a mighty peak in our young lives, but while we are on this peak, let us stop to look and realize just how special our friends have made this Hillcrest experience. Although we have much to strive for ahead of us, we must not leave each other behind. That is what PROSPECTUS '86 is for, each other, forever pressed in the pages of this book.

Ursula Browne





HILLCREST
HIGH SCHOOL
HIGH
Hillcrest
ILLCREST

BOARD OF EDUCATION CITY OF NEW YORK

HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL

160-05 Highland Avenue • Queens, New York 11432 • Telephone: (718) 658-5407

Florence Aronson, Principal

June 1986

Dear Students:

When the Pilgrims left for the new world, they had a vision of building a society where they could worship freely. That vision allowed them to endure the hardships of the journey and survive their first winter in New England.

Survival was the impetus that gave the visionaries of the 13 states the courage and brilliance to sit down and write the Constitution of the United States, a document that still lives today. Vision is that intangible object that separates the movers of our country from others.

Do we have to be brilliant, scholarly, and sophisticated to have this intangible force? No. All you need is the ability to dream - to dream what our society should be and could be. All of us possess it; all that needs to be done is to set it into motion.

As you move into the world of higher education and the world of work, remember that your vision of a better tomorrow can become a reality.

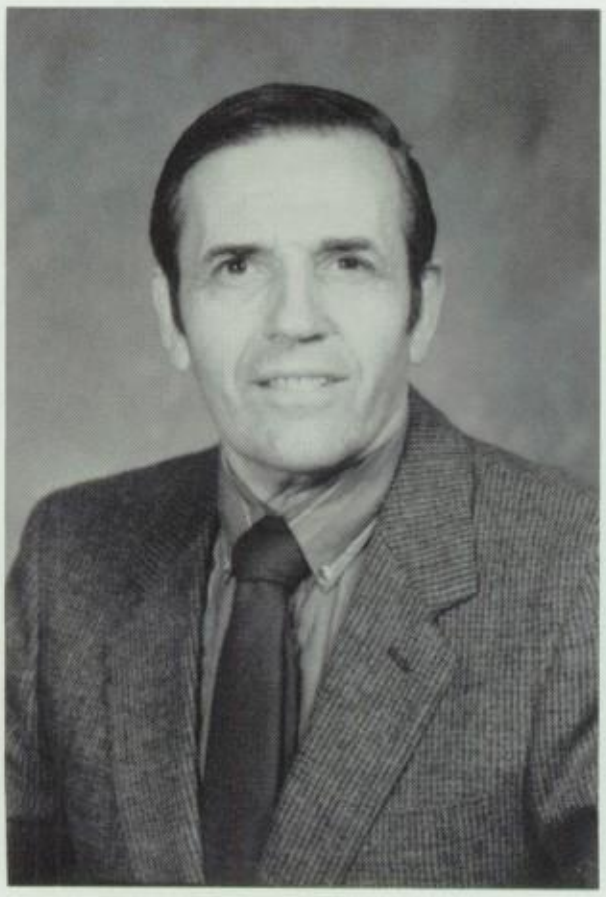
Sincerely yours,

Florence Aronson

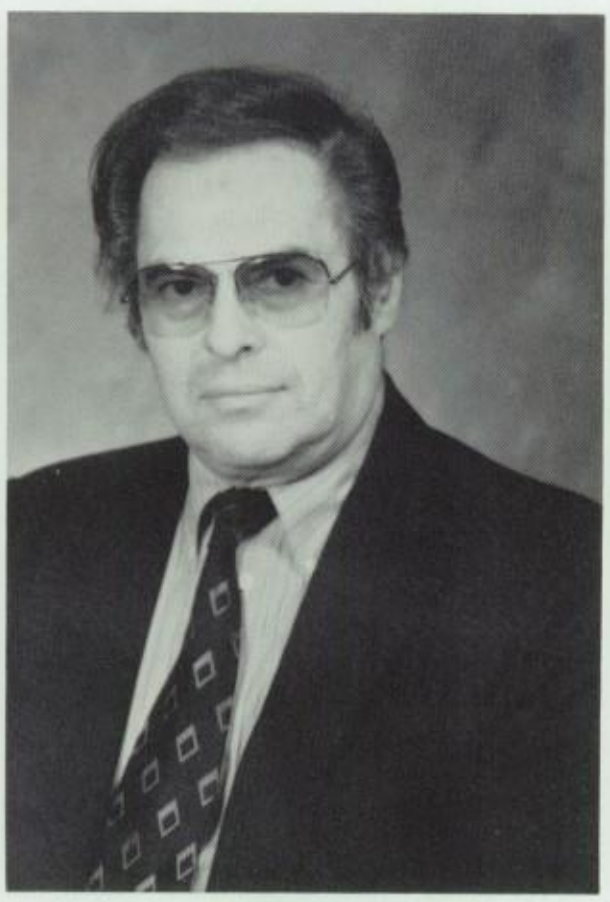
Florence Aronson
Principal

/mp

Dedicated To Those Staff Members Who Are Retiring After Years Of Devoted Service



Lewis Friedland, Art Teacher



Jay Koffler, Guidance Counselor

Ethel Kronish, Assistant Principal

May All Their Visions And Dreams Become Reality

THE CLASS OF 1986

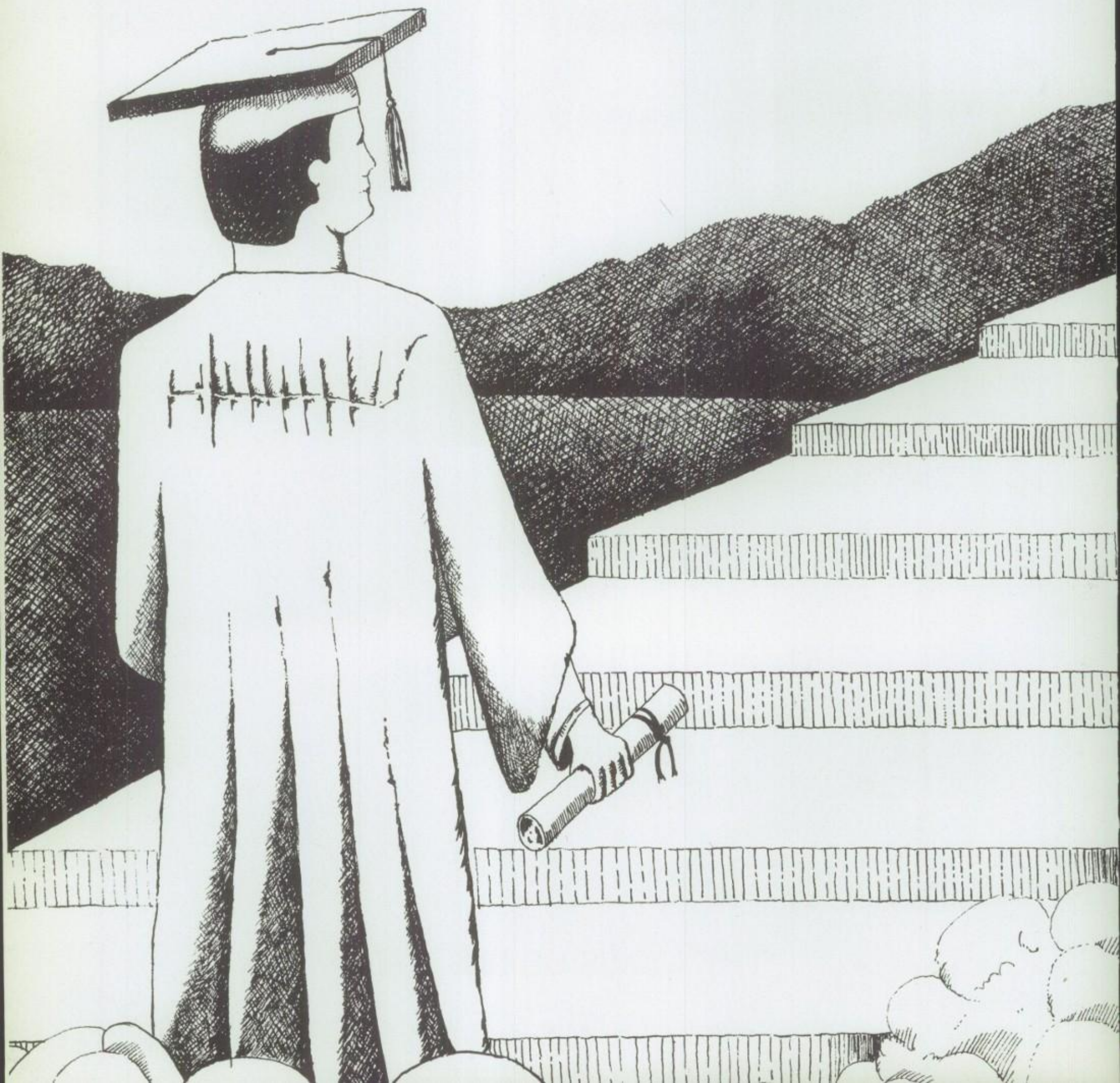
ENTRUSTED WITH VISIONS

Reflecting upon a life one races through images. In a life of decades one focuses on a moment. You are sitting in a classroom, confused by immense concepts. Before you a figure stands writing with white limestone, but the runes mean nothing.

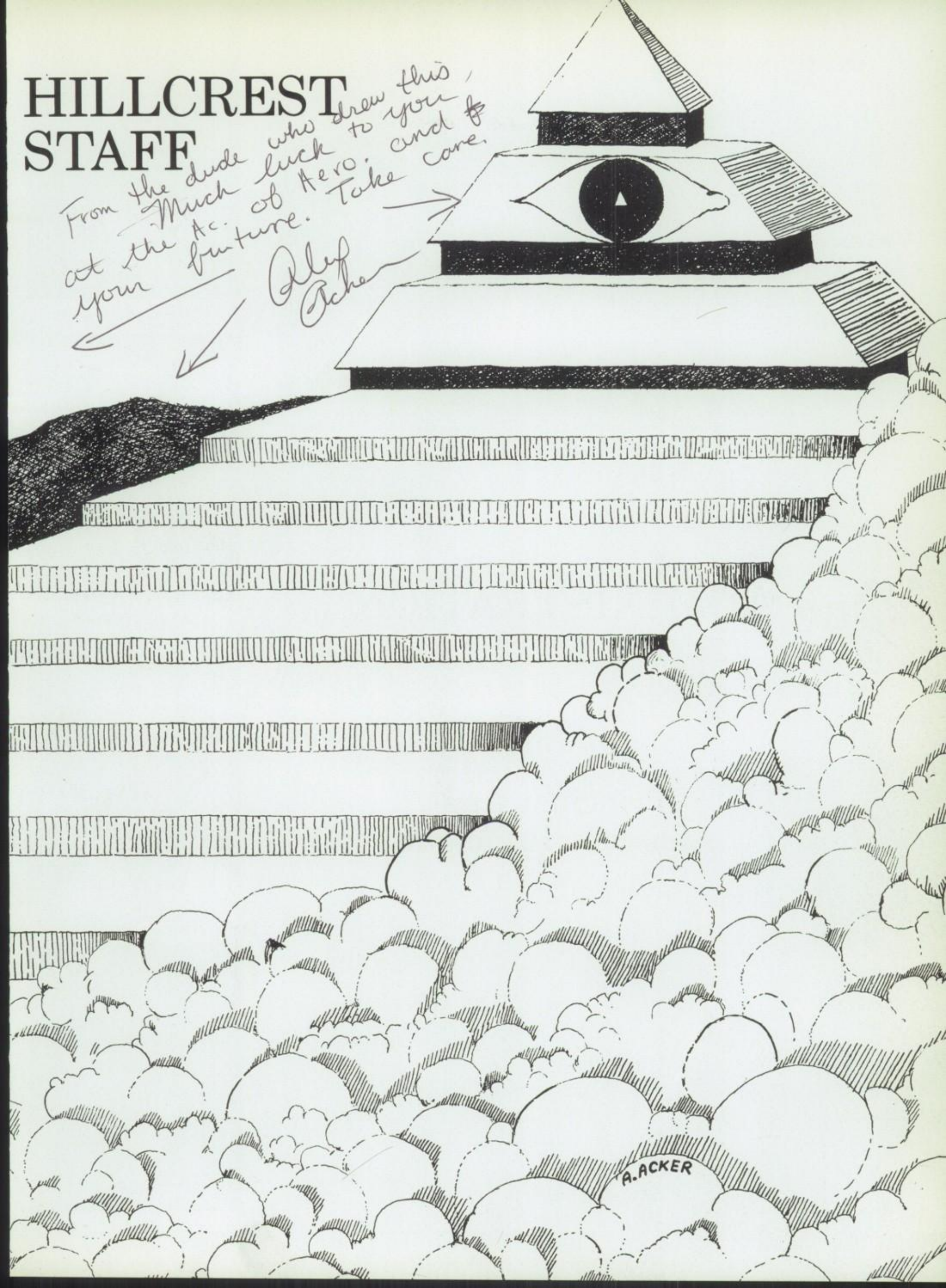
The figure turns around, a teacher, one of a breed entrusted with visions. Your eyes lock for an instant; somehow thoughts are transmitted; you understand the runes. The vision is a clear, whether an equation, a technique, a philosophy, or a naked heart pumping. One dimension becomes two, then two become three, and time gives them life.

What was meaningless becomes important, but the runes alone mean nothing. People are needed: our teachers, people entrusted with visions.

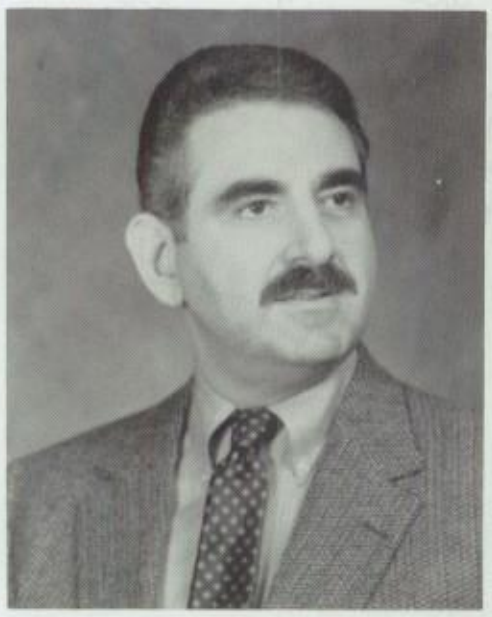
Hassan M. Ahmed



HILLCREST STAFF



Florence Aronson, Principal



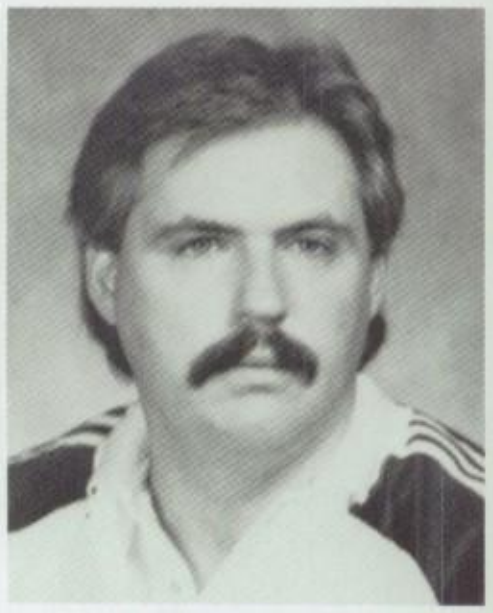
Steven Feldman, Principal 1981-85

ADMINISTRATION

Principal And Assistant Principals

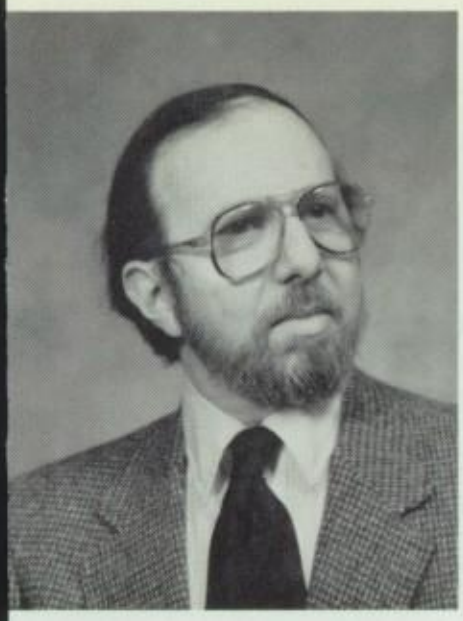
Rudolf Bauer, Industrial Arts & Home Economics

James De Luca, Mathematics



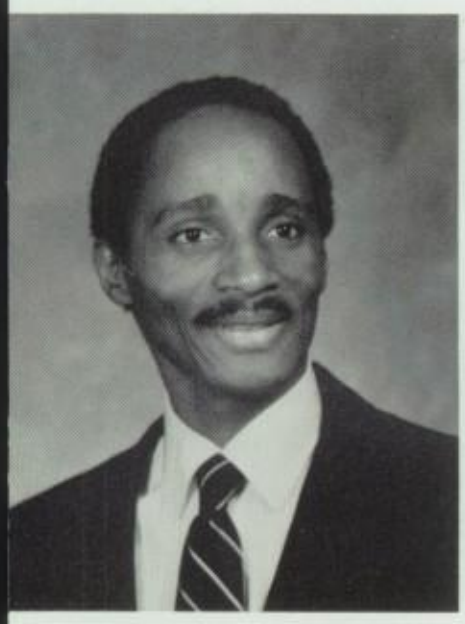
Kevin McDermott, Health and Physical Education

Stephen Posner, Speech & Theatre



Norman Berman, Art & Music

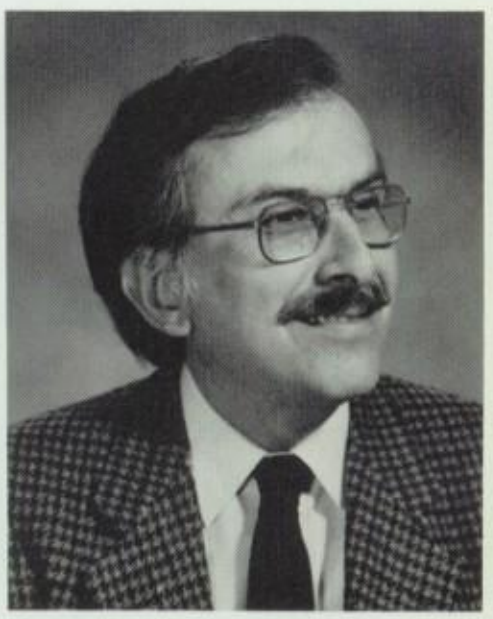
Sydney Ann Blair, Special Education



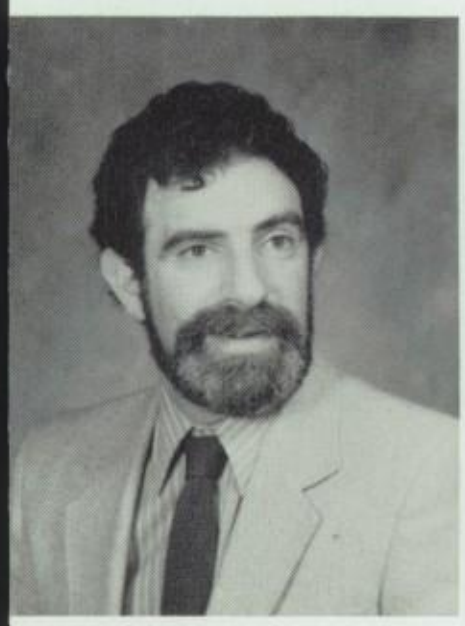
Alfred Ellis, Foreign Language

Ethel Kronish, Nursing

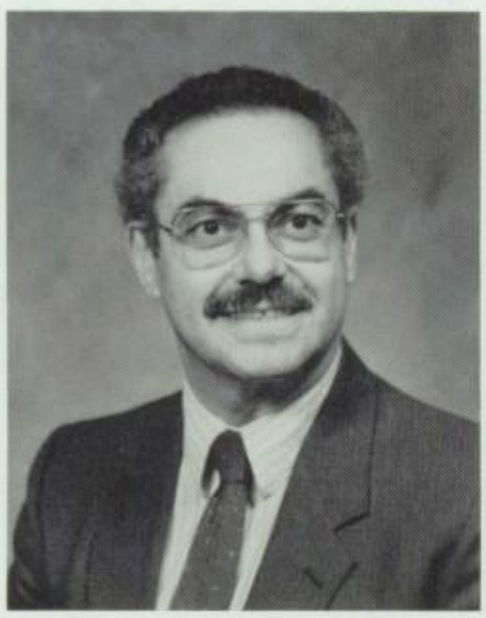
Irving C. Laveman, Administration



Bernard M. Leif, English



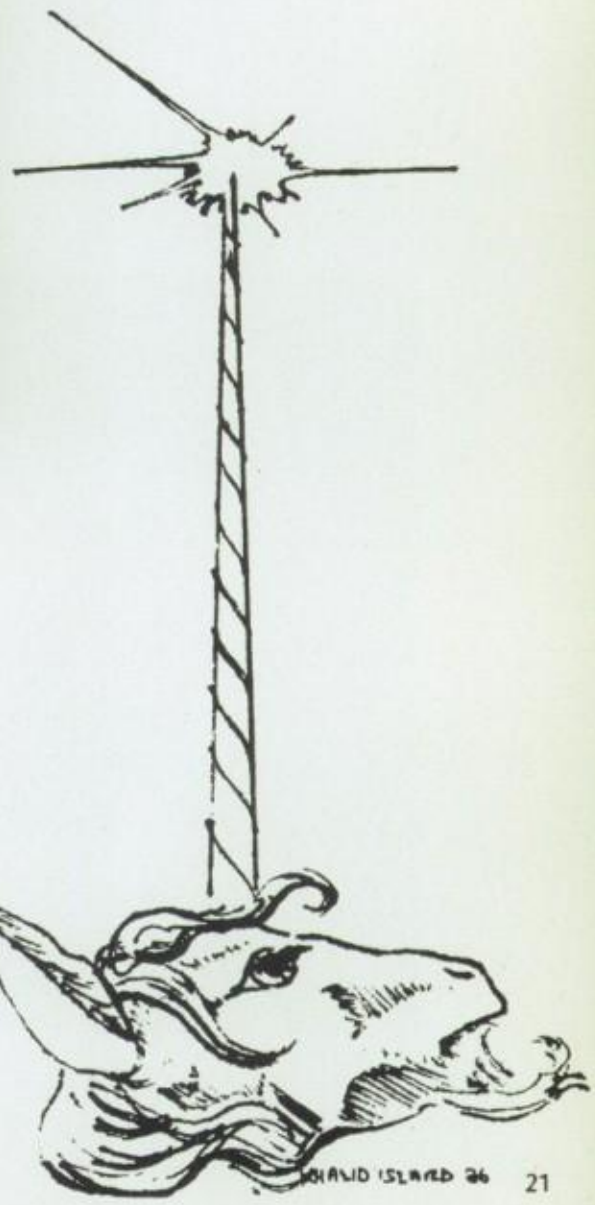
Kenneth Moss, Science

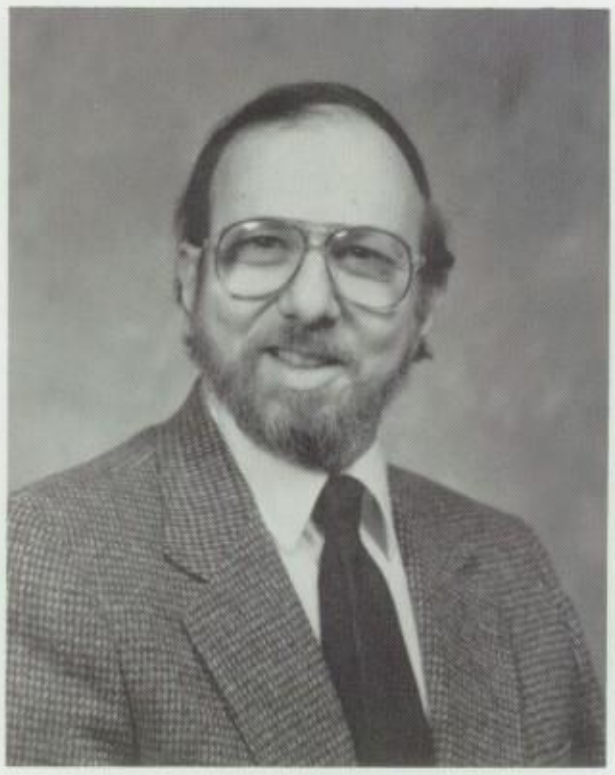


Leon Nissenfeld, Guidance

Madeline Turcik, Business

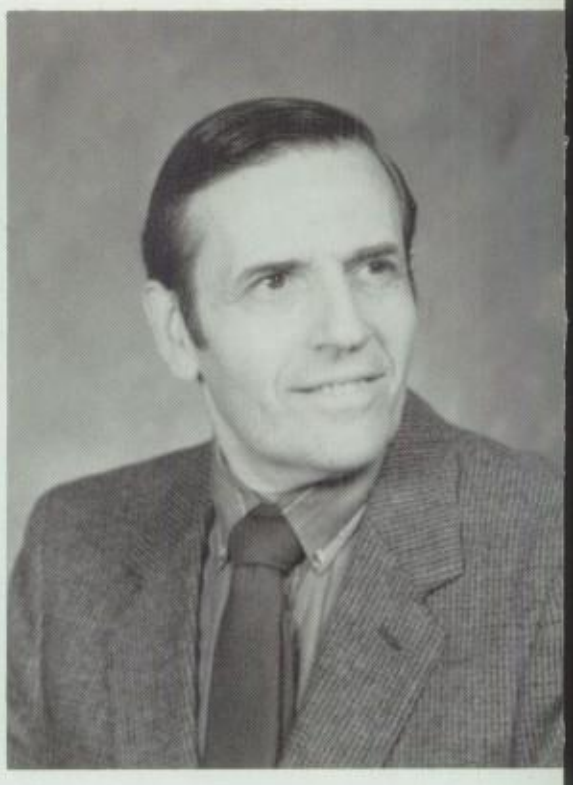
Alan Weiner, Social Studies





Norman Berman, Assistant Principal

Maris Elman



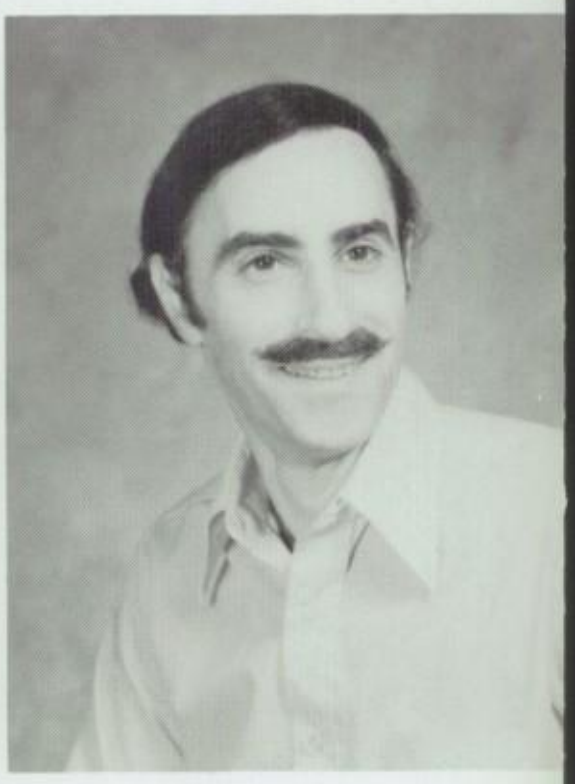
Lewis Friedland

ART

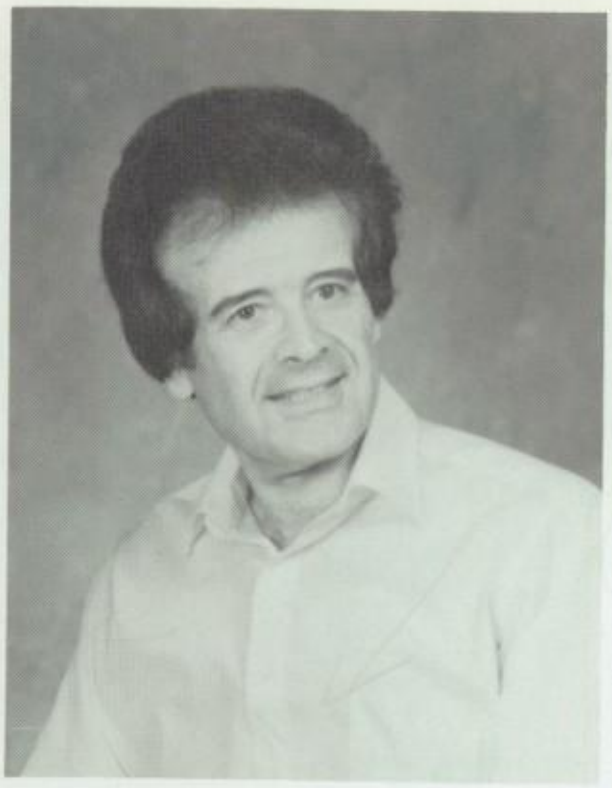
Alice Friedman

Paul Lopez

Rod Rogers

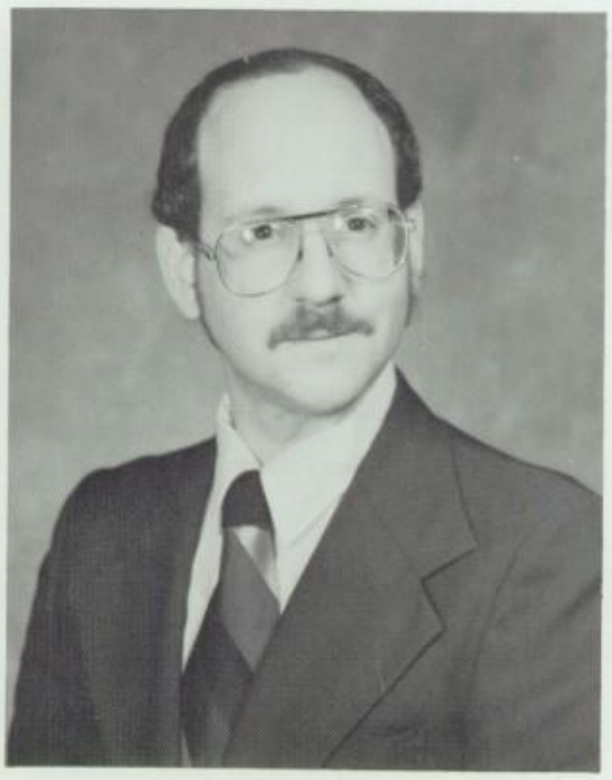


Stephen Skor



Harvey Kingston, Coordinator

Marsha Patelson



John Todras

MUSIC

Madeline Turcik, Assistant Principal

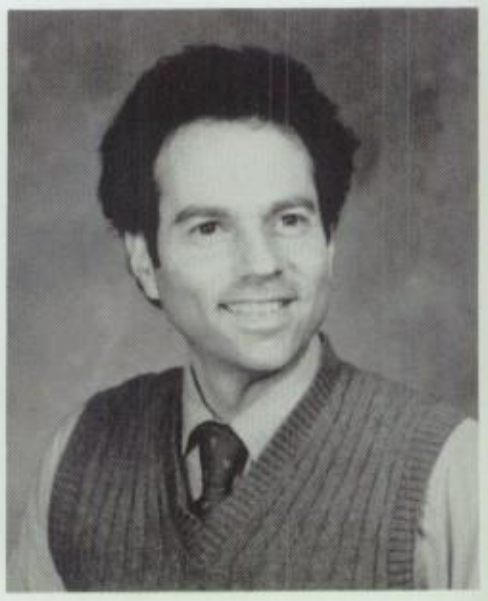
Brenda Anthony

Joy Blum

BUSINESS EDUCATION

Gladys Cohen

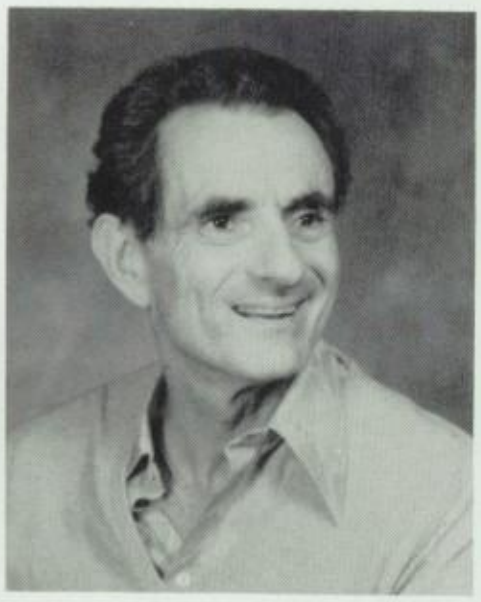
Susan Jurow



Charles Liebov

Madeline Turcik:
"Learn the concept and you can solve the puzzle."

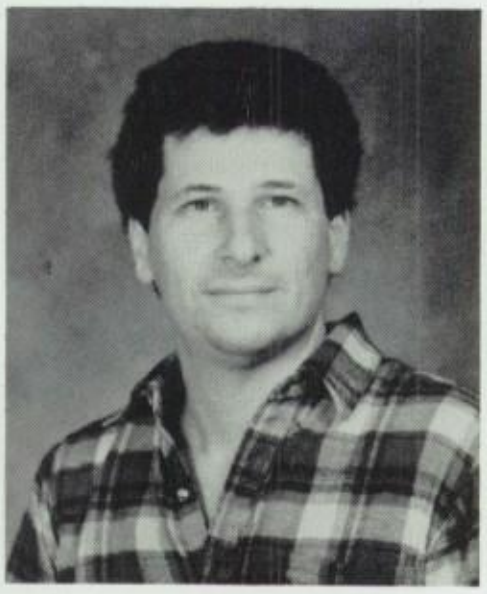
Anna Look



Morton Nurkin

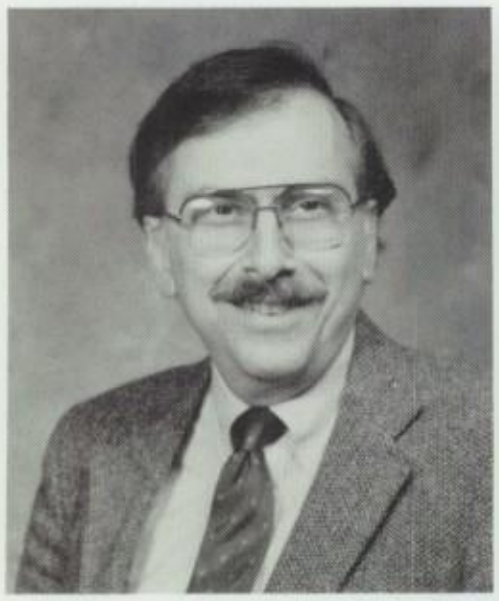
Rita Schikman

Catherine Roberts

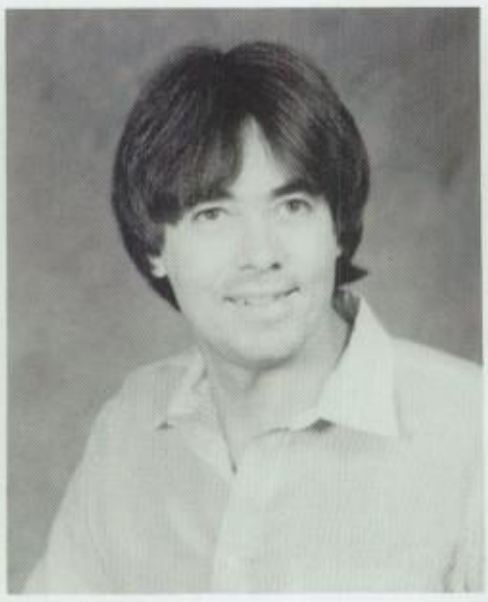


Michael Goldstein

Audrey Singleton



Bernard Leif, Assistant Principal

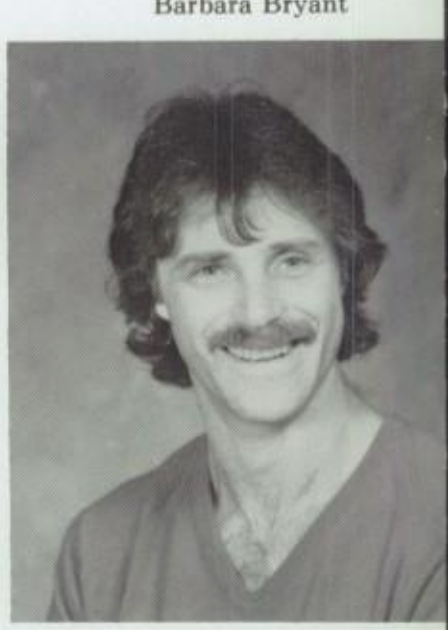


Robert Anderson

Sandra Atwell

Susan Breen

Barbara Bryant



David Clement

Helene Fine

ENGLISH

Bernard Leif:
"There is a great deal more to living than just existing. Believing is a fine thing, but placing those beliefs into execution is the real test of strength." — Dr. Thomas A. Dooley

Susan Breen:
"Strive to never lose sight of who you are. No vision is as important as the one that endeavors to make *you* happy."

Robert Costa

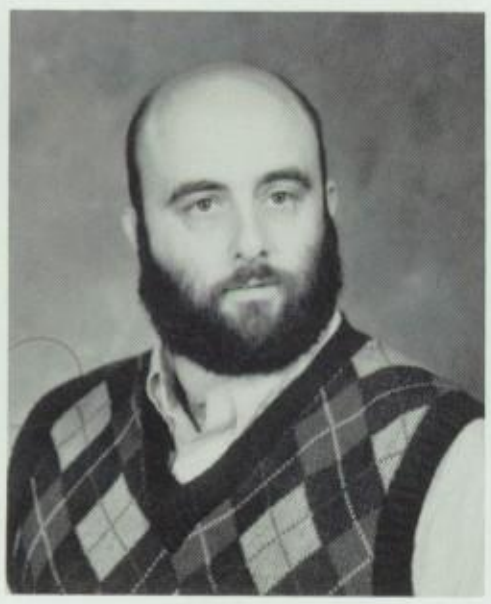
Marilyn Fishman

Rosetta James

Patricia Jarrett

Dear Dorg,
It was
fun having you
in my class.
Best wishes
for a happy
life. Fondly,
Ms Kayser

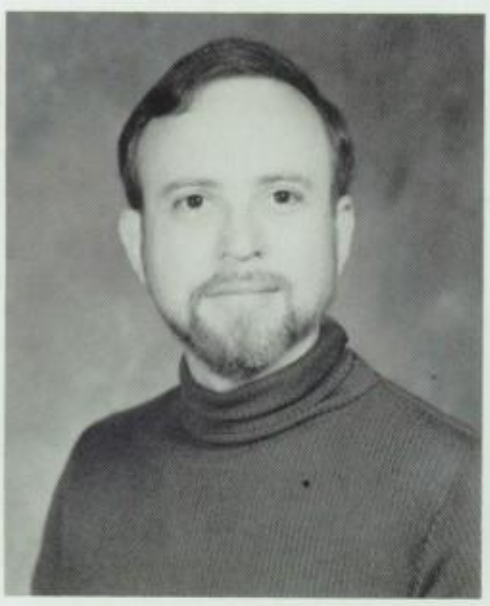
Holly Kayser



Arthur Krell

Carolee Levin

Elizabeth Pardo



Charles Roemer

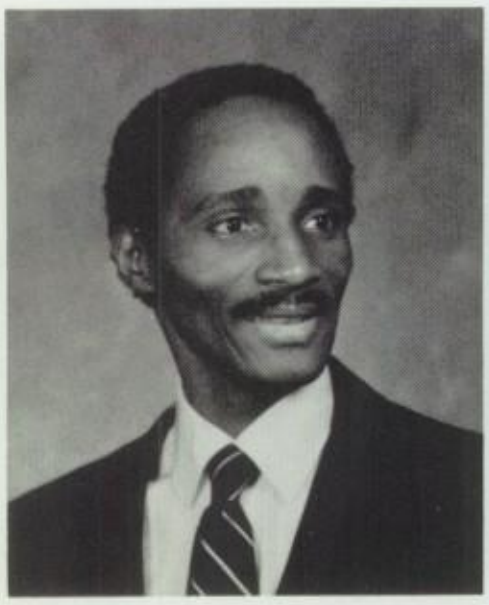
Joan Rubinstein

Muriel Ruhalter

Harriet Wittenberg

Holly Kayser:
"May your memories of yesterday fill you with satisfaction and your visions for tomorrow enlighten you with hope."

Arthur Krell:
"Shakespeare once said, 'To thine own self be true!' As usual he was right. If you know who thine own self is, and if you work and grow with it, you'll be fine forever. Good skill and good luck."



Alfred Ellis, Assistant Principal

Viviane Bercovici/Heffez

Irene Bernstein

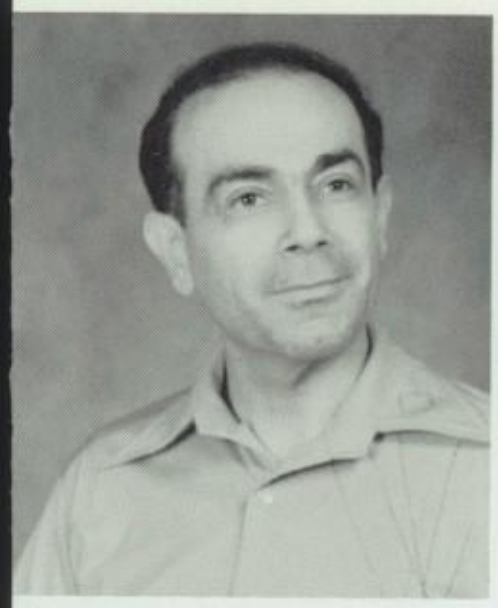
Joseph Calabro

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Dear Angles,
Best wishes
for a successful
& happy
life
I'll never
forget you.
L. Charles

Alcira Charles

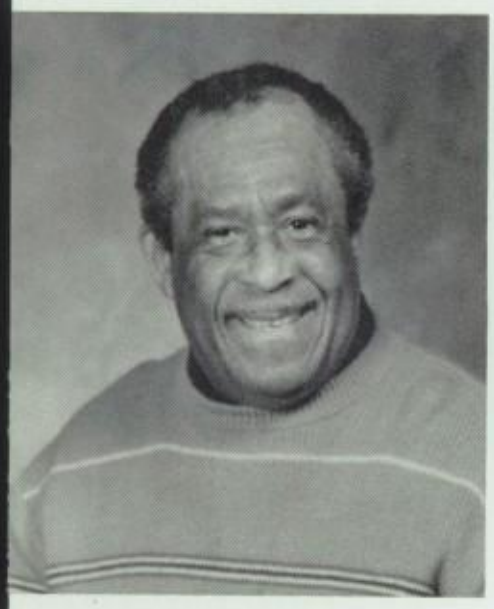
Dianne Curtin



Alphonse D'Angelo

Rosemary Guadagno

Susan Heine



Emmanuel Hogarth

Sara Jacobson

Ilene Marcus

Toby Solomon

Rosemary Tartaglia

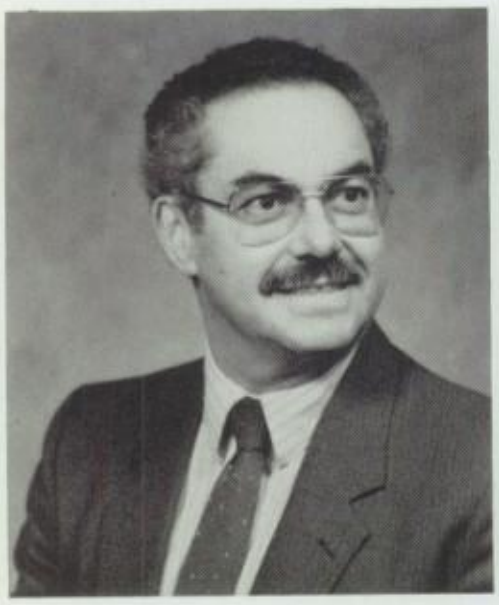
Hedy Wohl

Victor Gunter

Dear Dong You're
Honestly
one person
really did
think I'd
see graduating
I'm glad
was wrong
Good Luck
M.S. "T"

Hedy Wohl:
"Picture yourself ten years from now. You are looking great and you are successful. Let this image be your guiding light towards determining and achieving your goals for the future."

Victor Gunter:
"The first half is now completed — successfully. The next depends on you — success or failure?"



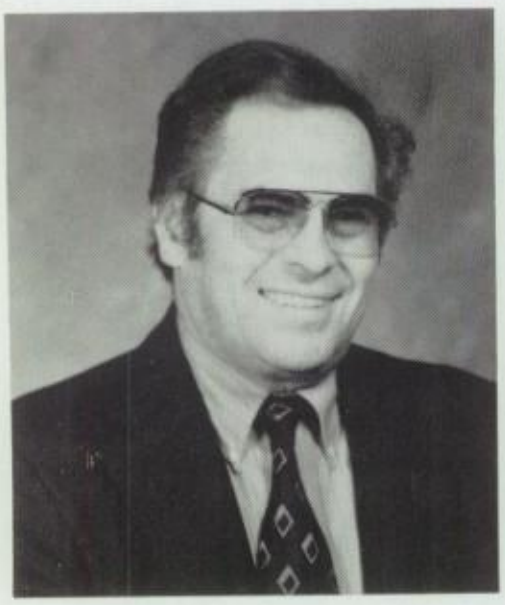
Leon Nissenfeld, Assistant Principal

Gabrielle Alper

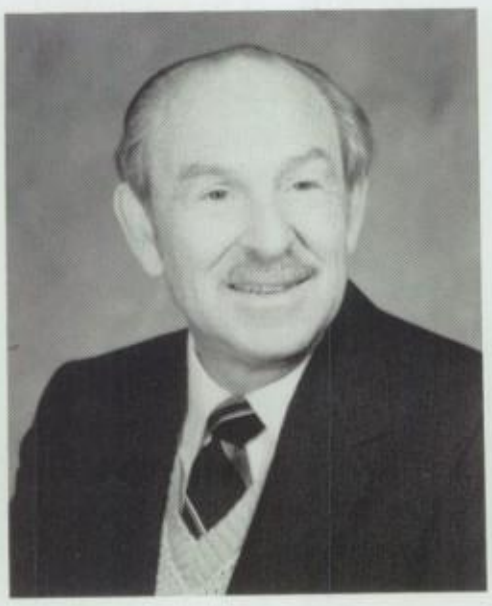
Esther Berlin

Burton Goodman

GUIDANCE



Jay Koffler



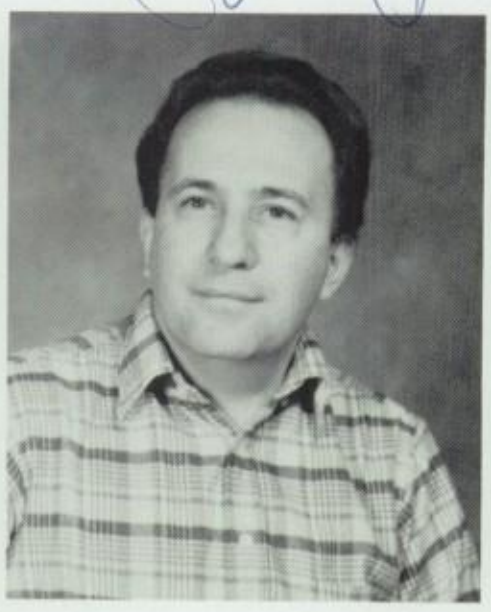
Martin Lederman

Irwin Paul

David Spiwak

Dear Doug
Best Wishes
A. Coloneri

Rudolf Bauer, Assistant Principal



Anthony Coloneri

Judy Mankita

Harold Olson

INDUSTRIAL ARTS HOME ECONOMICS

Lester Steinberg

Jill Weiner

Judy Mankita:
"I'm glad that I was able to share the practical and valuable knowledge of Home Economics. May you always be healthy eaters and wise consumers!"

To Doug.
Good Luck to
a guy who needed
a kick in the pants to
get started but always
got the job done!
Best wishes
Les Steinberg

Esta Abrons

Ethel Kronish, Assistant Principal

Lynn Dunworth

HEALTH CAREERS

Agatha Mason

Sheila Teman

LIBRARY

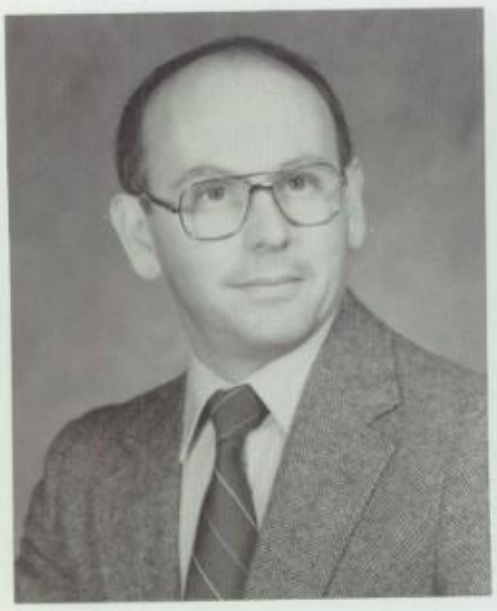
Evi Iglauer:
"Every man is the architect of his own fortune."3

Evi Iglauer, Head Librarian

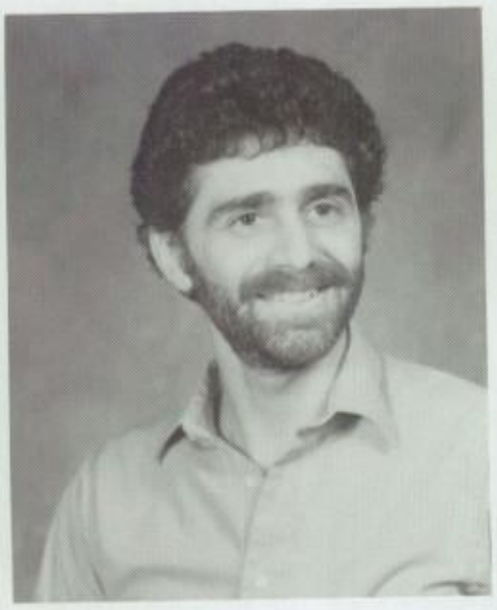
Ann Hanin

Joan Strochak

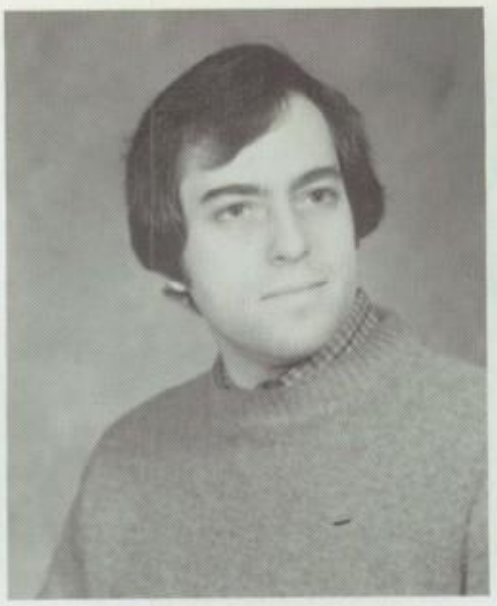
MATHEMATICS



James De Luca, Assistant Principal



Stu Beck



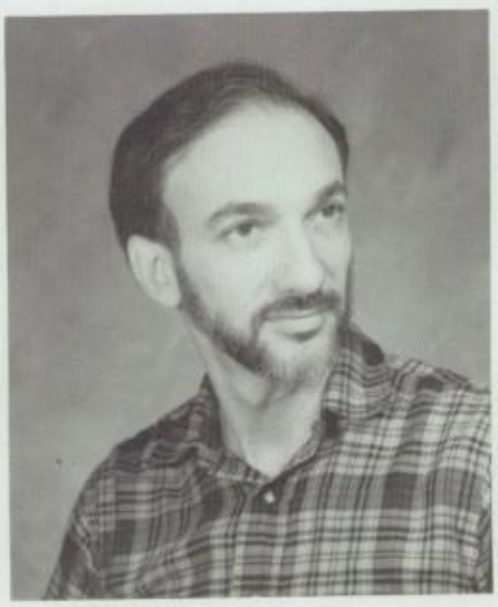
Robert Becker

Helen Bloom

Ellen Bressler

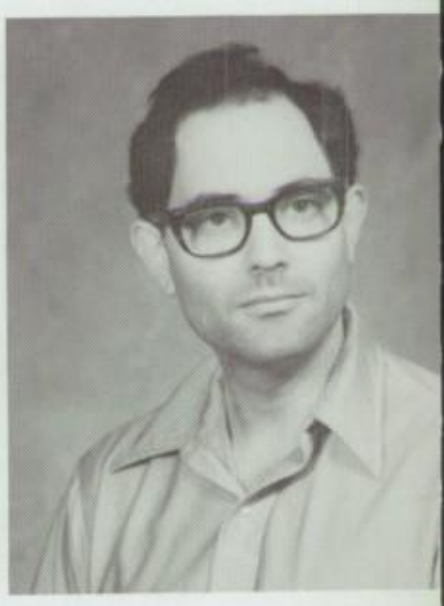
Paul Garelick

Arlene Greenblatt

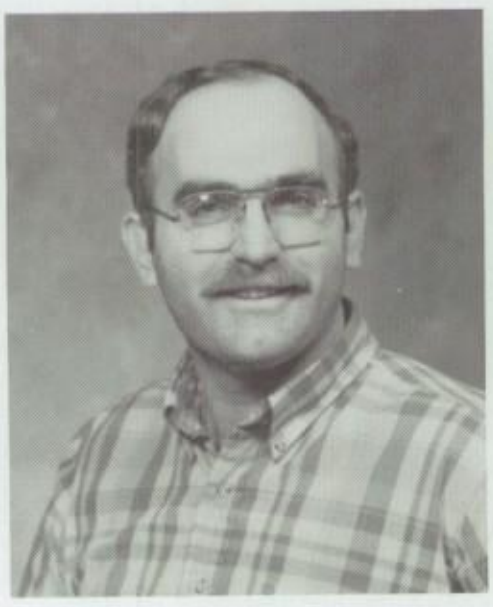


Robert Jacobson

Katherine Kanakos



Larry Koenig



George Lancer

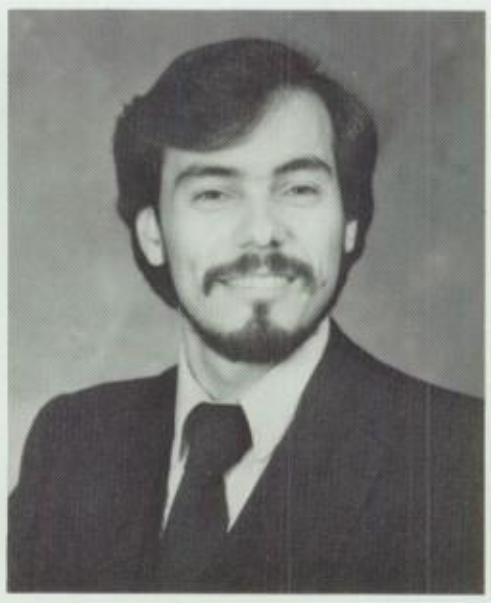
Judy Landesman

Rochelle Lazoff

Marie Lo Monoco

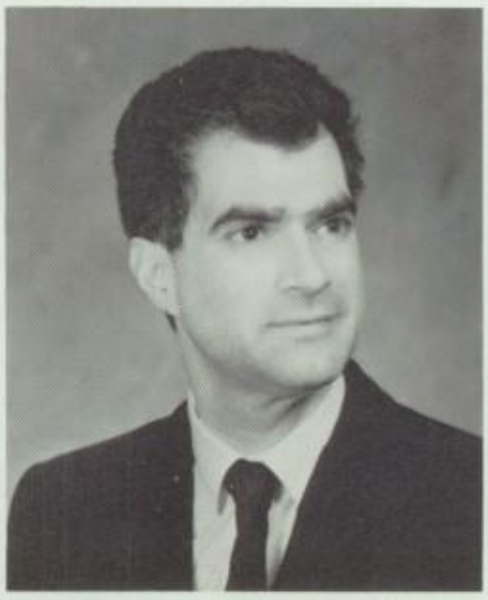
Paul Paskoff

Irving Rabin

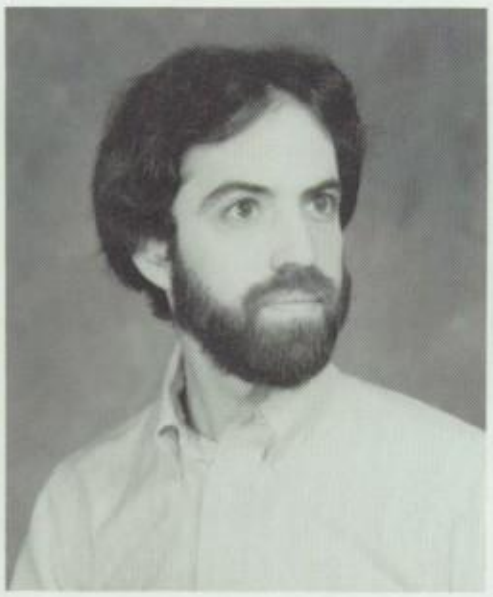


Nelson Rocha

Katherine Kanakos:
"Best of luck to the Senior Class of 1986."



Al Richter



David Rosenbloom

William Saffern

Larry Koenig:
"Hoping you all 'see' a bright future."

Rochelle Lazoff:
"An educated person is one who is flexible in attitude and who is receptive to the opinions of others."

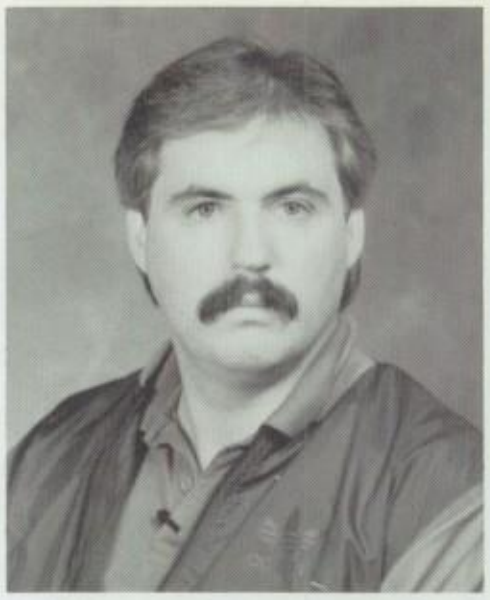
Al Richter:
"Aim as high as you possibly can. But, if you encounter difficulties along the way, remember to get help."

Peter Soloway

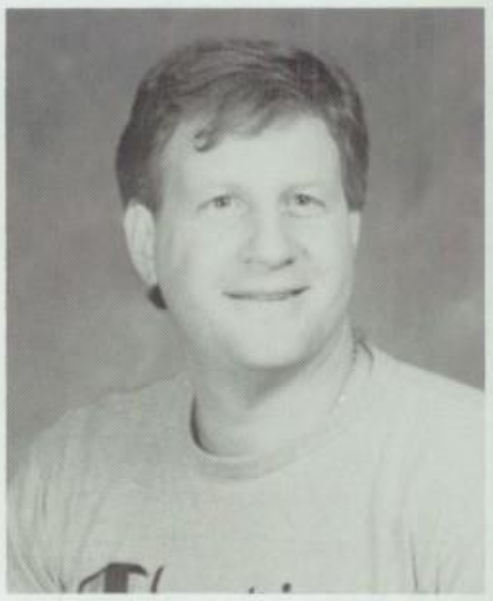
Lorrain Somerville

Carol Thorgersen

HEALTH & PHYSICAL EDUCATION

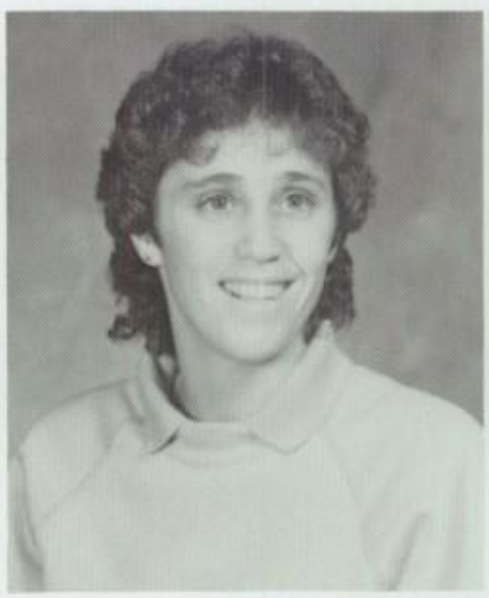


Kevin Mc Dermott, Assistant Principal

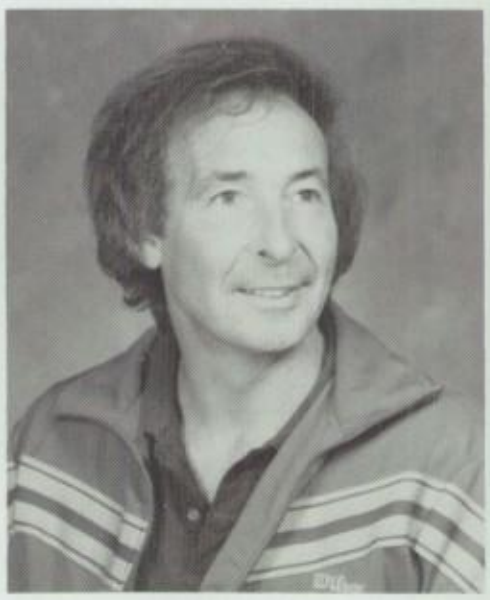


Kenneth Gershon

Janet Lippin



Anita Morse

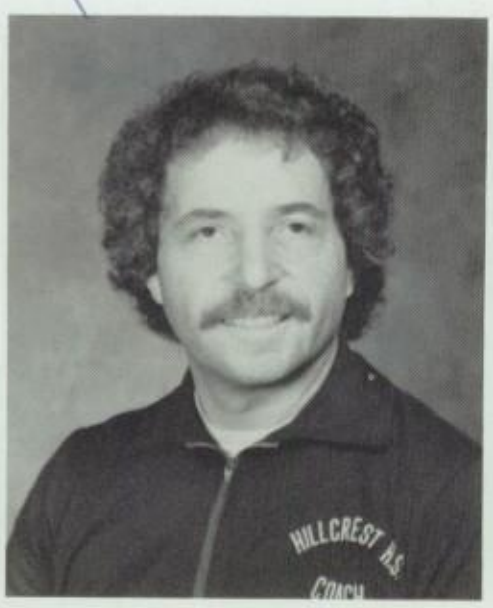


Frank Perlman

Dear Doug, that
I know the
We've been through the
mill together at Hillcrest. The
mill of life is not yet over! The main
suggestion I have to give, is that we
all must go after our dreams. They
are NOT far away - Read below!
You are good people! The finest! Please
don't forget the fun. Take life with
a few grains of salt and
HUMOR!
never forget

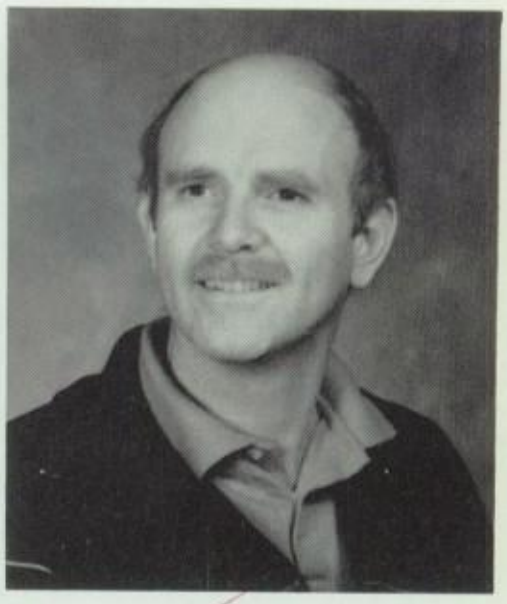
Love
Gail Rothfeld
718.830.0018

Gail Rothfeld



Sheldon Samuels

Jane Schwartzman



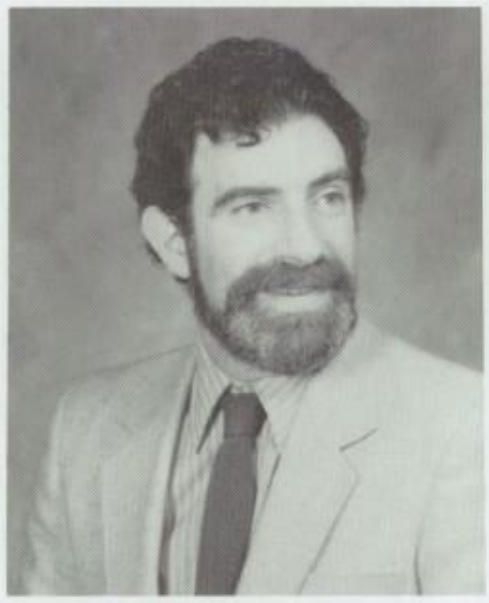
Paul Walsh

Doug
Best of luck
success in th future
Sincerely
P Walsh

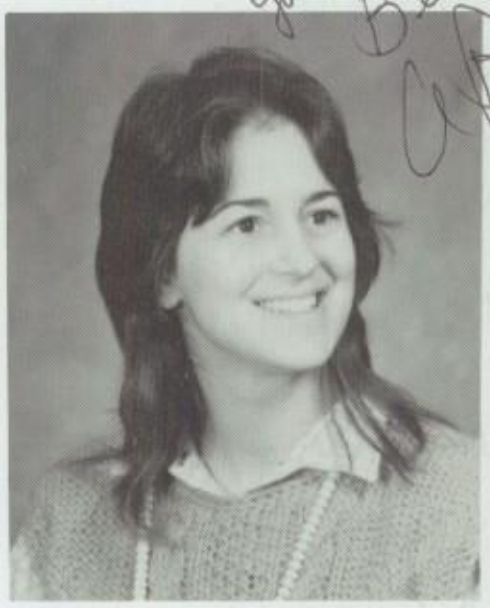
Frank Perlman:
"The challenge is before you! Strive for it with the positive thought of 'I can!'"

Gail Rothfeld:
"Make your visions become realities."

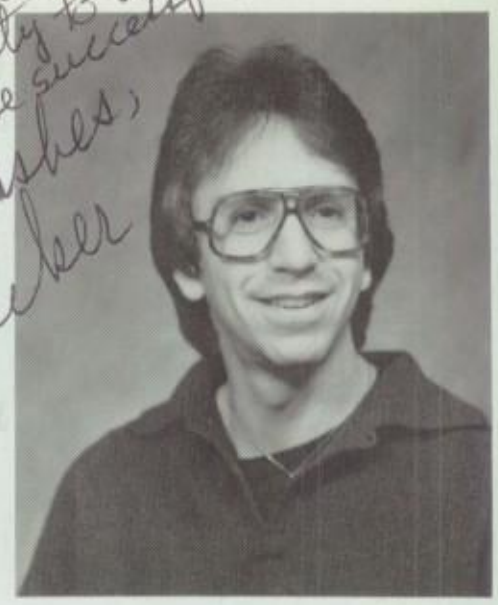
Doug,
I don't have to wish you luck - you don't need it. You have the ability to do anything you want and be successful at it.
Best wishes,
A Backer



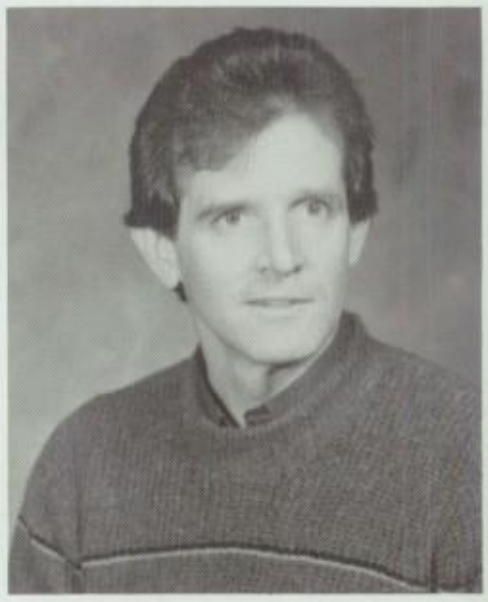
Kenneth Moss, Assistant Principal



Robin Acerra

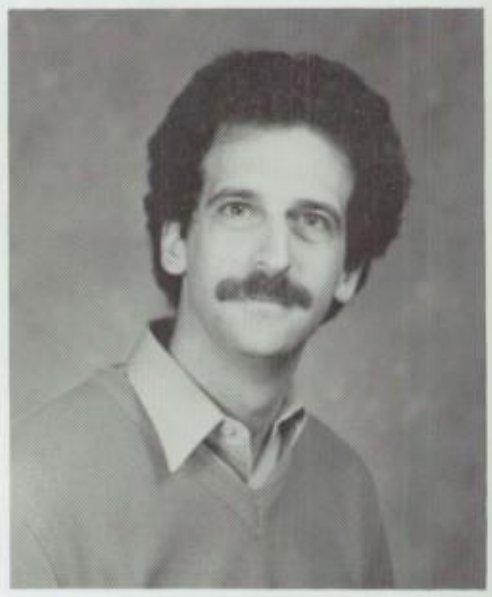


Alan Backer

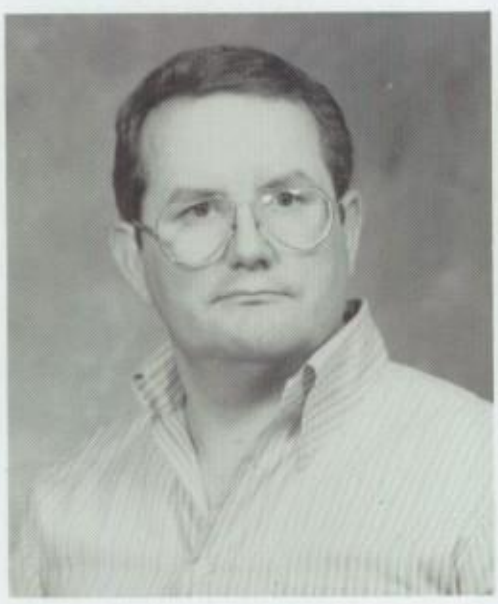


William Bankeser

SCIENCE

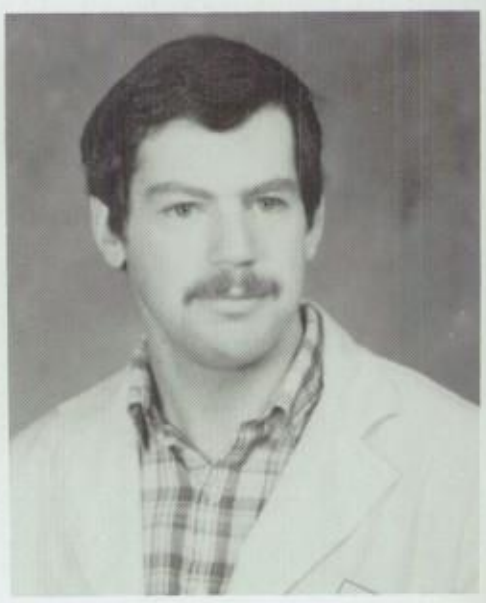


Harry Chertok



Patrick Clancy

Jonesie Clemence



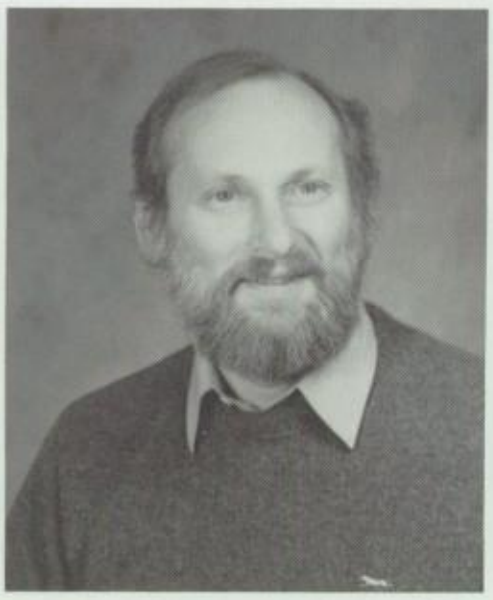
Norman Cohn

Valerie Ignatowitz

Paul Kirtcheff

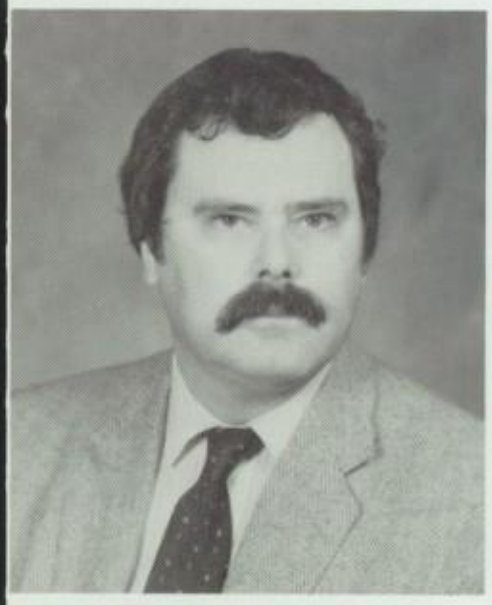
Yvonne Kourse

Barry Kreines



Stanley Linker

Ruth Mehlman



Leon Reyna

Brijinder Singh

Emmanuel Sternberg

Antoinette Tobia

Corrine Trachtenberg

Kenneth Moss:
*"Scientia data gratis cotidie — Fer receptaculum tuum."

Patrick Clancy:
"Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth . . ." — Ecclesiastes

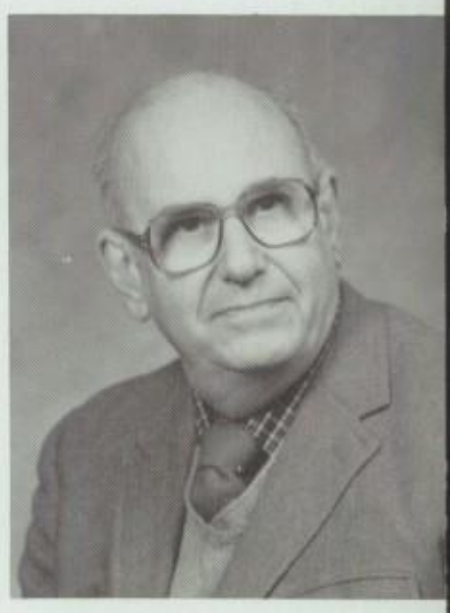
*"Free knowledge given daily. Bring your own container."

Alan Weiner, Assistant Principal

Sandra Albert

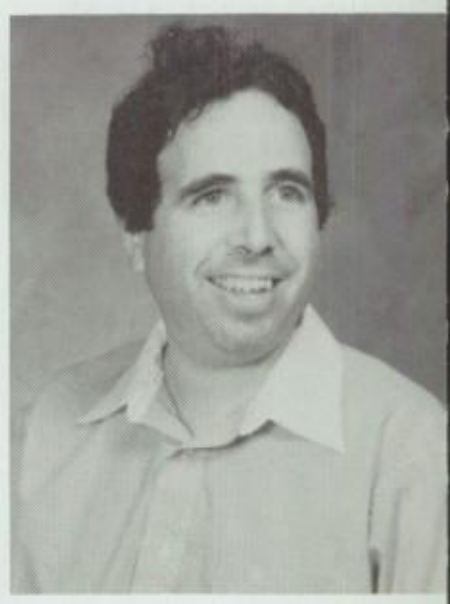
Sylvia Barbu

Nathan Elberg



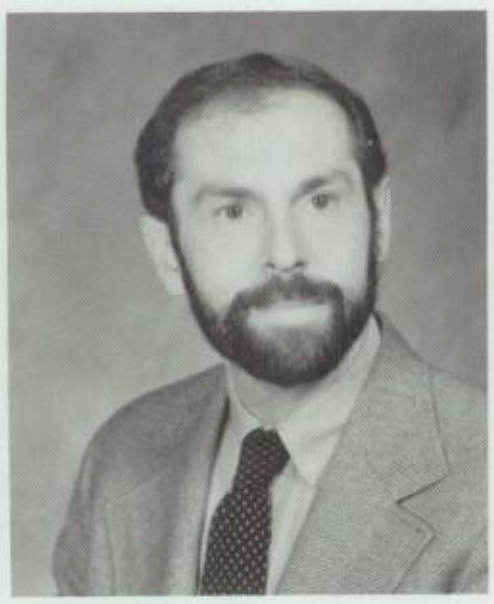
Louis Garbaty

SOCIAL STUDIES

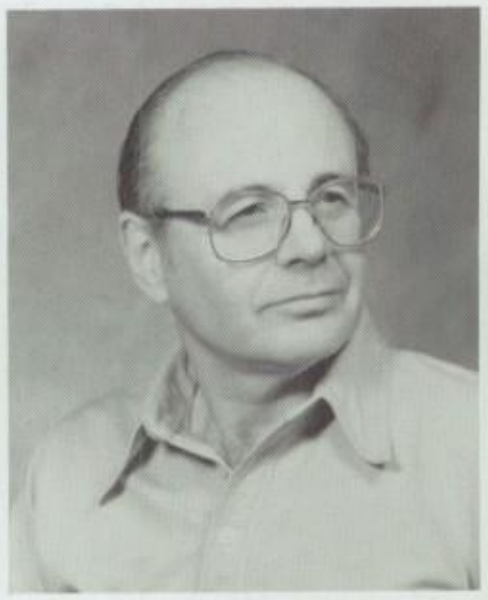


Robert Grandt

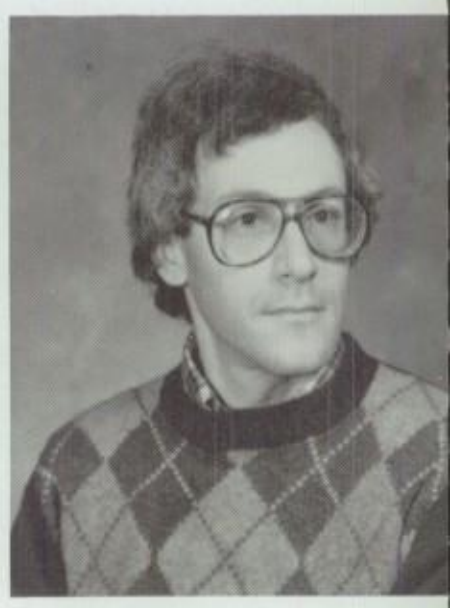
Philip Gross



Hyman Hacker

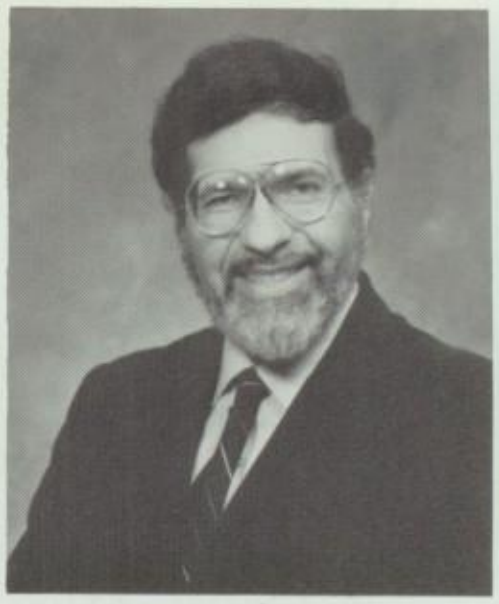


Howard Hyman



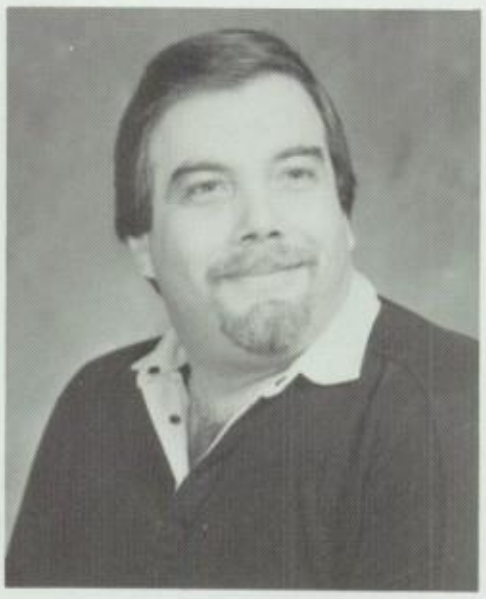
David Israel

Douglas
Lots of luck.
I always gave you a
lot of ribbing but you
always had a good sense
of humor.
Hy Hacker

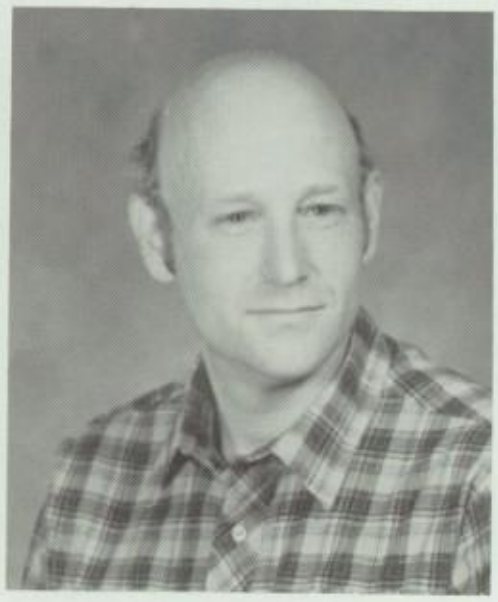


Alan Kitt

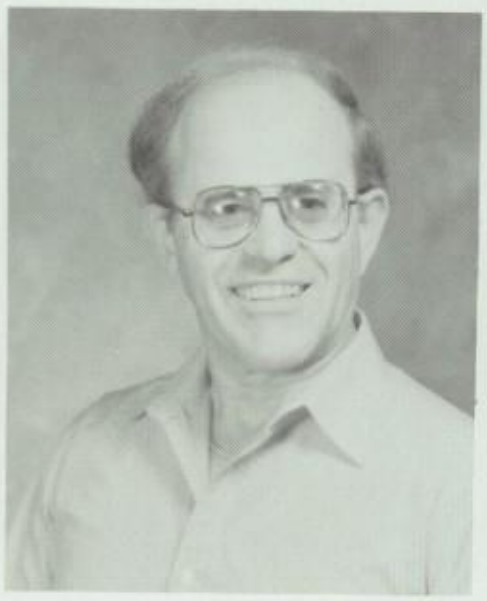
Beatrice Kudler



Arthur Lewitas



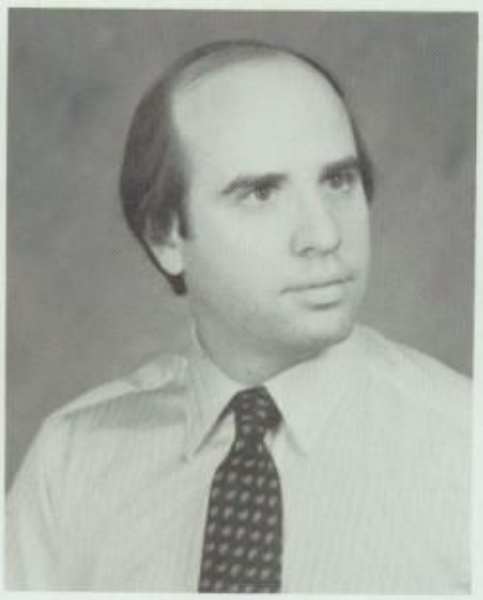
Barry List



Daniel Melore

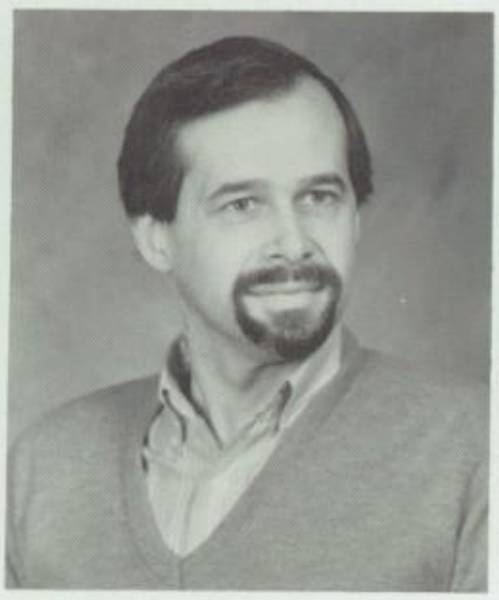
Dennis Oilman

Martin Resnick



Fred Schorr

Martin Stark



Daniel Walters

Dear Dorg,
You're great
Stay. All the best
now and in the
future.
Freddie Schorr

Hyman Hacker:
"May you have the vision to make this a better world for humanity and may you have the perseverance to make that vision a reality."

Alan Kitt:
"I can bless you with only this — May you remain forever young."

Sydney Blair, Assistant Principal

Patsy Alexander

Diane Bessel

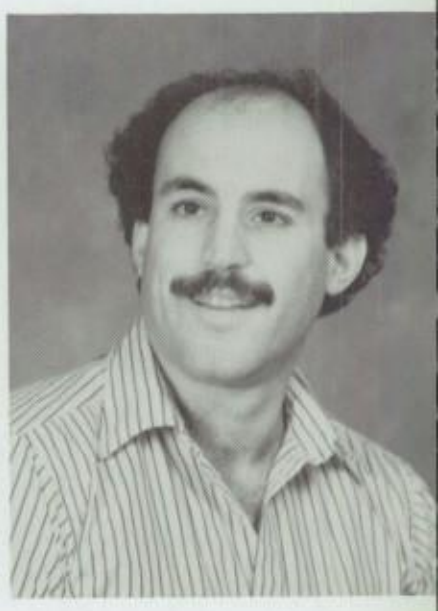
Maureen Fraser

Karen Greenholz

SPECIAL EDUCATION

Holly Jennings

Olga Levine



Lew Lieberman

Sally Mason

Wynn Moore

Sydney Blair:
"High school is a difficult time and experience for young adults. It can be a special challenge to students with learning disabilities. I am very proud of those students who graduate and have conquered their problems. I am very proud to have been part of their success story!"

Irene Sarantis:
"Where there is no vision, there is no hope."

Terry Oliva

Carol Poll

Harvey Raizin

Irene Sarantis

Barbara Steinberg

Esther Stoller

SECRETARIES

Eloina Beaumont

Ruth Bergman

Florence Bloom

Rachele De Biase

Doris Hackett

Ruth Hochberg

Sandra Kutikoff

Eleanor Knabel

Marion Presner

Anita Weiser

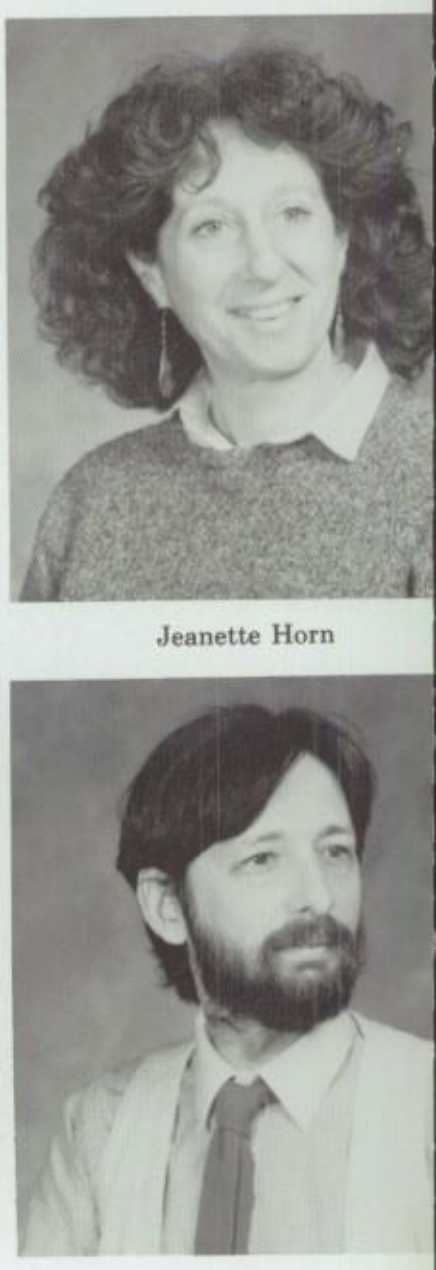
Stephen Posner, Assistant Principal

George Friedman

David Gailing

Janie Algaze

Jeanette Horn



Alan Rothman

SPEECH & THEATRE

Jeanette Horn:
"A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at." — Oscar Wilde

Jessica Rothman:
"Act well your part, there all the honor lies." — Alexander Pope

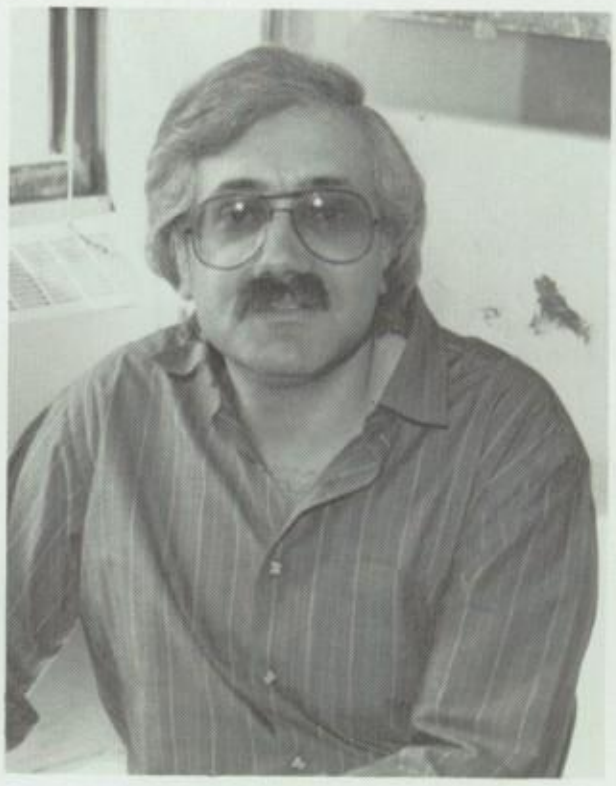
Anthony India

Jessica Rothman

FACILITATORS

T. Feinberg
Psychologist

Helene Horowitz
Social Worker



Larry Marcus
SPARK Program Social Worker

Francis Gaul,
Senior Custodian

Joan Lofaso,
Secretary

Anthony Sanzone
Cafeteria Coordinator

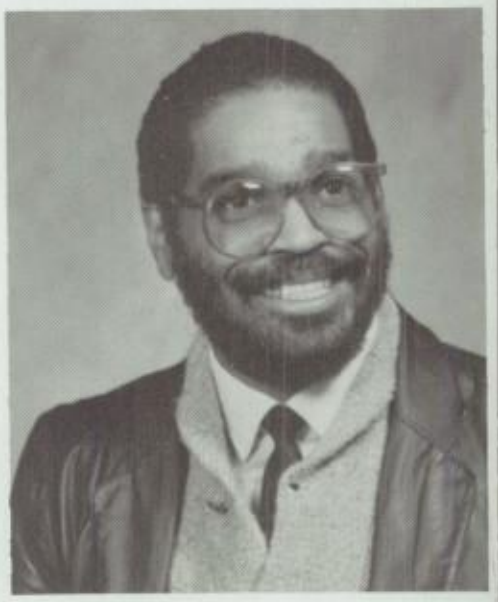
Tom Werder
Speech & Theater

Ira Berkowitz

Catherine Capo

Arline Cutler

Doris Foster



Leroy Howard

PARAS AND AIDES

Rose Hartstein

Ada Goodman

Mary Razzino

Eunice Shepperson

Sandy Telsey

Toby Sternman

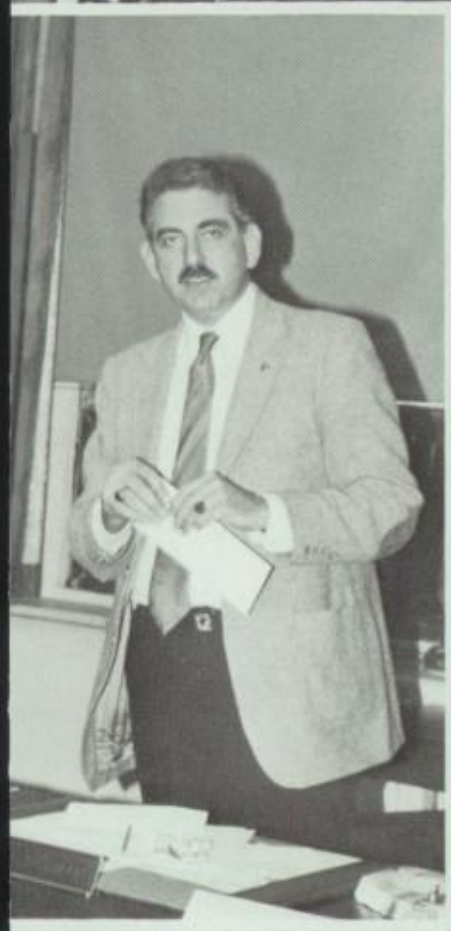
A TRIBUTE TO STEVEN FELDMAN

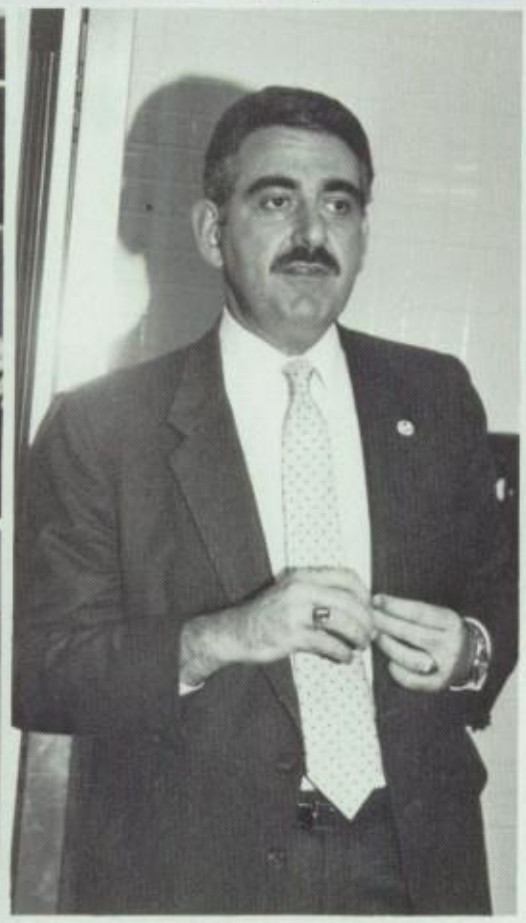
This page is dedicated to Steven Feldman, for all that he did for Hillcrest High School. We take this opportunity to express our appreciation and gratitude for what he has done for us, the class of '86. He touched the lives of many students, and we will always remember him fondly.

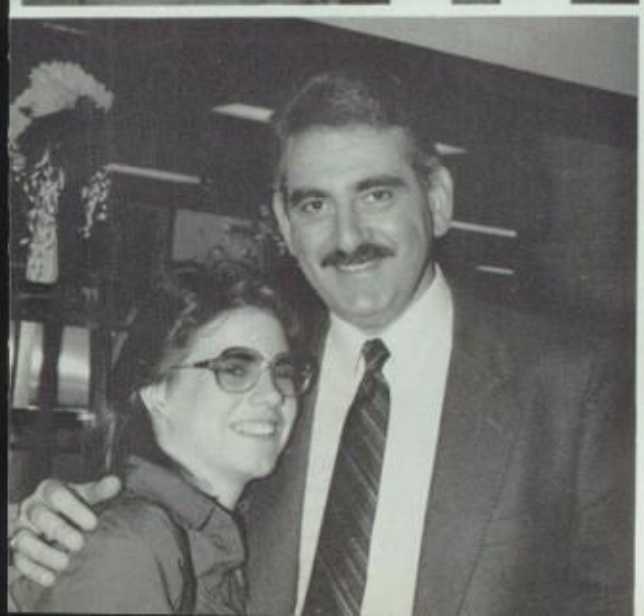
We have valued and profited from his vision of the education that was attainable if only we would work for it half as hard as he worked to make it available.

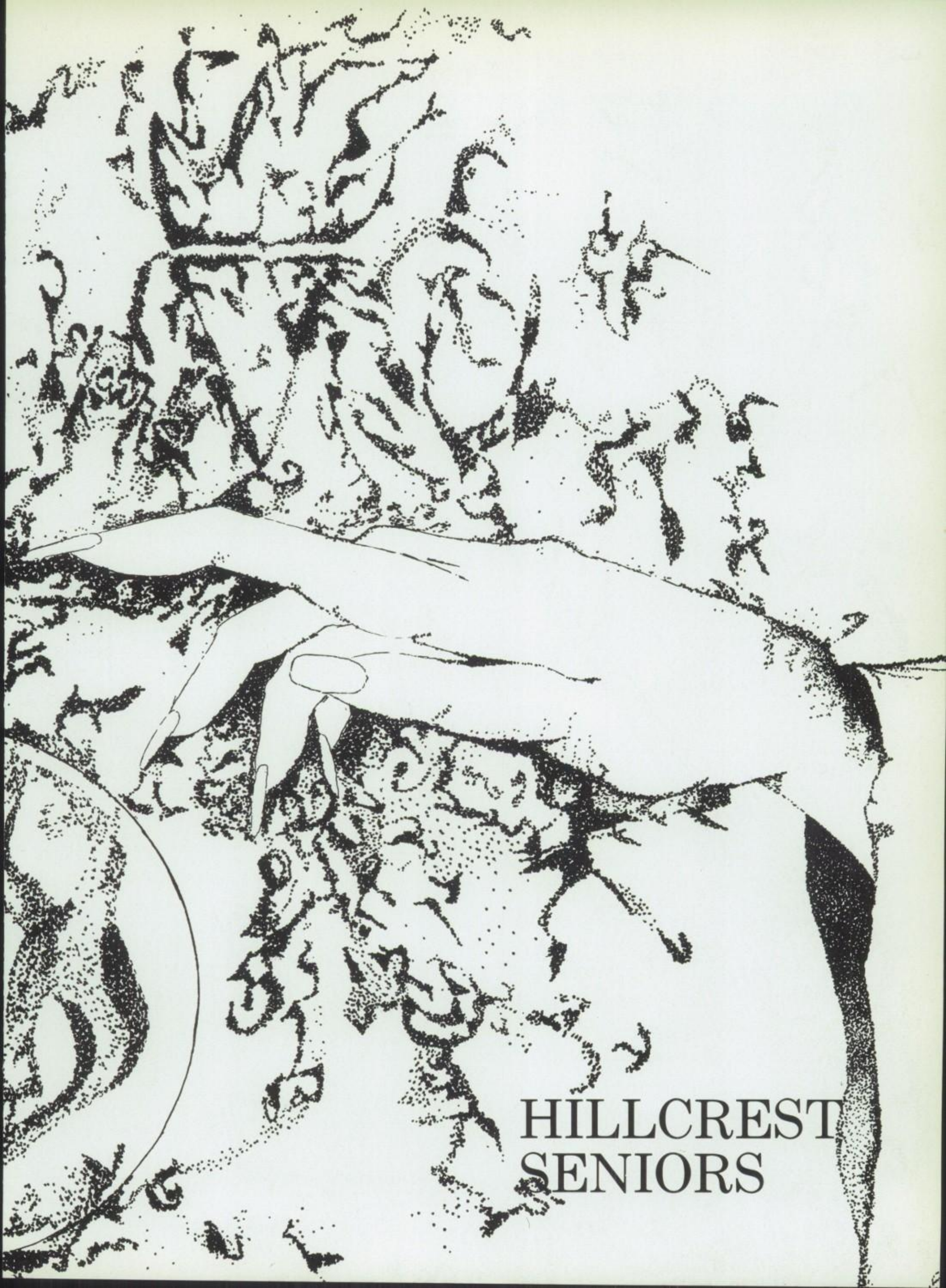
We have reaped the fruits of his commitment to a broad range of educational and extracurricular activities and to providing a supportive atmosphere in which to pursue them.

We have been fortunate to have his leadership during our Hillcrest years; we wish him well.









HILLCREST SENIORS

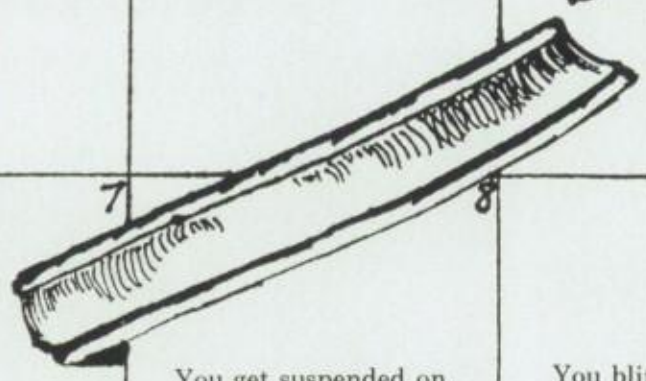
THE UPS AND
HILLCREST SE

36	35	34	33	32
You never attended a senior rep meeting: go back three spaces.	You finally figure out what's in the school lunch. Thank God you're graduating!	You get sick on prom night.	You have a date for the prom. Wow!	You discover the cause of the odor in the locker room.
19	20	21	22	23
Hey guys, it's cycle three!	You star in the school musical.	You receive a Regents Scholarship; move ahead two spaces.	You get caught going out for lunch; move back to space you just came from.	Teacher loses "surprise quiz" papers.
18	17	16	15	14
You survive Regents week; move forward one space.	You are "teacher's pet" in social studies.	Error on transcript gives you three extra credits.	You have A.P. biology at 7:45.	Teacher absent on the day of test you didn't study for.
1	2	3	4	5
Welcome to your senior year.	For getting an "A" on your term paper, advance two spaces.	You get an unwanted program change; move back two spaces.	You have 100% attendance; take one commendation card.	You make a lot of lucky guesses on your S.A.T.

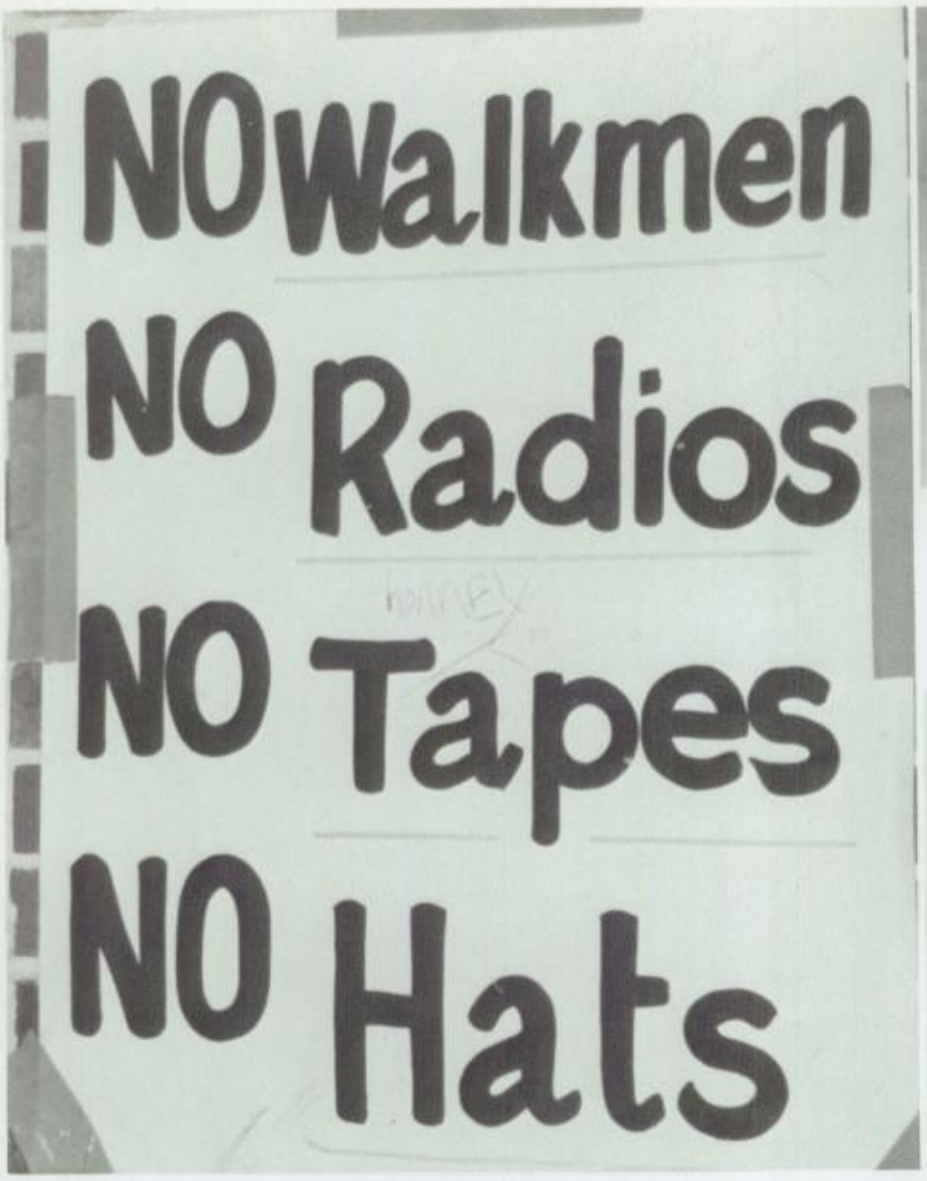
WRITTEN BY JANET TORRES

DOWNS OF A NIOR

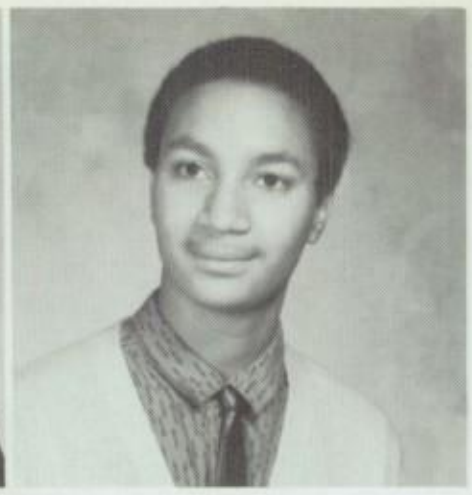
31	30	29	28
You get a "4" on your A.P. exam; advance two spaces.	For getting into a food fight in the lunchroom, you're barred from the senior trip.	You have too many probations for a pre-med endorsement; go back one space.	Home stretch! it's finally cycle four.
24	**25**	**26**	**27**
You have eighth pd. lunch and no ninth pd. class; go home early.	You get a failing grade in a course you never had; go back five spaces.	You receive 27 lovegrams, but you're allergic to chocolate.	You are rejected by Queensboro C.C; move back one space.
13	**12**	**11**	**10**
You have eighth pd. lunch and ninth pd. class; move back to the space you just came from.	A snowstorm closes the school on the day of the test.	You break your glasses before a big test.	You miss an important announce-ment about the senior trip.
6	**7**	**8**	**9**
Locker room is flooded and you don't have to change for a week.	You have a hole in your program.	You get suspended on Halloween; move back two spaces	You blinked on your senior picture, but it looks cute.



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ACKER, AND D. COSGROVE



AISHA ABNEY



PABLO ABREU

CELIA ARCIA

ALEXANDER ACKER
Sr. Art Careers. Car. goal: commercial artist.

KAREN ADLAM
Pre-med, Who's Who Among Amer. H.S. Studts., Orchestra, Chmbr. Ensemble

LAURA ADOMAITIS
Pre-med, volleyball tm.

KAREN AFLALO
Pre-med, Arista. Car. goal: psychiatrist.

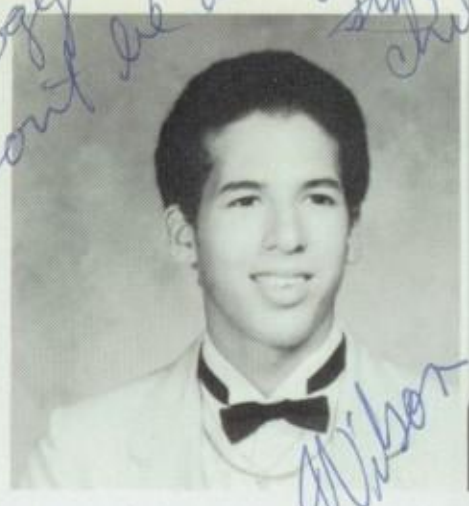
AIJAZ AHMED

HASSAN AHMED

JAN AKINS

ROBERT ALBANESI

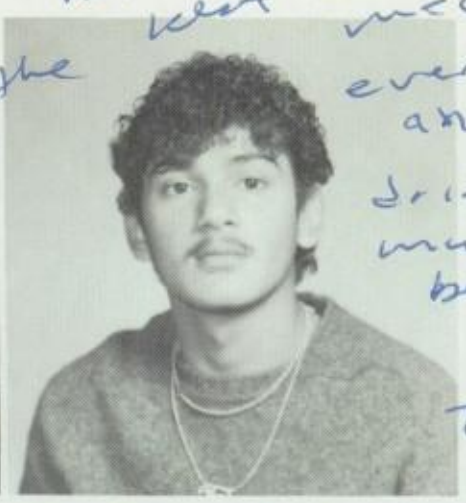
CLARA ALBIZU



WILSON ALBIZU

ALICIA C.M. ALEXANDER
Pre-med, capt. dance club, pres. Int'l Thespian Society, S.O. vice pres. 1984-85, choreographer, *Annie Get your Gun.*

BIBI ALI
Orchestra, med. ass't., NY Club.
Car. goal: Registered Nurse.

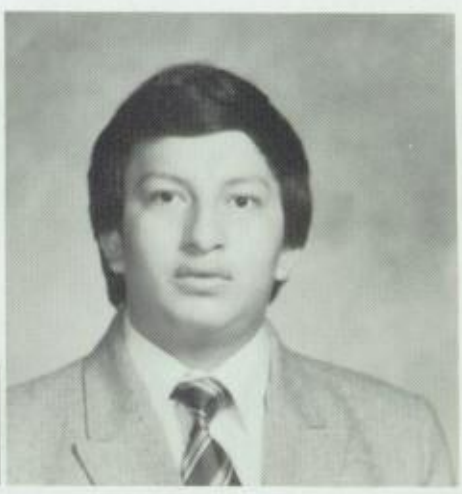


ZAKIR ALI
Car. goal: pilot.

ANGELA ALLEN
Pre-med, Who's Who Among. H.S. Stdnts. NY Club.

MARITZA ALLENDE
Car. goal: Dental Hygiene.
"SMILE" Class of '86!

RANDOLPH ALLEYNE
"It's not the end but the beginning."



ANGEL ALONZO

GLEN ALVARADO
Car. goal: U.S. Marine Corps.

SANDRA AMARIS
Chorus. Car. goal: accountant, fashion designer.

LEORA AMIR
Exec. intern.

YARON AMRAM
Exec. intern., Art Inst., yrbk. art staff. Car. goal: illustrator, cartoonist.

To Doug
You're a real
Cool dude. It's been
great knowing you
And your a good friend
I hope you have a
good summer and I
wish you the best
of Luck in the
future.
Darius

The Beginning

Lisa Goeb

"Silence is golden,"
Is what I was taught.
"Be seen and not heard,"
To me was said by all.
The torture I went through
To say not a word
And the tension inside
I could not bear.
I wanted to speak,
But why wouldn't they listen?
All I wanted was to say
What I felt inside.

Now I've found a way
To relieve the pain.
With pen and paper
The doors are opened.
My thoughts are flowing
And ideas are building;
The pain is leaving
And my life is beginning.

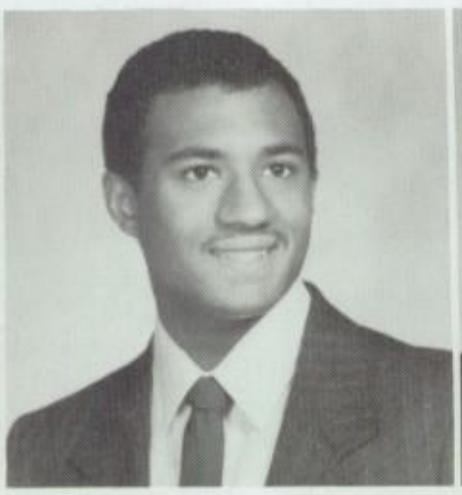
DARIUS ANAVIAN
Car. goal: C.P.A.

ALPHONSO ANDERSON
Co-op, first cornet sr. band.

MARTINE ANDRAL
Car. goal: word processing.

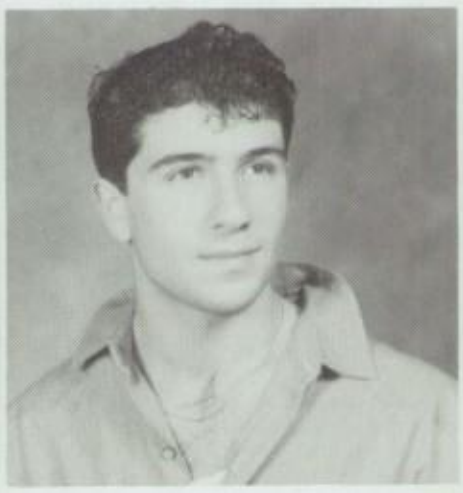
ANNA ANDRIANAS

FRANK ANDUIZA
Pre-law, mock trial, sr. rep., S.O. rep.



DUDLEY ANGELL
Pre-med., Qns. Brdg. to Med. Prog.

ERWIN ANTIKA



TRIFON ANTONOPOULOS
Theatre Inst.

GEOVANNY ARAUJO
Car. goal: Architectural designer.

CONRAD ARIZAGA

LEON ARMSTEAD
Pre-med.

PHILIP T. ARNELL
Theater Inst. Appeared in: *Our Town, Annie Get Your Gun, Adding Machine,* sr. show.

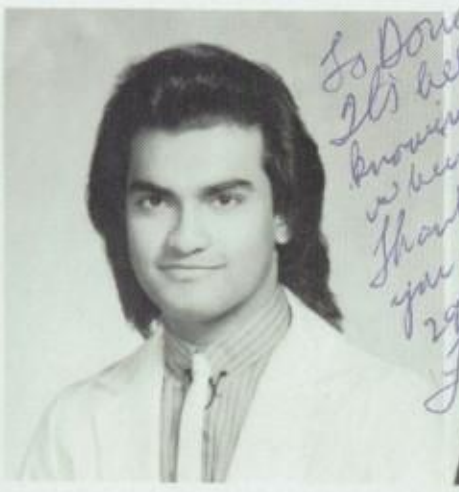
ARSENIO ASSIN
Pre-med, tennis team.

MAY ASTILLERO

MARJORIE AUGUSTIN
Medical ass't. Car. goal: doctor.

SABINE AUGUSTIN
Haitian club.

DENISE AUGUSTINE
Arista, Amer. abrd prog, Hrvd. smr. schl '85, P.R.E.P prog. Columbia U., secy. yth club of Nat'l. Assoc. Negro Bus/Prof. Wmn's Clubs, Inc.

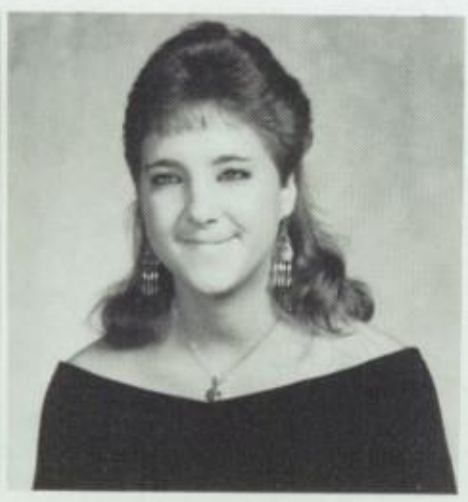


FAZIL AZEEM
Car. goal: musician.

KIMBERLY BAILEY

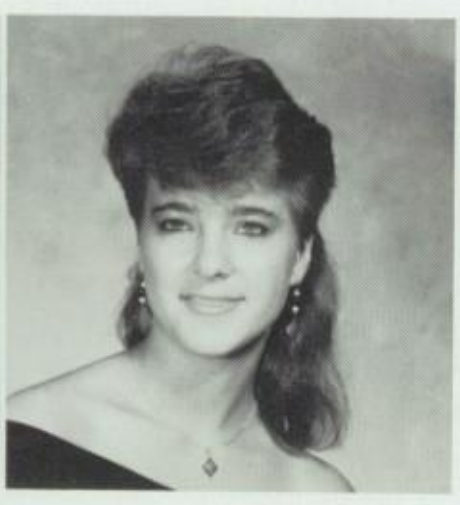
DENISE BAIRD
Work/Study prog., make-up comm., prom comm.

TOSHA BALFOUR
Class treasurer, S.O. rep., sr. rep., pre-med, usher, booster comm., life center aide. Car. goal: psychiatrist.



DAWN BALLETTA

GINA BALLETTA
Co-op prog.



MADELIN BALLETTA

Admonition
Cynthia Hernandez

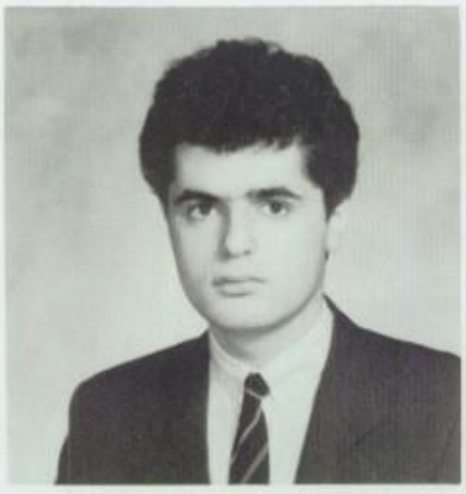
Your future lies before you
Like a shining path of snow.
Be careful how you tread.
For every step will show.

GAIETRIE BALLI
S.F. Club

DINA BARGHOUTI
Car. goal: C.P.A.

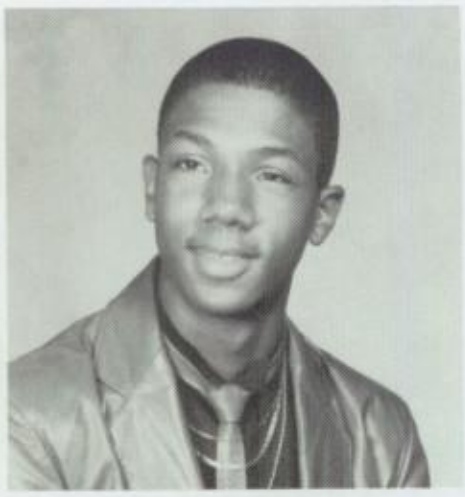
MARCOS BARRIOS

DAVID BASAL
Car. goal: To be successful and enjoy life, or to own a modeling agency.



ISAAC BASAL

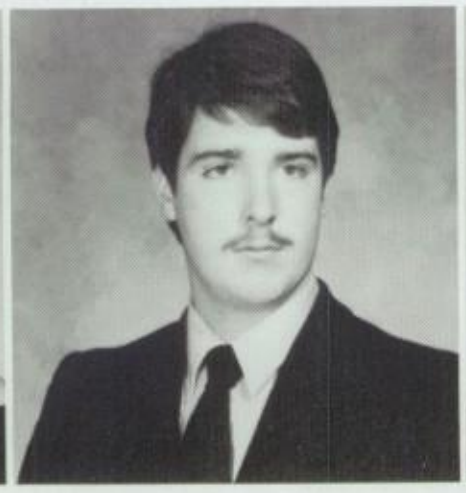
GRACE BAZILE
Pre-med, Orchestra, Asian Club, Art. Inst., yrbk. art staff."Always be yourself or you will find yourself by yourself."



FREDDIE BEAN

DEBRA BEARAM
Health Careers Club
"If you don't believe in you, then who will?"

JILL BECKER



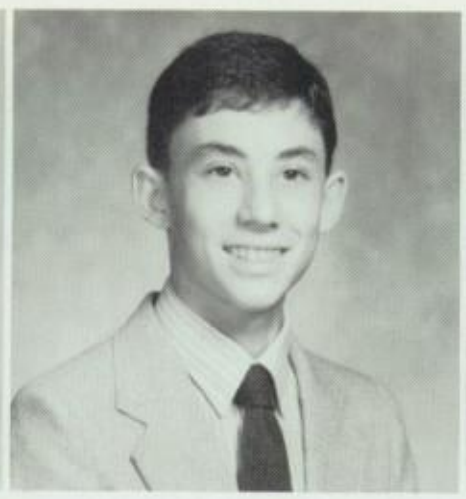
BRIAN BEIRNE
Science Club, Arista, S.F. Club, research tm., pre-med nwsppr.

PAMELA S. BELLINGER
"Be proud for there is no one greater than yourself."

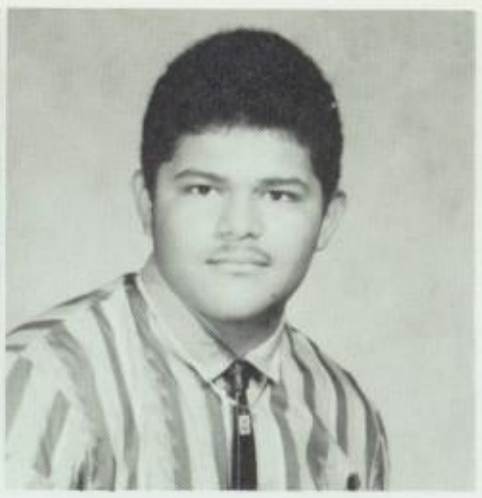
SIRAN BELLINGER

STACEY BENADERET
Art Inst., Bus. Inst., bowling team.

TERESA BENNETT
Co-op, softball tm., girls' chorus.
Car. goal: armed forces.

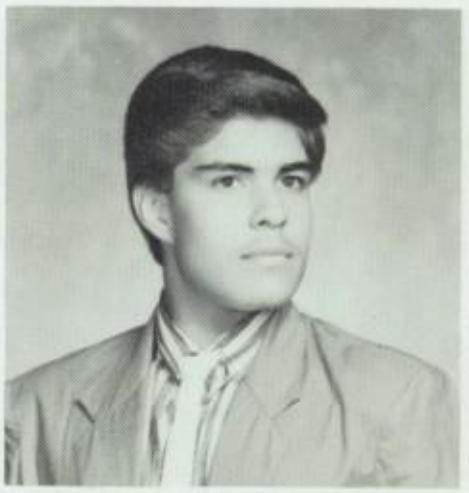


MARK BERKSON
Capt gymnastic tm.



FAUSTO BERRIOS

AFROOZ BICHOUPAN
Car. goal: interior decorator.

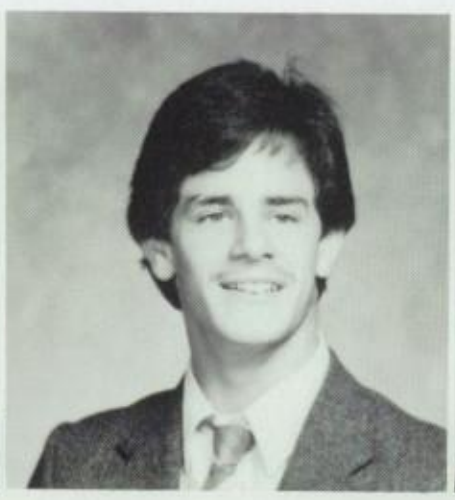


PAUL BIRAMONTES

SCOTT BIRONE

EDGAR BLACKMAN
Car. goal: engr. or dentist.

ANASTASIA BLANCHARD
Pre-med, mixed chorus, cheerldr, sr rep, s.o. rep, mbr at lge, usher, caf. comm., cnsltv council, life center aide, trip comm., black awareness club secy.



STEVEN BLAYER
Pre-med, Sci. Fair medals, Orchestra, Chmbr. Ensemble, band for musicals.

WENDI BLOOM
CO-OP program. Car. goal: to be successful in life.

MIRTOULA BOIS
Pre-med, Westinghouse soc. sci. competition, nat'l Eng. merit awd., police commsnr. for a day.

DONNA BOOKER
Nursing, cheerldr., P.T.L. Club.

FELICIA BOSTON
Nursing prog., booster.

ALBERT BOTTARI
A tutti i miei amici, buona fortuna.

VICTORIA BOWLES
Mock trial, S.F. Club, H.O.P.E. Club. Car goal: lawyer.

DEBORAH BOYD
Car. goal: C.P.A.

JOSEPH BRADLEY
Track tm., computers.

COURTNEY BRANKER
Pre-med, Sr. Band.

VALERIE BRAUN
Pre-med 2yrs. Sr. Band, Stage Band, business.

ANNA BRIERRE
Car. goal: nursing.

REGINA BROWN
Pre-med, Orchestra, yrbk. '85 lit. staff, teacher's aide. Car. goal: physician.

SHARON BROWN
Medical asst. mgr. Car. goal: medical lab technician.

TRESSLYN BROWN
Capt. basketball tm., capt. softball tm., Theater Inst. Car. goal: to own a restaurant and be head chef.

URSULA BROWNE
Pre-med, yrbk. lit. staff, s.o. rep., soc. studies squad, Super Youth Award.

KATHLEEN BRUMMEL
Dental asst. prog. Car. goal: dental hygienist.

LISA BRYANT
Car. goal: business.

NICHELE BUIE
Nursing prog.

SUANNE BURKE
Art careers. Car. goal: fashion designer.

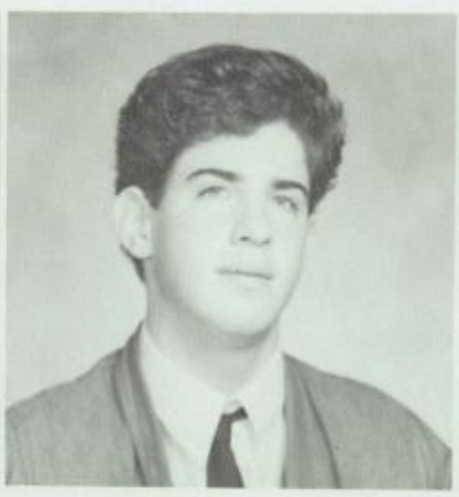
GINA CABANE
Med. asst., co-op. Car. goal: child psychiatrist, soc. worker.

CARMINA CABUSAS

CARMELLA CABUSAS
Nursing. Car. goal: R.N.

VIVIAN CALDEA
Gymnastic tm., Asian Club, Dance Club, photog. comm., s.o. rep.

DAVID CALDERON



PETER CAMPBELL

ANDREA CAMPITELLI
Theater Inst., fashion show.

LUZ CARDONA

GIOCONDA CARRANZA

KOFII CARTER

NANCY CASIMIR
Nursing prog., guidance couns./attdnc. mon., Jr./Sr. Band, *Annie get your Gun.* Car. goal: medical researcher.

AUDREY CASSVAN

SANDRA CASTILLO
Int'l Club, yrbk. lit. staff, Stdnts. for Exploration & Development of Space. Car. goal: engineer, astronaut.

CHUN KIT CHAN
Asian Club, pre-med, Sci. Fair.

DANNY CHAN
Asian Club-act. coord., prog. off. aide.

JOANN CHAN
Car. goal: business.

JOHN CHAN
Acad. Olymp., H.O.P.E. Club, Chess Club.

MARGARET CHAN

LINDA CHAO
Car. goal: business management.

Unrequited Love

Marie Powell

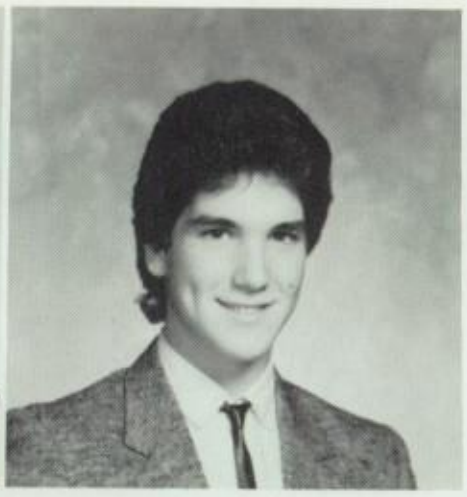
What happens to a love unrequited?
Does it strive for a response
Like rain trying to wash away a mountain?
Does it persist in the heart of the lover
Like a nagging cough that never goes away?
Does it soften into affection
Long after the realization
That it will never be returned?

Or does this knowledge of rejection
Cause his love to fester
And turn into a loathing —
Because I didn't care enough?

LAWRENCE CHASE
Asian Club, pre-med., prog. off.

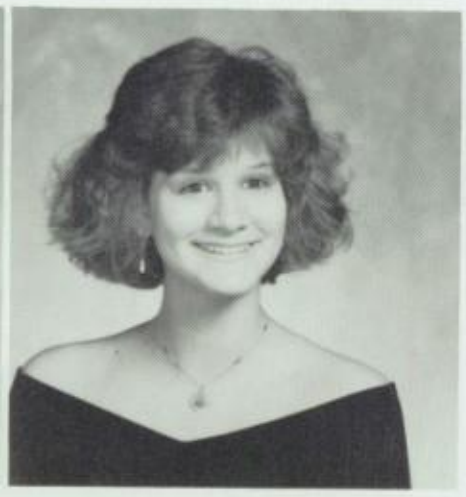
TASHA CHASKLEY
Cheerldr., co-op, Bus. Inst. Car. goal: criminal lawyer.

PAUL CHEN
Nat'l Eng. merit awd., Asian Club, pre-med., yrbk. lit. staff. Car. goal: aerospace engineering consultant.



CHRISTOPHER CHESLEIGH

WAH KIN CHEUNG
Math tm.



MICHELLE CHIARAPPA

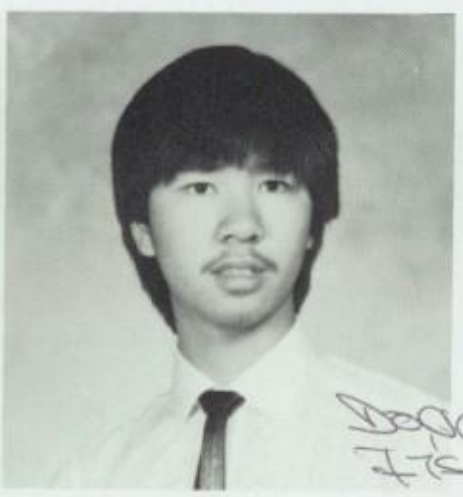
Second Chance
Lisa Goeb

Rain falls as my eyes blur
While listening to you say you're sorry.
My heart aches as you walk away,
Leaving me stranded and filled with tears.

Come back and love me again.
I need you more now than ever.
How will I get along
Without you standing near?

Can't we have a second chance?
Maybe this time we'll get it right.
Just once is all we need
To make our love strong again.

SUSANA CHIN



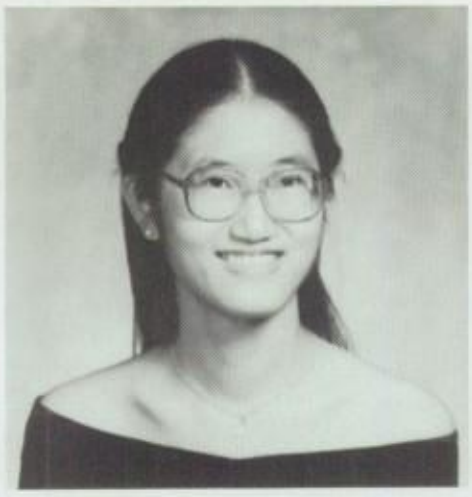
LEROY CHIN

STEVEN CHIN

LILLIAN CHIU

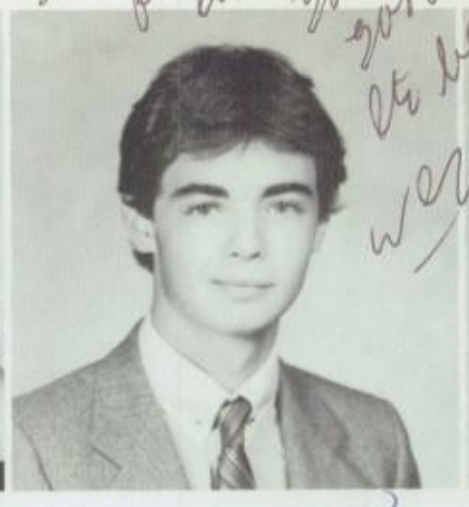
SHIRLEY CHIU
Future Engineers of America, Asian Club.

DOMINIC CHOW
Arista, Sci. Club, math tm., research tm., yrbk. art staff.



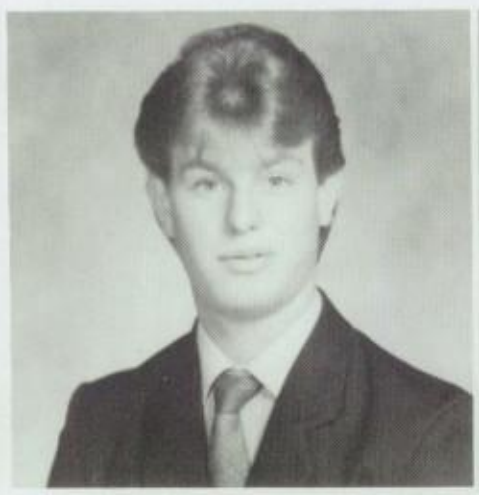
EUNICE CHU
Teacher's aide. Car. goal: accountant.

MONA CHUN
Exec. intern. Car. goal: bus. admin.



WESLEY COCHRANE
Track tm.

RUSSELL COGAR
Track tm., pre-med.



EVAN COHEN

DAVE COLLINS

TRACY CONNORS
Softball tm., girl's chorus, mixed chorus.

DANIELLE COOPER
Sr. mbr.-at-large, Dance Club, pre-law.

LUCILA CORDOVA

LILLIAN CORREA

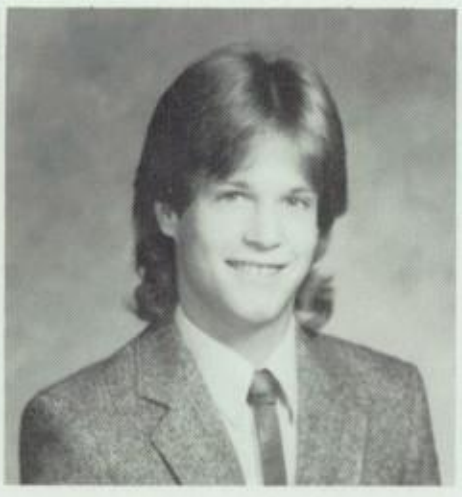
MICHELLE CLARKE

CRYSTAL COURTS
Co-op, mixed chorus. Car. goal: bus. management, journalism.

PATRICIA COUTARD

EDWARDYNE COWAN
Pre-med., sr. mbr.-at-large, musical 86, s.o. rep., nat'l Eng. merit awd.

CHERYL COX
S.o. gov't (3 yrs.), girls' basketball mgr.(2 yrs.), WHHS, co-op. Car. goal: corporate lawyer.



KEVIN COX
Theater Inst., Stage Band.

KEITH CRAWFORD

ERIKA CREWS
S.o. rep., life ctr. aide, pre-law, usher. Car. goal: lawyer, psychologist.

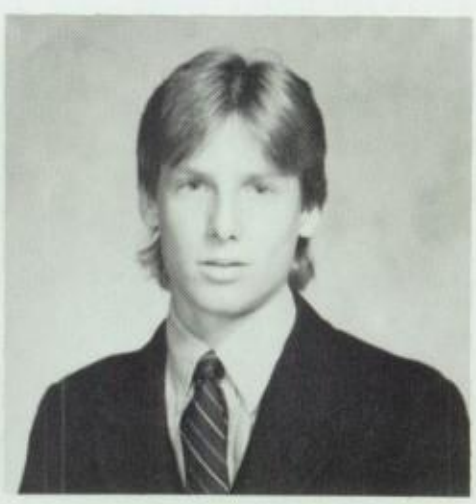
CECILIA CRUZ
Nursing, Asian Club. Car. goal: R.N.

LUIS CRUZ

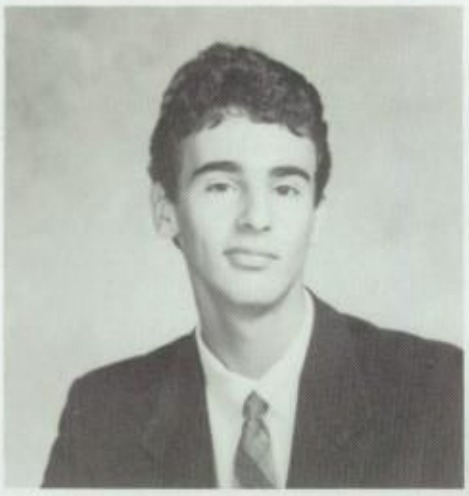
SANDRA CRUZ

IRMA CUESTA

CHRISTINE CURRY
Med. asst., s.o. mbr.-at-large 85, boosters co-capt., sr. rep. Car. goal: physician's asst.

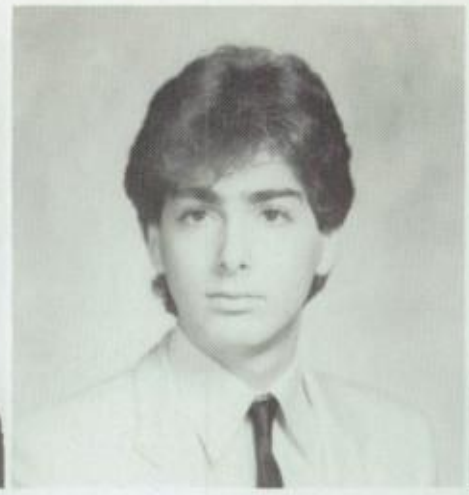


JOSEPH D'ADDARIO
Pre-law, Int'l Thespian Society, baseball tm., Theater Inst.



KAMBIZ DADFARIN

TINA DAMON
Dental asst. Car. goal: Dental hygienist.

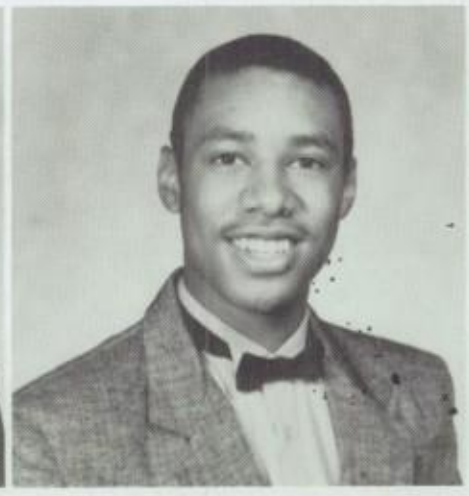


RAFI DANIELI

SHERRY DARLING

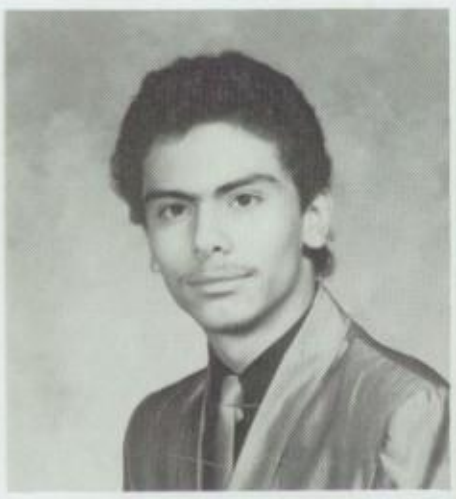
ALTHEIA DAVIS
Softball, basketball tms. Car. goal: computer science.

PAMELA DAVIS
Pre-med, cheerldr. capt., Dance Club, sr. rep., s.o. rep.



PAUL DAVIS
Science fair, pre-med, mixed chorus. Car. goal: chemical engineer.

PHAROAH DAVIS



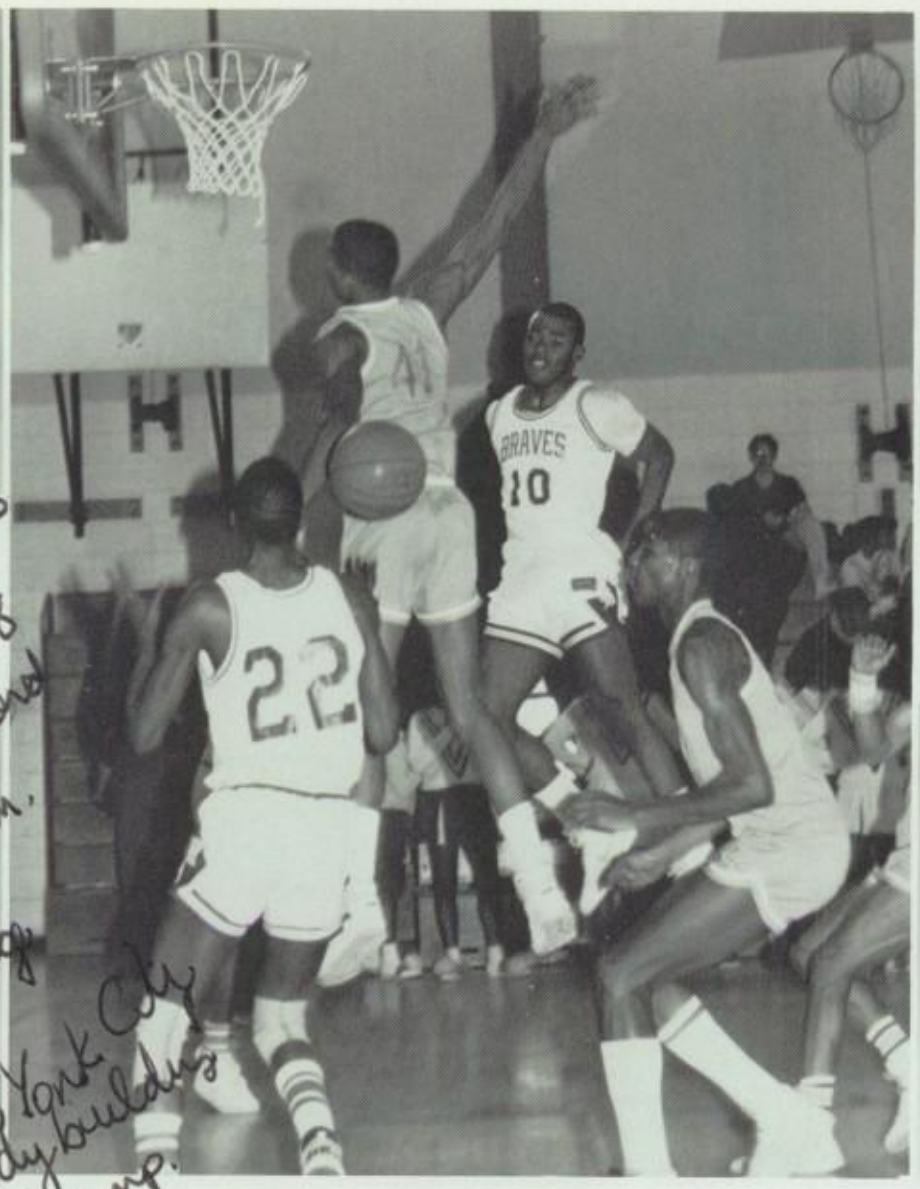
FREDERICK D'ABREU
Capt. cross-ctry. tm., indoor, outdoor track tms.

SHERRILYN DEAN

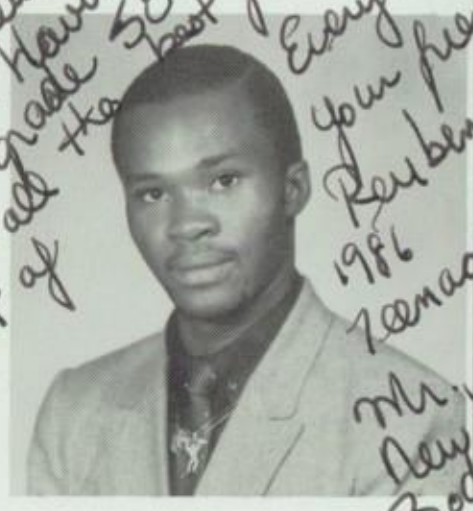
MARJORIE DEJOUR
Pre-med, booster, cheerldr., Dance Club, yrbk. lit. staff, jr. volunteer, mixed chorus.

MARGARITA DELAHOZ

DEBORAH DELGADO
Car. goal: zoologist or business mgr.



MARIA DELGADO
Med. asst.



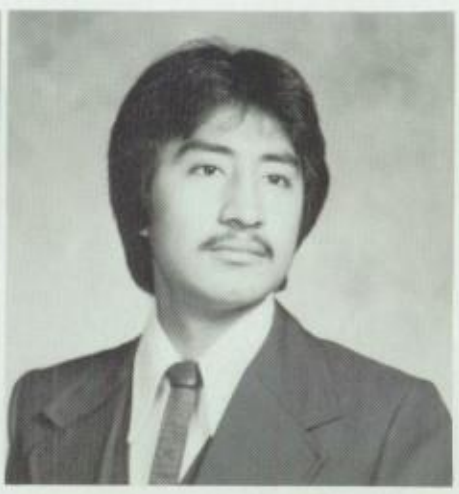
REUBEN LYNDON DENNIS II
S.O. pres., pre-law, schl musical 84, 85; Car. goal: lawyer, model, Mr. America.

ANNA DE OCAMPO
Pre-med, Chmbr. Ensemble, Arista, Hillcrest singer '86, Qns. Brdg. to Med. Prog.

ADRIANA DE ARAUJO
Theater Inst.,Orchestra pianist. Car. goal: international bus.

ZORAIDA DE CASTRO
Pre-med, Asian Club, Jr. Acad. of Sci., Qns. Brdg. to Med. Prog., frn. exchange prog.

JORGE DELEON



MARIO DELEON

SUSAN DIAZ
S.O. rep., Art Inst., "Suzy-Q", Car. goal: business mgr.

ESTER DIL
Business Inst. Car. goal: secretary

GAIL DILLARD

ILENE DOLPHIN
Pre-med, Akiva Club, Masada Foreign Language Award.

GIRLAINE DOMOND

HELEN DONG
Sec'y of Asian Club. Car. goal: accountant.

PAMELA DONG
H.O.P.E. Club, med. asst., S.F. Club.

MARJORIE DOUGÉ
Nursing prog., booster, monitor. Car. goal: physician's assistant.

Up From The Grid

"Roman Darkstorm" (Hassan Ahmed)

All animals are equal, all men start the same.
Actions crude, needs primitive, men are savage
and the matrix is set.
One savage steps forth, has an idea, an
illogical thought. He stands erect.
A God is pleased and smiles.
Animal has become man.

Hunched over, it is painful for the savages to
look up at this man,
Up from that cursed thing, up from the grid.
They do not comprehend.
They throw stones. The man thinks.
If he stoops to them, they will stop.
He would return to the grid and . . . No!
That would be his down-fall, destruction, doom.
He cannot, he is true man, individual, proud
and unyielding to those not his equal.

(Continued on next page.)

BEATRICE DOUGLAS

JOE DOUGLAS

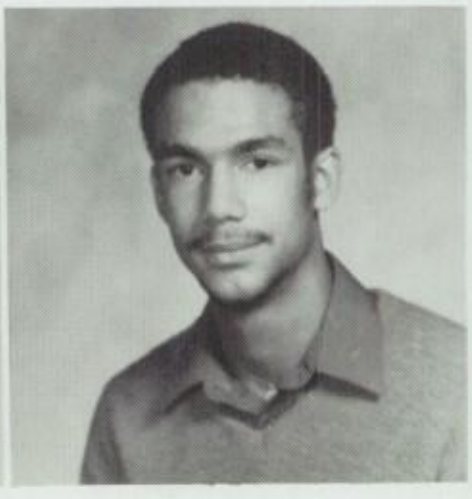
YVETTE DOUGLAS
Nursing prog. Car. goal: obstetrician.

ROBERT DUCKETT

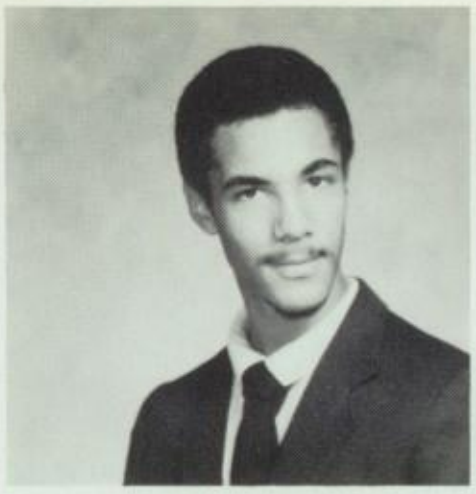
BYCH QUYEN DUONG
Asian Club.

PAMELA EADY
Pre-med, sr. rep., S.O. rep. Car. goal: dermatologist

SANDRA EDWARDS



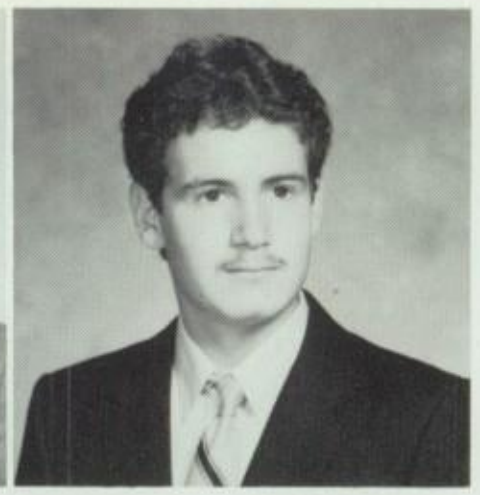
ERIC ELMORE



BRYAN EMPEROR
Pre-law, gymnastics tm.

VANETTA ENGLISH
Pre-med, pre-law, Qns. D.A. comm., mock trial tm., *Cycle* editor, Debate Club, International Club.

PHILIPPE ERIE
Haitian Club.

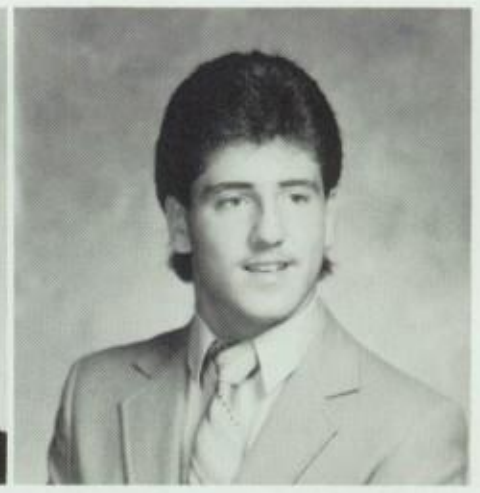


JACQUES ERTEL
Tennis, bowling tms., Sr. Band.

MONIQUE ERWIN
Co-op, Bus. Inst. Car. goal: executive.

EMILIA ESCAMILLA
Med. asst. Car. goal: nurse or teacher for the handicapped.

ELIZABETH ESCOBAR



MICHAEL ESPOSITO
Capt. basketball tm. Car. goal: prof. basketball player.

Up From The Grid (Cont'd)

Lo! As he stands he is not destroyed,
For the God waves a hand.
The man sprouts wings and rises.
The savages suffer more for they must look
higher to their target.
They look up in awe.
Up from that cursed thing, up from the grid.
As the man rises, he looks down upon the
endless matrix.
What?
In the distance, another flies, and another,
and another,
But only a handful to the numberless still
grounded.
As he flies for cover in the clouds,
Tears run down his face — the numberless were
equals, friends.

The winged one stops and his mind races.
He yearns to be with friends . . .
No! They threw stones.
If they are friends, they will rise.
He must never return, never look up from that
cursed thing.
He must always rise, up from the grid.

NURIAM ESTRADA
Med. asst., typist. Car. goal: plastic surgeon.

MICHELLE EUBANKS
Pre-med, cheerldr. capt., Dance Club, Orchestra, sr. rep., *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying.*

DORIS EURY
Guidance off. aide, med. asst., Concert Band, co-op. Car. goal: pathologist.

MICHELLE EVANS
Nursing, dental asst., Eng. honor roll.

WE MADE IT - I NEVER THOUGHT WE WOULD Last, Mom.

MICHELLE EVERETT

ADRIANA FABRYKANT

DOUGLAS FANNING

DONNA FARRELL
Med. asst., Orchestra. Car. goal: R.N.

JOSEPHINE FARRELL

LILIANA FASANELLA
Art Inst., S.I.S. Car. goal: proctologist and housewife.

THOMAS FEDERLEIN

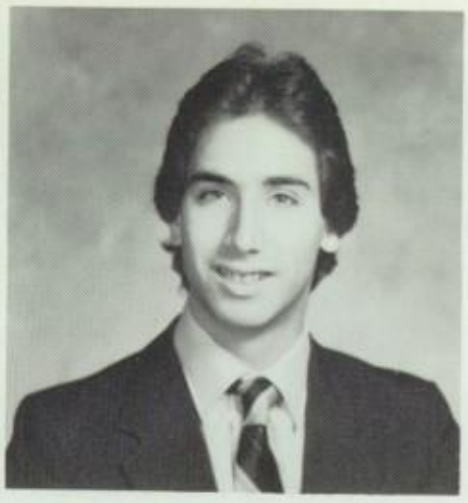
SUSAN FEHR

LESLEY FERACHO
Arista, P.T.L. Club, Chmbr. Ensemble, Orchestra.

SHAUNE FERREIRA

JIRYS FERRER

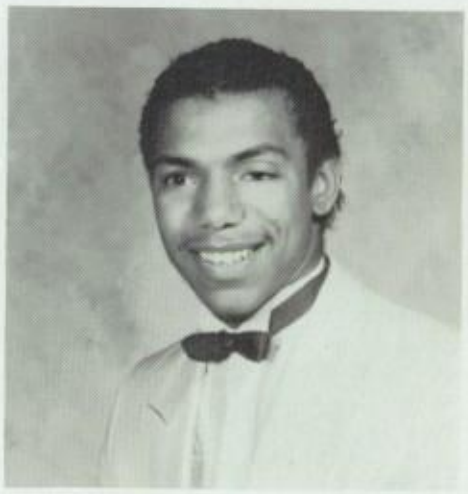
KIMBERLY FINKIELSZTEIN
Bus. Inst. Car. goal: accountant.



DAVID FISHMAN
Pre-med.

LAURIE FISHMAN
Car. goal: accountant or business administration.

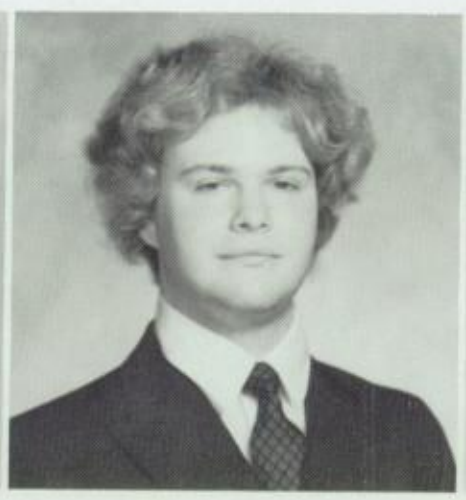
SABRINA FLAGLER
S.A.D.D., Eng., math honors. Car. goal: interior & architectural design.



TERRY FLOWERS
Bus. Inst., gymnastic, track tms., musician.

MARIA FORD
Theater Inst., math off. aide, Int'l Thespian Soc. Car. goal: early childhood educator.

NANCY FOUGY
Health car., med. asst. Car. goal: nurse or pediatrician.



DANIEL FRATER
Car. goal: brain surgeon.

Godammit, I'm touched that you want me to sign your yearbook, Dougie old boy - really, bloody fucking touched.

ROSE FREDUA

Dear Douglas,
It's been great at Hillcrest, I've known you for two years. I've wish for a fantastic Future!
love,
Andrea

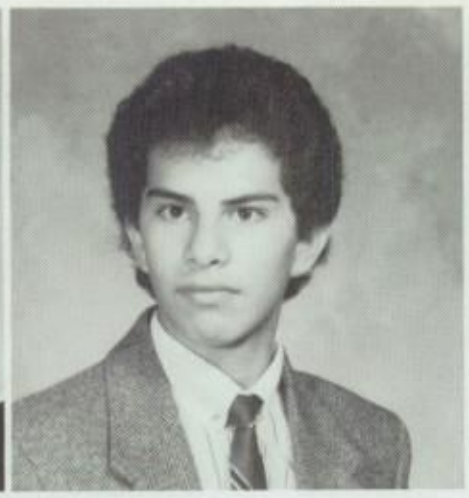
BRENDA FUENTES
Med. asst. Car. goal: child health care and development.

CAROL FURMAN
Car. goal: Bus. administrator.

MAIMOON GAFUR
Dental asst., S.F. Club. Car. goal: dentist/hygienist.

ANDREA GAINES
Bus. inst., Cycle, computer math & spanish honors. Car. goal: executive sec'y.

ILLYNE GANLEY

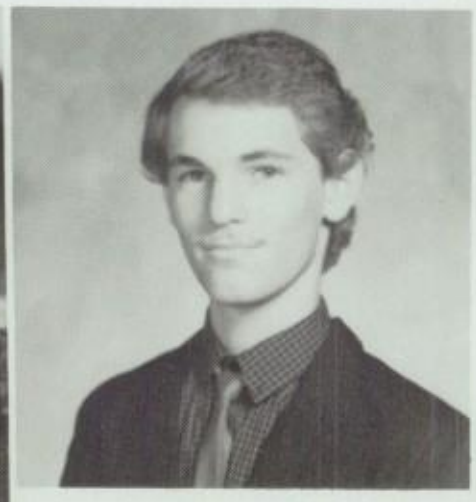


EDWIN GARCES
Pre-med.

CHARLES GARCIA
Pre-med nwsppr., Arista, gymnastic tm.

DEBORAH GARCIA
Co-op. Car. goal: executive secretary.

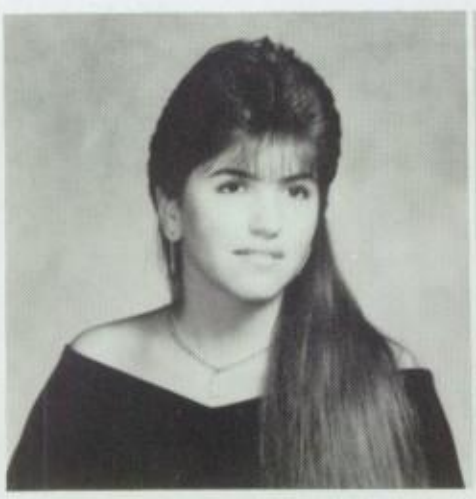
MINERVA GARCIAS



PETER GARGIULO
Pre-med, sr. logo creator.

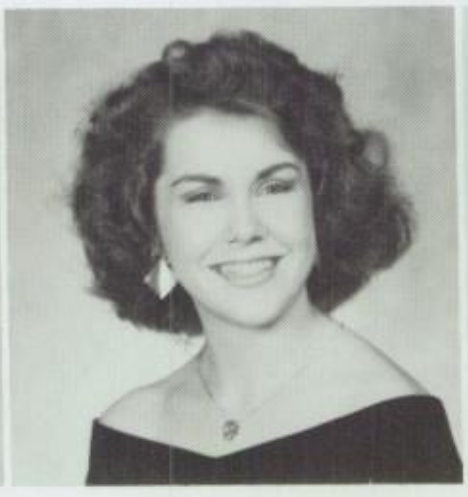
GREG GARNES
Pre-med, Sci. Fair. Car. goal: M.D.

DORENDA GASKINS



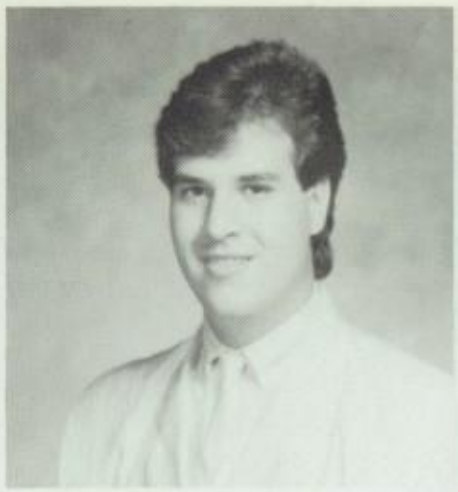
JEANNETTE GEORGE
Bus.Inst., s.o. rep., Girls' Chorus.

SUSAN GEORGE
Asian Club, P.T.L.



LISA GOEB
Arista, yrbk. lit. staff, Chamber Ensemble, Orchestra, Bus. Inst.

SUSAN L. GOINS
Health Car. Club, cheerldr.
"Love yourself so others will love you too."



NEAL GOLDBERG
S.o. govt., Thespian Soc., Theater Inst., Chorus.

LUIS D. GONZALEZ

PAUL GOREL
Bowling & track tms., stage crew.

ELANA GRAMA

MIRIAM GRANT
Mixed & girls' Chorus-pianist, college off. aide. Car. goal: psychologist.

SABRINA GRANT
"Success comes only to those who try to achieve the goals to make a better world. I will succeed."

DANIEL GREAVES

FELECIA GREEN
S.o., boosters, Pre-law Inst. Car. goal: C.P.A.

LAURA GREENBERG
Car. goal: accountant.

STACEY GREGORY
Cheerldr., bowling tm. Car. goal: bus. mgr.

MATTHEW GREIF

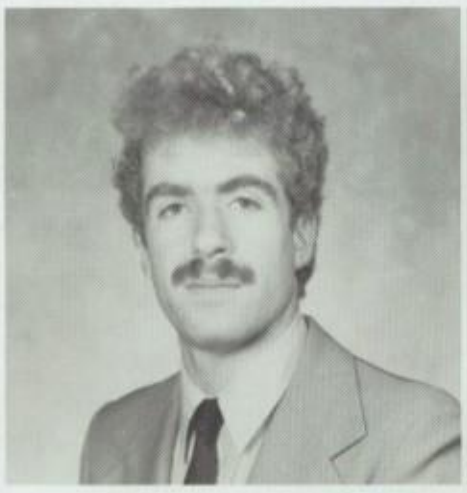
VERONICA GRILLO
Co-op, Bus. Inst. Car. goal: lawyer.

JANET GROSSBERG
Med. asst.

ROSE MARIE GUERRERO
Art Inst., co-op, yrbk. art staff.

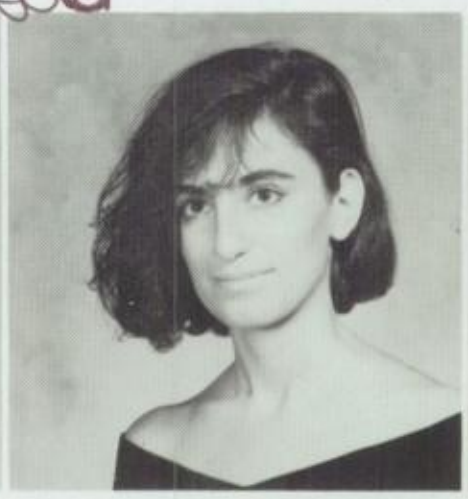
STEPHANIE GUEVARA
Nursing. Car. goal: R.N.

PATRICK GUSTAVE
"Never lose the sight of a dream."



BEN GUZIK

JOSEPHINE GUZMAN
Theater Inst. clowning, choreographer.



NAZILA HAGHIGHAT
Bus. Inst. Car. goal: secretary.

ROSIE HAGHIGHAT
Car. goal: interior decorator.

EDNA HAKIMIAN
Car. goal: architectural & applied design.

MONICA HAKIMI

MARY LOU HALEY
Sr. vice pres., theater car., softball tm., capt. bowling tm. "You'll never find your gold on a sandy beach ... but you'll get a great tan tryin'!"

KARIE HALL
Theater Inst., Int'l Thespian Soc., school play.

Decision Unmade

Kirsten Magnani

What happens to a decision unmade?
Does it capture you
like a fly entrapped in a web,
devoting every minute to scheming its freedom?
Does it weaken your conscience like termites
weakening the very floor you stand on,
Or does it envelop your senses
like fog as it rolls off the sea,
leaving you only the distant horn as a guide?

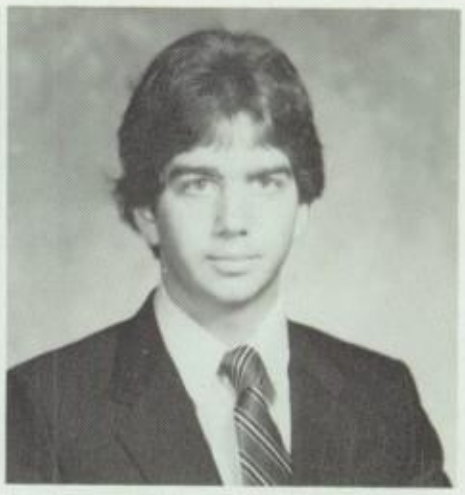
Or maybe it just runs off,
like a raindrop down a window.

A Memory Cherished
Maryam Kamali

What happens to a memory cherished?
Does it live forever
Like an immortal god?
Or does it slowly eat itself away
And destroy the heart?
Does it bring moments of joy.
Or stab you in the chest
With bitter pangs of remorse?
Maybe it just grows
And becomes a part of you.

Or does it fade each day?

SUZANNE HAMILTON
Nursing.



MIKE HAMMERMAN
Pre-med, H.O.P.E. Club, Dungeons & Dragons Club, Chmbr. Ensemble.

MELISSA HAMMOND
Nursing, HHS theater group, Cycle, Eng. honors. Car. goal: R.N./midwife.

DEIDRA HARGRAVES
Cheerldr. co-capt., sr. rep., s.o. govt., Dance Club. Car. goal: C.P.A.

REHANA PAMELA HARJHOON
Med. asst.

LISA HARMON
Med. asst.

SHELLEY HARRIS
N.Y. Club, Sr. Nursing Club.
"I've stopped trying to understand people — now they try to understand me."

SUSAN HARRIS

JANICE HARRY

JAMES HARTLEY
Sr. Band, computer tm. Car. goal: computer scientist.

MIKE HAXHAJ

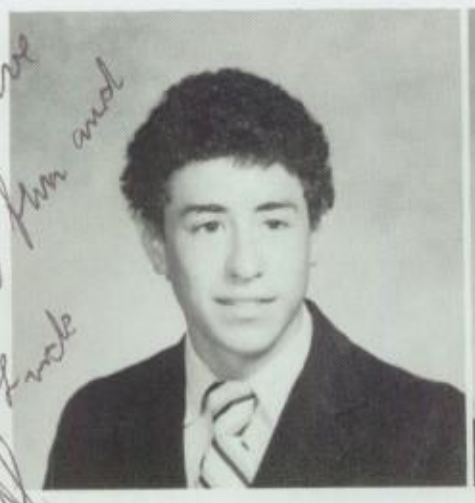
SONJA HAYNES
Co-op, Bus. Inst., pre-med, cheerldr. Car. goal: C.P.A.

INKA HELENIUS
Pre-med, A.P. Eng., A.P pascal, yrbk. lit. staff.

CYNTHIA HERNANDEZ
"It's all about me now!"

MIRIAM HERRERA
Car. goal: psychologist or computer programmer.

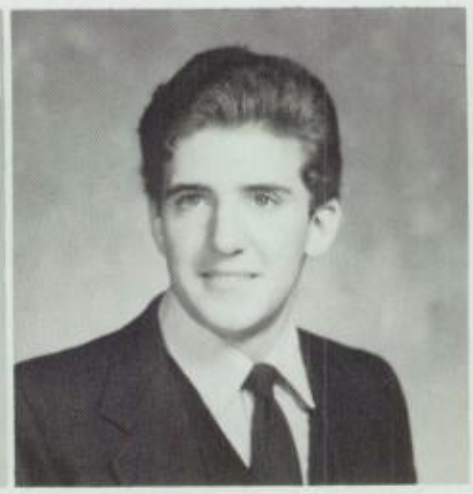
TANYA HINES



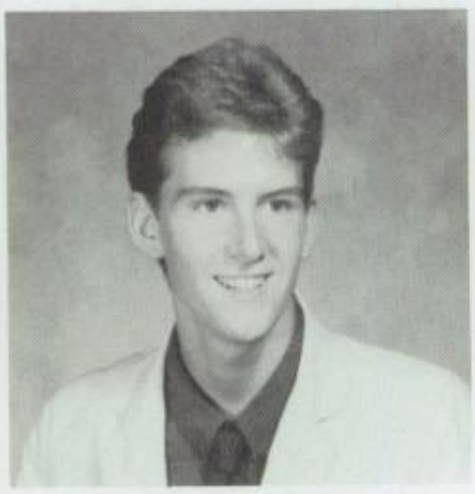
JEFFREY HIRSCH
Track tm., bowling tm., underwater wrestling, Parachute Tennis Club, slide-rule tm.

MARY C. HO
"Ian, Chris, Chris. The day the icicle works closed."

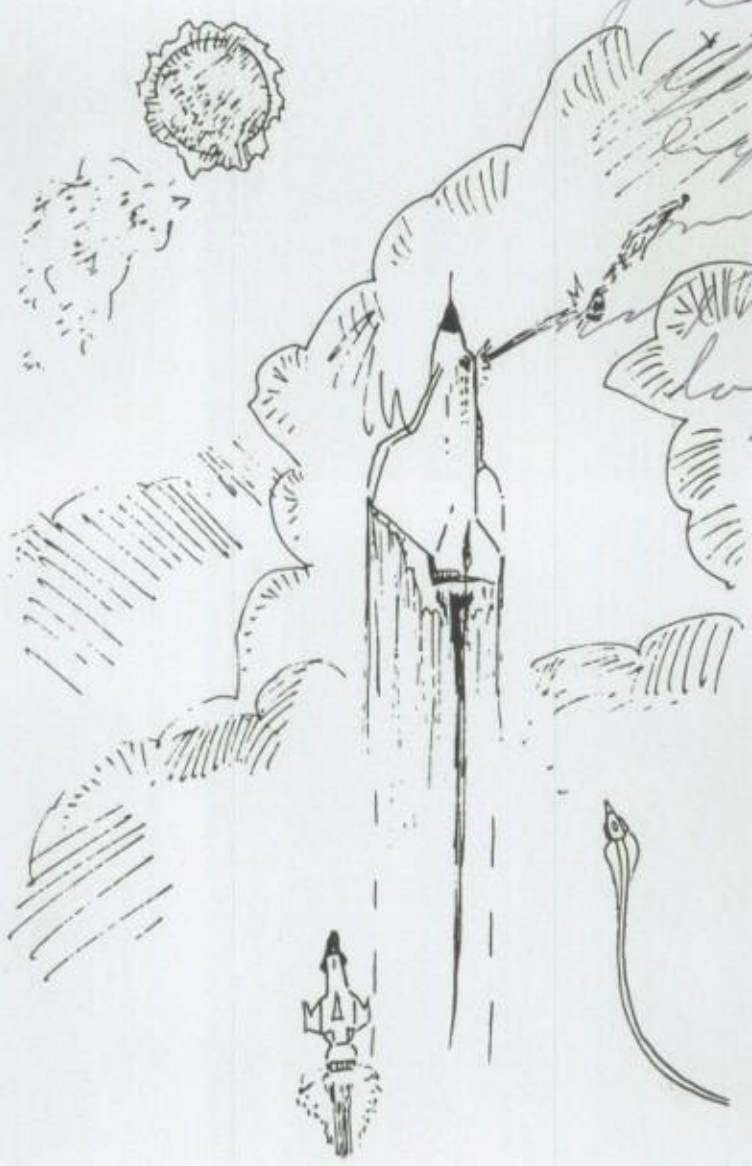
SUE FEN HO
Pre-med, Asian Club, H.O.P.E. Club.



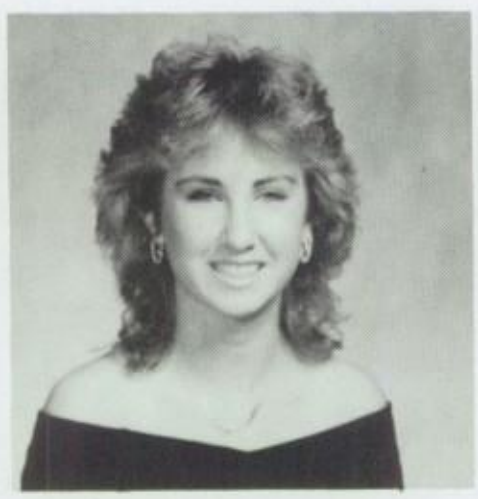
STEVEN HOBERMAN
Arista, tennis tm., yrbk. photographer.



JEFFREY HOFFMAN
Law Inst., mock trial tm., intern. Car. goal: hotel manager.



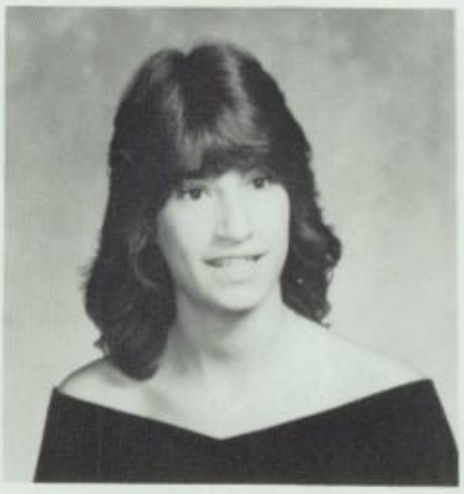
PHILIP HOFFMAN
"Don't try to live your life in one day."



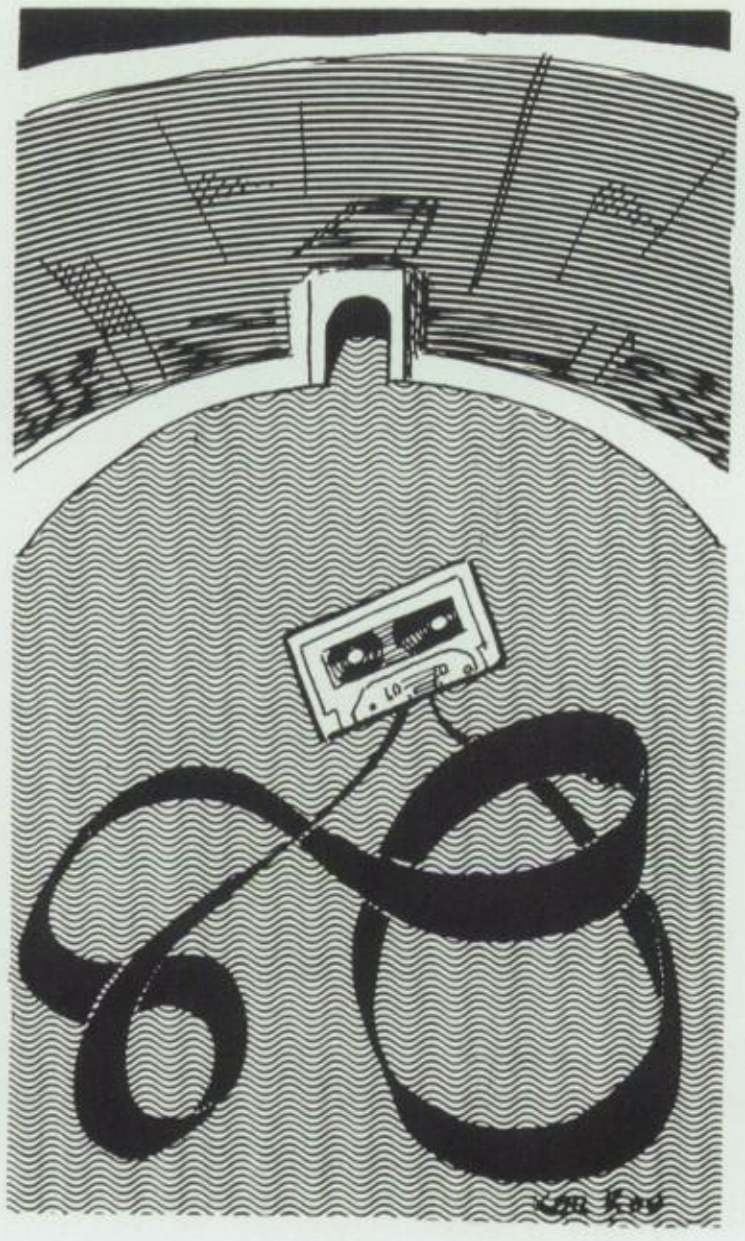
THERESA HOFFMAN

WENDY HOFMANN
Jr. and Sr. Art Inst. Car. goal: commercial artist.

JAE WON HONG
Bowling tm., Acad. Olymp., pre-med, Asian Club, Korean Club, Chmbr. Ensemble.



MARCI HOOK
Car. goal: accountant.

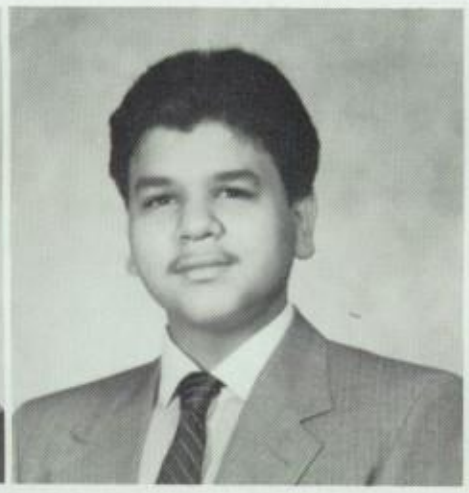


JULIE HONG
Pre-med, Korean Club pres., volleyball tm., bowling tm., Asian Club, Chmbr. Ensemble.

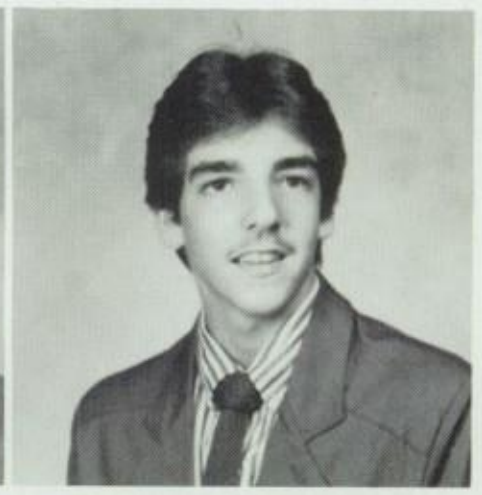
PRISCILLA HOWARD
Med. asst. Car. goal: nursing

ANTHONY HOWELL

LAJUENE HUBBARD
Gymnastics tm., debate tm.



QAMARUL HUDA
Pre-med, pre-med nwsppr. ed., H.O.P.E. Club, yrbk. lit. staff, Cycle, Chess Club, S.F. Club, s.o. rep.
Car. goal: cardiologist.



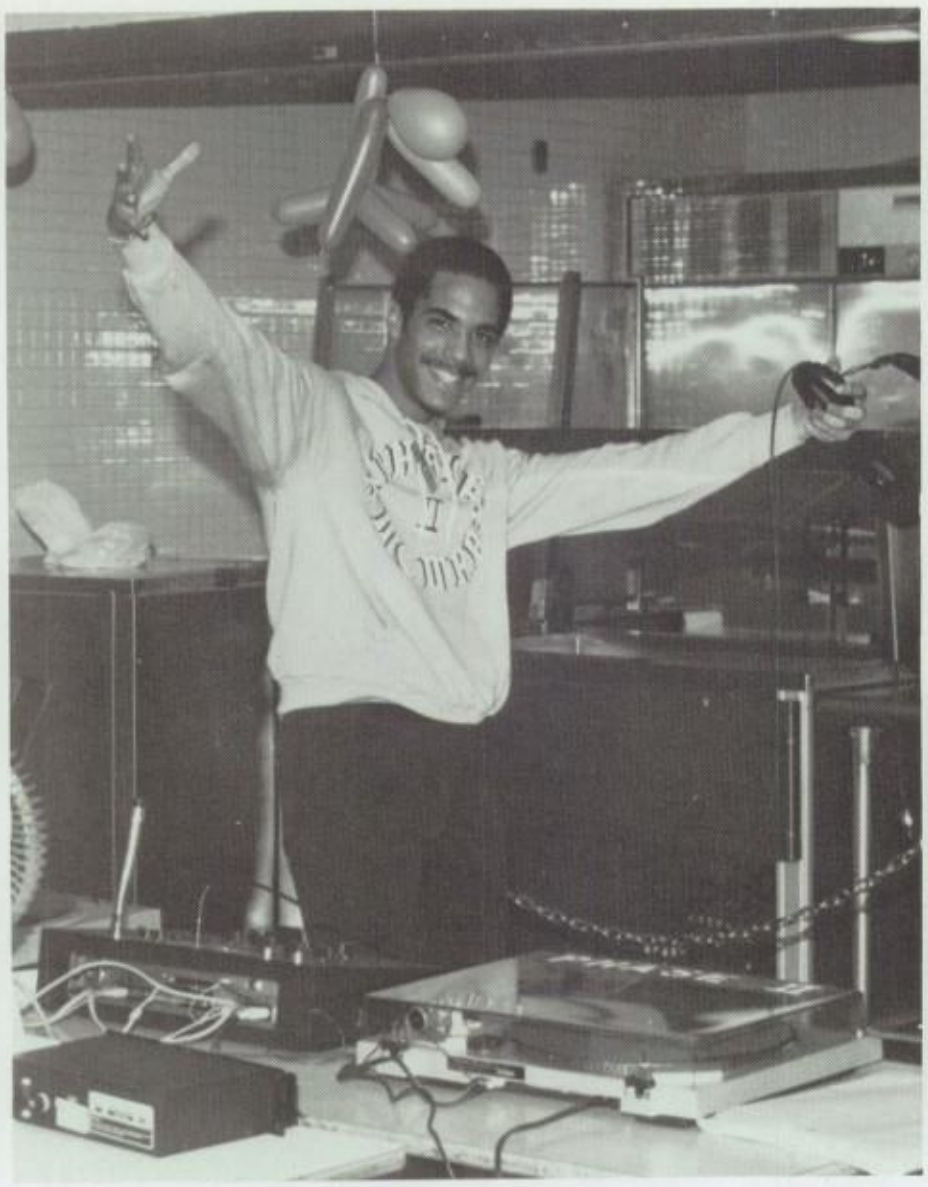
JAMES HUGGARD

VANESSA HUMPHREY
Nursing, med. asst., softball tm., volleyball tm.
"Life at Hillcrest was lots of fun, but a different fun has just begun."

ZARIA HUNT
Pre-med, gymnastic tm., yrbk. lit. staff, Perfect Attendance award, computer cupid comm.
Car. goal: sports med. doctor.

TONYA HUSTON
Car. goal: lawyer

AN-HUE HUYNH
Asian Club, pre-med.

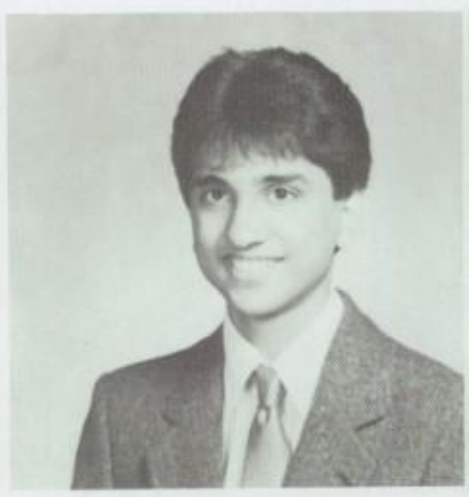


DIANNA HYMAN
Guidance asst, co-op.
Car. goal: word processor.

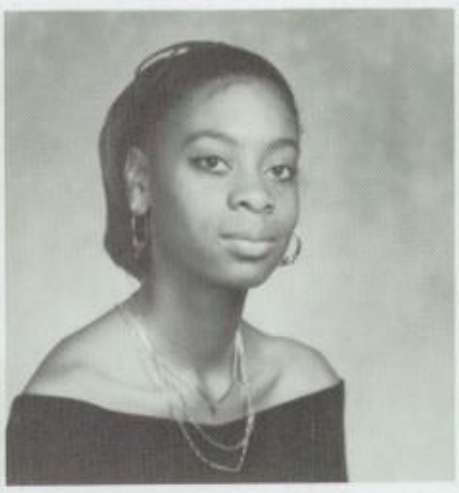
ROXIE INGRAM
Orchestra, Chmbr ensmble., Internat'l Club, yrbk. lit. staff. Car. goal: floral designer.

KAREN INNES
Pre-med, Science Congress gold medalist.

HATHA INTHARAKSA

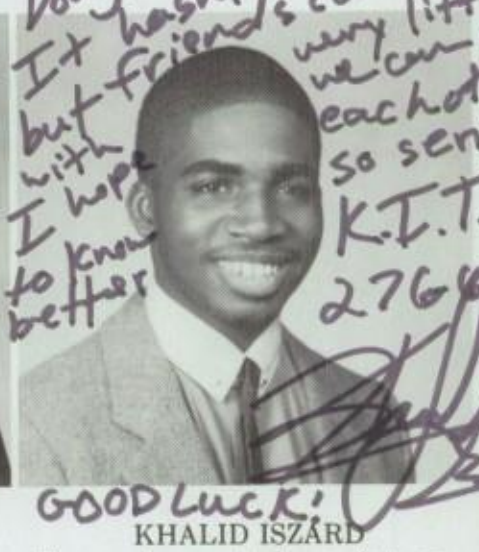


KASHIF IQBAL
Mock trial tm., debate tm.



KYM IRBY
Co-op, Bus. Inst.,
Car. goal: accountant

AUREA IRIZARRY


Doug, It hasn't been long but friends can be hard with I hope to know better
very little we can get each other so serious
K.I.T.
GOOD Luck!

KHALID ISZARD
Frn. exchange stud., sr. Art car., pre-med, H.O.P.E. Club., yrbk art staff. Car. goal: commercial illustrator & cartoonist.

HANA IVEZAJ
Sr. rep. Car. goal: business administrator and singer.

TUWANNA JACKSON
Cheerldr., medical asst., Dance Club, handball. Car. goal: physician.

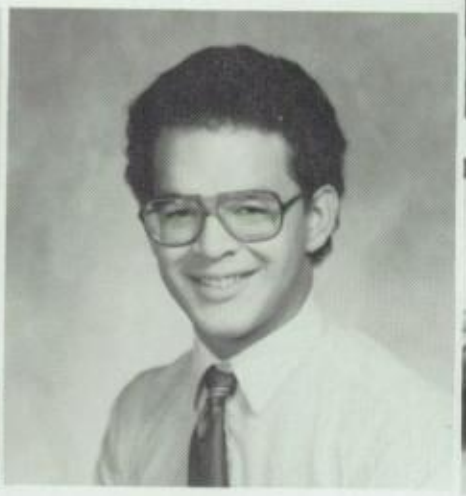
MERCEDES JACOME

NANCY JACOME

ADRIENNE JAMES
Co-op, Bus. Inst., Car. goal: accounting and bus. mgmt.

MARTY JARAMILLO
Pre-med, Stage Band, stage crew.

TRACEY JEFFERSON
Med. asst., booster.



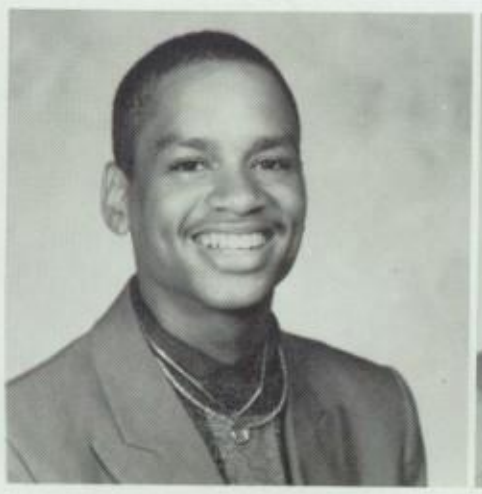
SIDNEY JIMENEZ

DARIO JOA
Asian Club, bowling tm., chess tm., 2nd place nat'l Spanish contest.

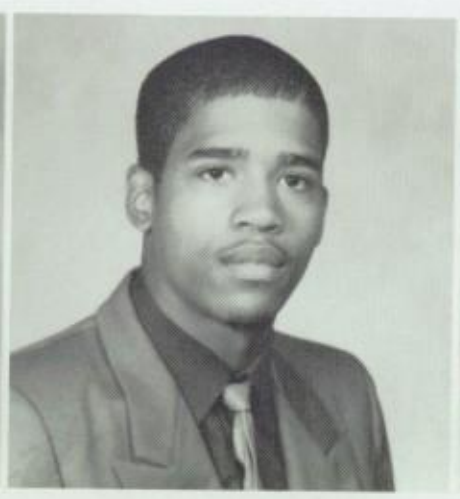
GEORGE JOA
Bowling tm., Asian Club.

RHONDA JOBE

ANGELA JOHNSON

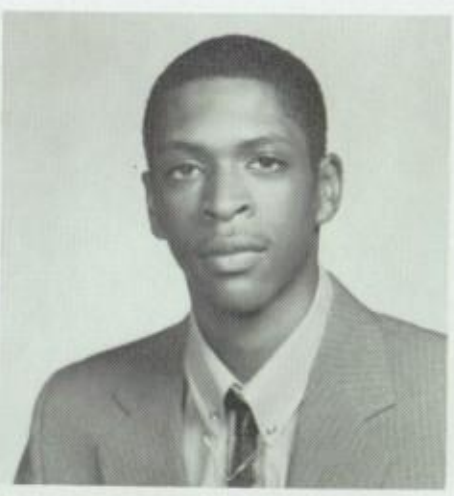


ANTHONY JOHNSON
Baseball tm., Eng. & math honors.



KENNETH JOHNSON
Car. goal: business.

MICHELLE JOHNSON
Cheerldr., usher board, nursing prog., booster comm.



RODNEY JOHNSON

TESRA JOHNSON
Medical asst.

DARELL JONES
Dance Club, pre-med, s.o. rep., record room aide, "*How to Succeed*"

MONIQUE JONES
"We pave the way for a brighter future."

RODNEY JONES

A Concept
David Koffler

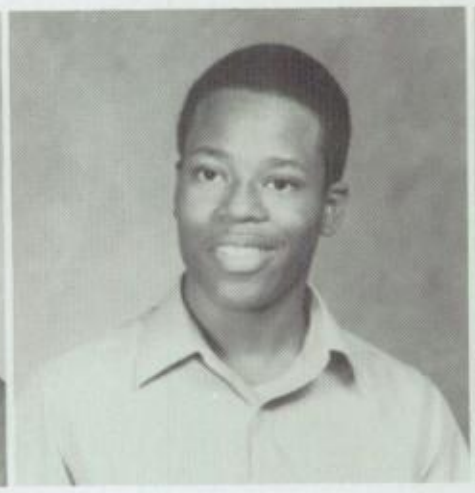
It is night, the air crystal clear, the sky pitch black; all that can be seen are the glistening stars suspended in mid-nothingness. A gentle breeze rolls by, bringing with it a unique freshness that acts as the blood of the forest. The trees sway with approval as the forest animals frolic in their branches. An intricate choir can be heard as the many creatures sound off in their variety of languages. The birds swoop to the ground with amazing grace and speed, as if to show off to those who lack the gift of flight.

As I lie here in the grass, I stare out into space, a vastness I have yet to understand. As I try counting the stars that I can see, I begin to wonder if we're only a grain of sand on the beach of life. I picture myself out there floating, traveling, searching among the galaxies. As I go, I glance back at what we call home, a small spherical object hardly noticeable at all. Just one of the infinite amount. Every thought and emotion I've ever felt means nothing right now. A feeling of freedom overcomes me. The diseases that plague the earth are mere fables of a forgotten planet.

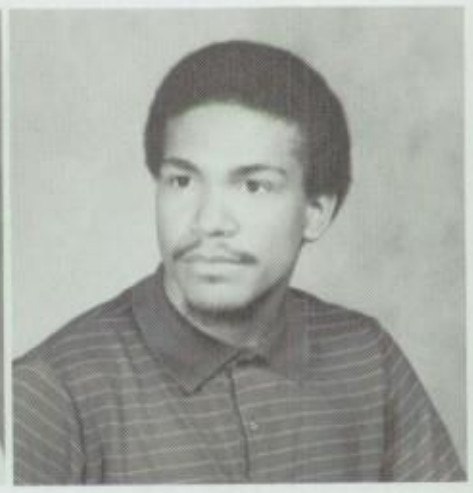
(Continued on next page.)

MERCEDES JONES
Cheerldr., Dance Club, medical asst. Car. goal: U.S. Air Force — medicine.

SEAN JONES
Capt. soccer team. Computer major.



DIRK JORDAN
Pre-med.



JEFFREY JORDAN
Drummer Sr. Band, Stage Band. "Rocking to the beat."

LESLIE JOSEPH
Pre-law, cheerldr. co-capt., s.o. treasurer 85, Dance Club, s.o. rep.

MARJORIE JOSEPH
"Good-bye everyone, it was nice having you in my senior class."

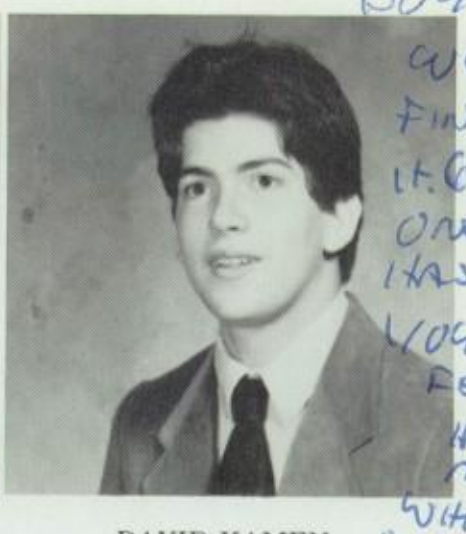
CARMELLA JOVELLANOS

LUIS JOVELLANOS
Asian Club, auto shop. Car. goal: mechanical engineer.

SYLVIA JUD
"It ain't no sin to be glad you're alive."

JOHANNE JUSTE
Car. goal: merchandising.

MARYAM KAMALI
Arista, yrbk. lit. staff, Qns. College President's Awd., NY Library Writers' Awd., Nat'l English Merit Awd., pre-med.



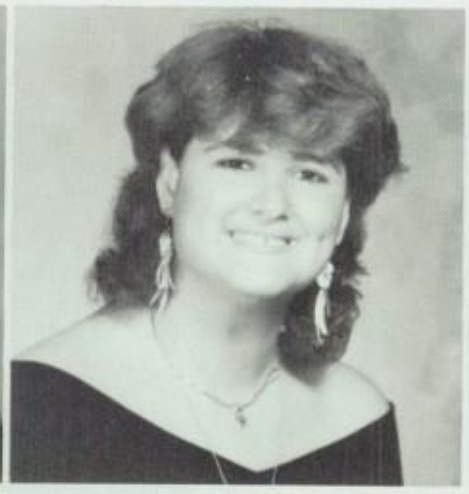
DAVID KAMEN
Life ctr. aide.

Doug
Well we
FINALLY made
it. Or at least
ONE of us
has) Knowing
you the last
few months
has helped
me cope
with things
(yourwas).
Good luck in
whatever your
Heart desires
Keepin
touch
DA

To DOUG-FRESH
CONGRATS ON GETTING
THE HELL OUT
OF HERE. SEE YOU
AT FOREST HILLS. GOOD LUCK
Jimmbo
526-3874

JIMMY KAOURIS
Car. goal: within the field of electrical technology.

SANGITA KARIM
"The hardest thing for a person is to learn how to live with freedom."



SARAH KATZ
Pre-law, debate tm., Car. goal: psychologist.

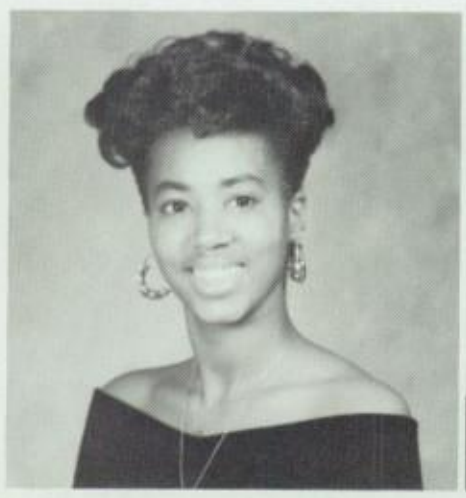
MICHELE KEANE
Pre-med, Arista, nursing.

A Concept (cont'd)

As I continue the endless journey my imagination erupts, exploring a realm of thoughts and curiosities previously pushed aside by my earthbound priorities. I try to forget that small planet on which I was born and focus on what lies ahead. My eyes, not able to take it all in at once, twitch back and forth rapidly. A shooting light wisks by in the distance with a beauty unmatched. The billions of stars act as spectators to this seemingly ordinary event. The planets I once saw from a distance begin to look different as I get closer. With every movement of my head, everything changes. I now realize that I shall never witness what I was told everything had, an end.

What is there for me to do? I could continue my endless search until I die, but for the first time I wish I were back home where I'd either get help or have an alternative. Right now I have no one. I close my eyes as my mind searches in vain for a solution.

A drop of wetness hits my cheek. I open my eyes to find myself staring into space, but through the branches of a tree. Upon realizing that it was all a dream I think to myself how lucky I am. Maybe someday the leaders of the world will realize it too, and instead of ways to destroy with bombs they will think of ways to create with their minds.

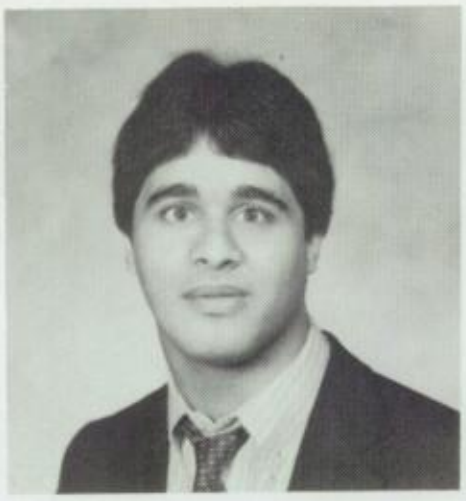


MICHELLE KEMP
Cheerldr. Car. goal: Police officer.

WANDA KENNEDY

LORRAINE KENNEDY
S.o. rep., Dance Club. Car. goal: business woman.

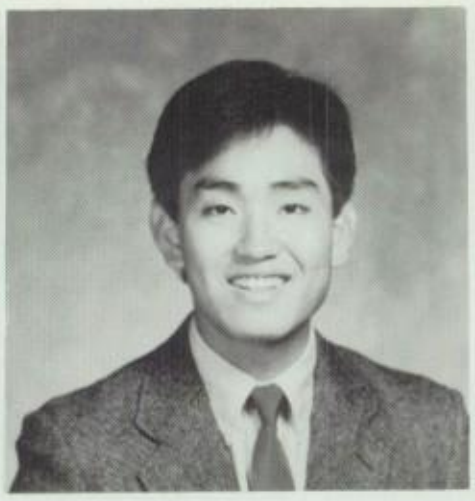
DENISE KEPPLE
Car. goal: doctor.



TAHIR KHAN

JASON KIM
Pre-med, chair Korean Club, tennis tm., gymnastics tm., Westinghouse.

SANDY KIM
Math tm. yrbk. lit. staff, Korean Club, *Cycle*, pre-med."Don't lose hope."



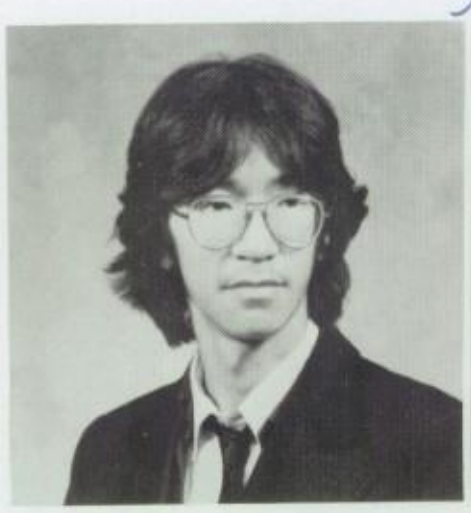
TAESONG KIM
Korean Club, honors geometry. Car. goal: architect.

HEIDI KLATT
Orchestra 3 yrs. Car. goal: secretary.

MELISSA KOCH
"To each his own."

DAVID KOFFLER
Capt. gymnastics tm. 84. Car. goal: teacher.

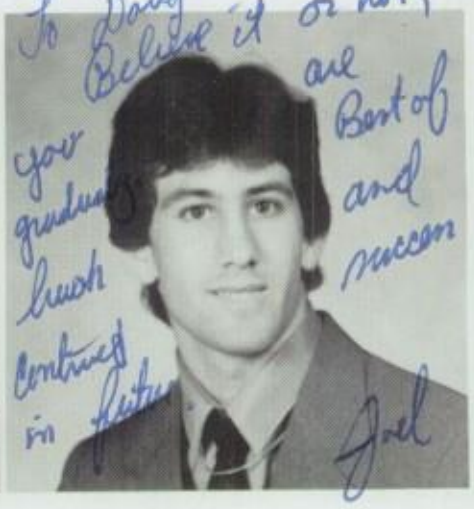
MIRSADA KOLJENOVIC
Pre-med, accounting 2 yrs., sr. rep., life ctr. aide. Car. goal: accountant, lawyer.



KEE KOO

ANTONIA KOSMOPOULOS
Car. goal: nurse.

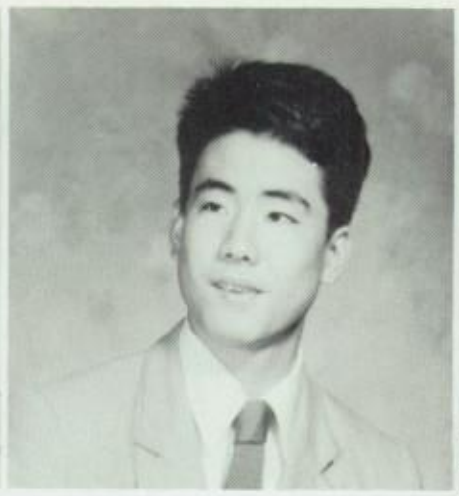
MONIQUE KRAMER
"Make love — not war."



JOEL KRASHINSKY
Baseball tm.

MICHELLE KRENTZ
Art major. Car. goal: fashion merchandiser or art educator.

FATHAN KRISTIONO
Soccer tm.



JOHN KUSAKABE

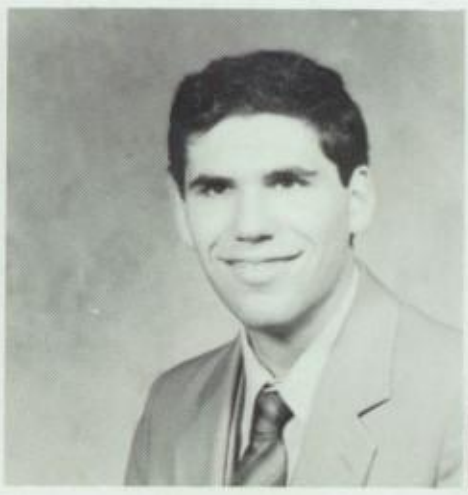
WAI KWOK
Science Club, Asian Club, Arista, yrbk. art staff.

LEONOR LABOY
Co-op, nat'l Spanish award.

MARILYN LABOY
Med. asst., nat'l Spanish award.

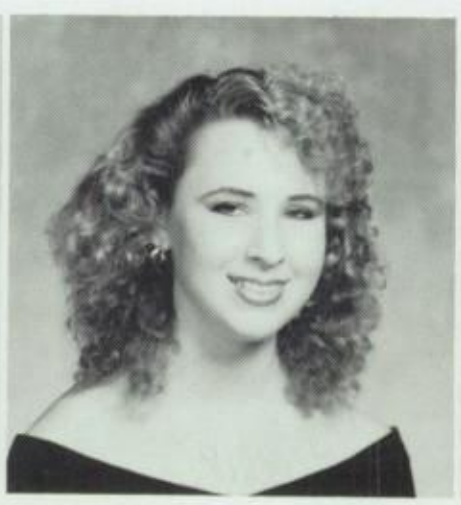
ROHINEE LACHMAN

TARA LACKS
Pre-law.
"Don't try and live your life in one day."



ANDREW LACOFF
Car. goal: robotics engineer.

FRANCISCO LAGRULE
Internat'l club, baseball tm., Spanish honor award. Car. goal: computer programmer, electronic technician.



AIMEE LANDAU

NATACHA LAPICE
Exec. intern. Car. goal: interior designer.

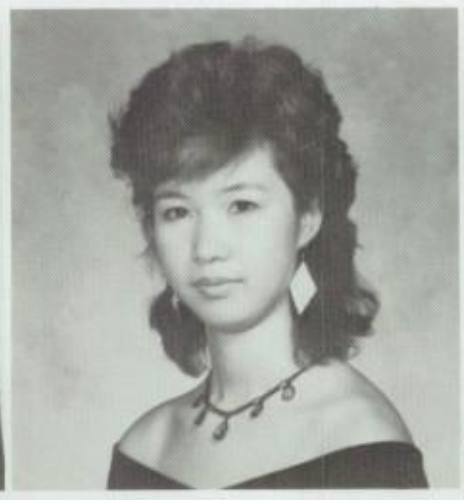
ROSSLYN LARA
Modeling. Car goal: plastic surgeon.

MICHELLE LASKA
Akiva Club, Bus. Inst., s.o. rep, school play.

POIRY LAUTURE

CLIFTON LAWSON
Baseball tm.

YVETTE LAWTON
Co-op, sr. band, Christian Club.



NATALIE LAY
"To love what's lovable, to hate what's hateable-it takes brains to differentiate."

DAVID LAZOFF
Acad. Olymp., Qns. college pres. award, Stage Band, computer tm.

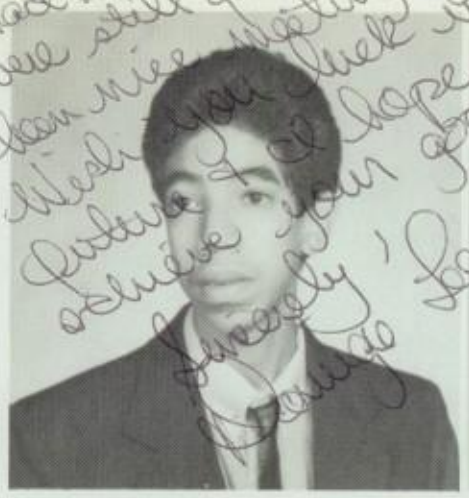
ROY LAROCCO

BOK HANNAH LEE

BONITA LEE
Nursing, boosters capt., guid. counslr. aide. Car. goal: nursing.

CHEUK LEE

CHRISTINE LEE
Bowling tm., Korean Club, med. asst. Car. goal: R N.



DOMINGO LEE

FANNY LEE
Art Inst.

HELEN LEE

JEFFERY LEE
Arista pres., Asian Club pres., pre-med, Acad. Olymp., computer tm.

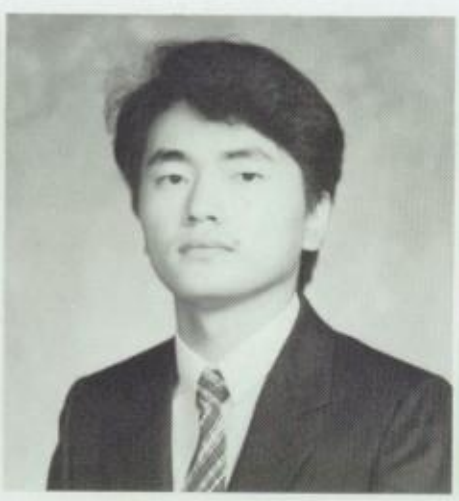
KESSY LEE

MARION LEE
Future plans: Army Reserves.

MICHAEL LEE
Bowling tm., Asian Club v.p., Orchestra.

NANCY (SUN HWA) LEE
Arista, math tm., bowling tm., yrbk. lit. staff, Korean Club, Cycle, pre-med.

VALICE D. LEE
Basketball tm. mgr., prom comm., s.o. rep., stage crew, usher comm.
Car. goal: executive mgr.

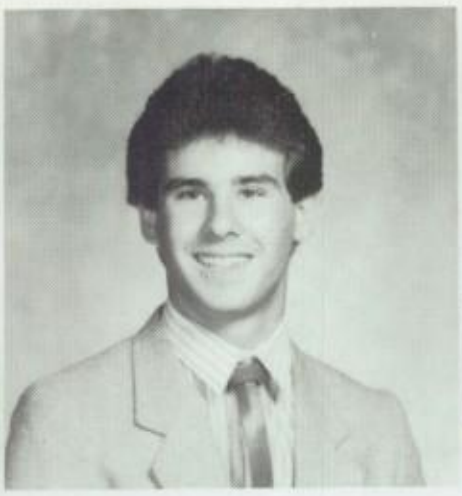


WOO YUNG LEE
Korean Club.

YOLANDA LEE
S.o. govt., nurse's off. monitor.
Car. goal: telecommunications/ broadcasting.

PIERRE LEONIDAS

MIRKO LEVASSEUR

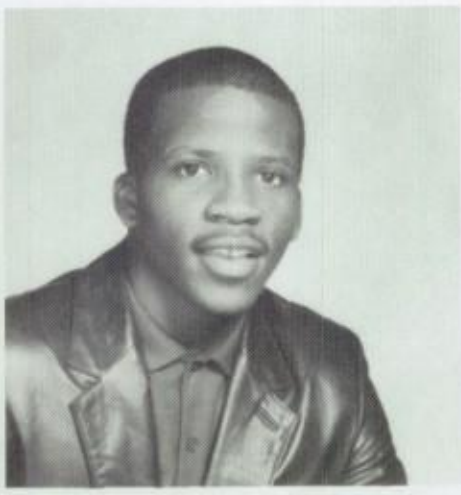


ADAM LEVINE
Baseball tm.

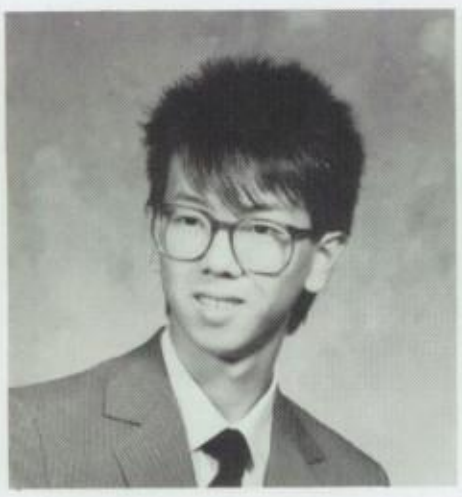
KAREN LEVINE
S.I.S., H.O.P.E. Club, Arista.

LINDA LEW
Asian Club, Bus. Inst.

MICHELLE LEWIS
Track tm.



NORMAN LEWIS



JOSE LIMA
Pre-med, Asian Club, Arista, S.F. Club, Sci. Club.

JEAN LOUIS LINE
"The thrill is not just in winning, but in the courage to join the race."

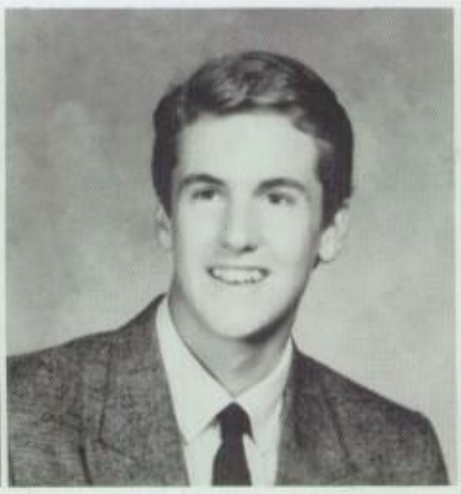
To Do Or Not To Do
Durahn Taylor

To do or not to do, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler for the mind to suffer
The frustrations and hardships of outrageous work.
Or to shield itself against the wave of toils
And by declining end them. To rest — to relax —
No more; and by reclining to say we end
The headache and the thousand natural shocks
The brain is heir to. 'Tis a reaction
Devoutly to be wished. To rest — to relax,
To relax — perchance to ponder — but there's the catch!
For in that rest of thought what ponderings may come
When we have cast off this mortal toil
Must make us pause. That's the thing
That keeps us on the long, hard task.

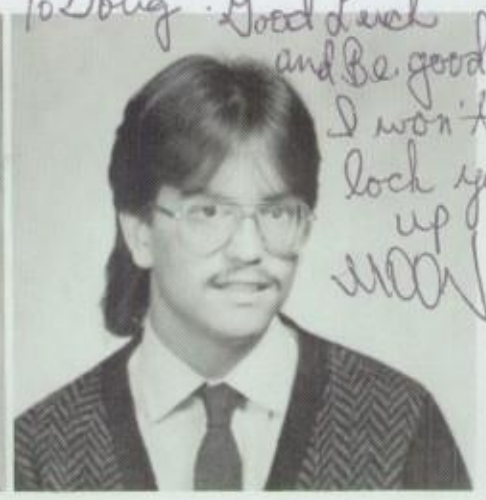
(Continued on next page)

JEI LING

VICTORIA LOBELLO
Bus. Inst., bowling tm.

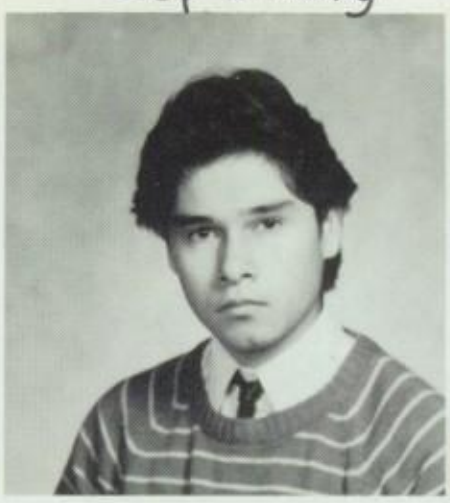


JOHN LOEHNER
Pre-med, baseball tm., cycling tm. capt.



ANTHONY LOPEZ

To Doug: Hope your dreams are never shattered.
Keep Rocking.



ENIO LOPEZ

MARIA LOPEZ

YVONNE LOPEZ

WEELY LOUIE
Asian Club.

MR. LIBERTY

REGINA LOUIS
Med. asst. Car. goal: pediatrician or physician's asst.

ANGELA LUCCHESE
Volleyball tm., softball tm.

PRABHAWATTIE LUTCHMIDAT
Car. goal: accountant or bus. administrator.

FELICIA MADISON
Basketball tm. Car. goal: nurse or pediatrician.
"Good luck to the class of '86!"

KIRSTEN MAGNANI
Arista, yrbk. lit. staff, 1st pl. sci. fair, 1st pl. *Daily News* sci. fair, pre-med nwsppr., Frn. exch. prog., NY Club.

PASCALE MAIGNAN
Gymnastics tm., *Cycle*, S.A.D.D., Theater Inst. Car. goal: actress.

ALEXIA MALAVE
Car. goal: med. asst.

To Do or Not to Do (cont'd)

For who would run those races against time,
Always struggling to meet the dreaded deadline,
When he his freedom from it might gain
By simple abstinence?
Who would these trials bear
Except for fear of what would then result?
The price that one would pay for things undone
Overcomes the will, so that we'd rather cope
With present troubles than make future ones.
Thus consequence makes workers of us all.
And so the deep dark blue of resolution
Turns pale under new consideration,
And plans for wasting vast amounts of time
Are drowned by our responsibilities.
No choice is left but action.

TRUDI MALONEY
Volleyball tm., Chmbr. Ensemble, Orchestra. Car. goal: teacher.

LORI MANDELL
Orchestra, Chmbr. Ensemble.

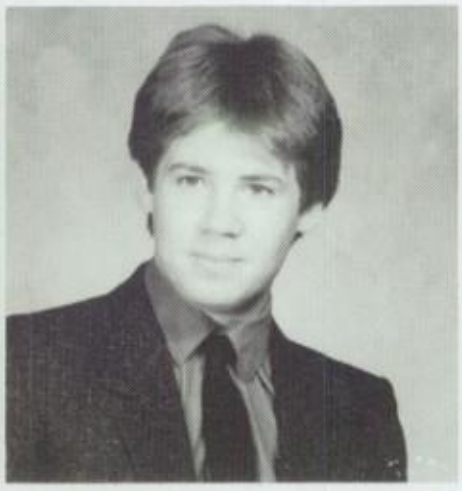
ALICIA MANIGAULT

LORENA MANZANO
Medical asst. Car. goal: pediatrician.

MARTINA MANZUETA
Car. goal: social worker.
"Whenever you walk, whatever you do, pray to God and he will help you."

HATAYA MAPAIROJ
Math tm., Asian Club, sci. fair, pre-med.

STACEY-JO MARINE
S.O. vice-pres., Theater Inst., Clown & Mime Troupe.
"Hold on to what you believe is right, don't let anyone turn your eyes."



JERRY MARINI
Sr. band. Car. goal: pro football player and comedian.

LORRAINE MARRERO

LEROY MARSHALL
Track tm., bowling tm. Car. goal: accountant.

LISA MARSHALL

PAMELA L. MARSHALL
S.O. exec. board mbr.-at-lge., S.O. rep., sr. rep., booster, prom comm. Car. goal: nurse or physician's asst.

DAWN MARTIN
S.I.S., Chmbr. Ensemble, Acad. Olymp., Internat'l Club, Car. goal: linguistics

EDDRIAN MARTIN

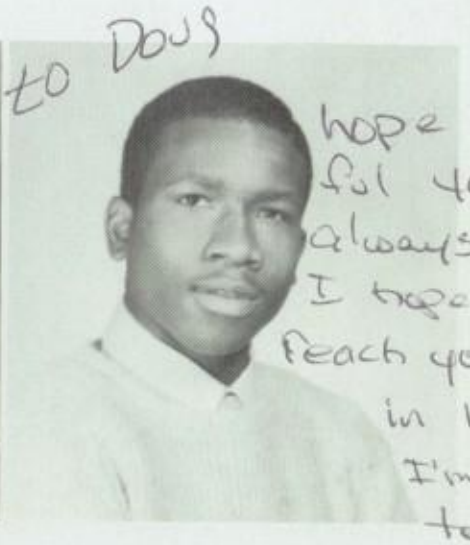
ELIZABETH MARTINEZ
"The future is that time when you'll wish you had done what you aren't doing now."

OMAR MARTINEZ
Soccer tm.- two medals and three trophies.

SHINO MATTAM

CONRAD MAUCLAIR
H.O.P.E CLUB, lab-aid (bio. prep. rm.). Car. goal: scientist.

CHANEL MAZIQUE



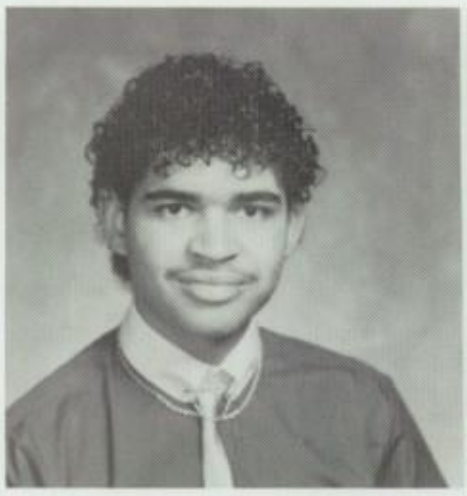
CHARLES MCLAIN
Car. goal: Sergeant General of the U.S. Army

KATRINA MELLS
"Remember: the world does not judge you by the words which you speak, but by the company you keep."

WILLIAM MENA
Car. goal: psychologist.

JAMES MENDEL
Debate tm., Mock Trial tm., pre-law prog.

BARBARA MERCADO
S.I.S., S.O. govt.



ANDREW MILLER

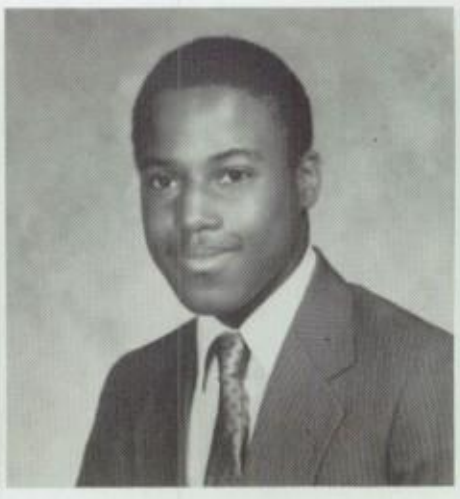
RACHEL MIZRACHI
Chmbr. Ensmble, Orchestra, yrbk. lit. and art staff.

BIBI MOHAMED

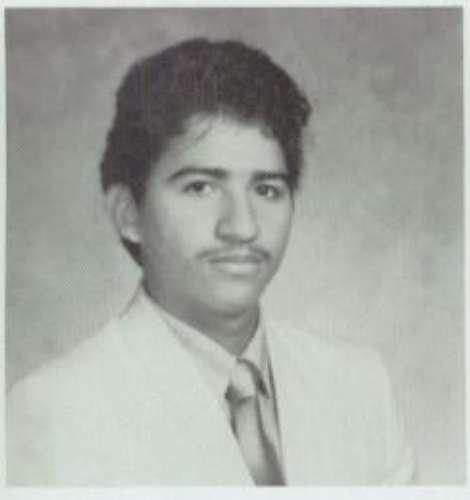
FREDLYNN MOMPOINT
Pre-med, Internat'l Club, S.F. Club, H.O.P.E Club.

SAGINE MOMPREMIER

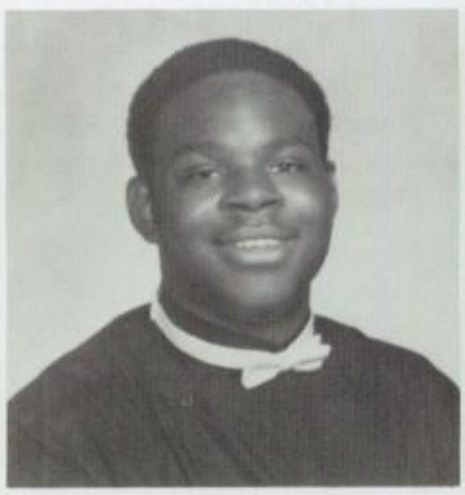
LIGIA MONSALVO
Gymnastics tm. Car. goal: psychologist.



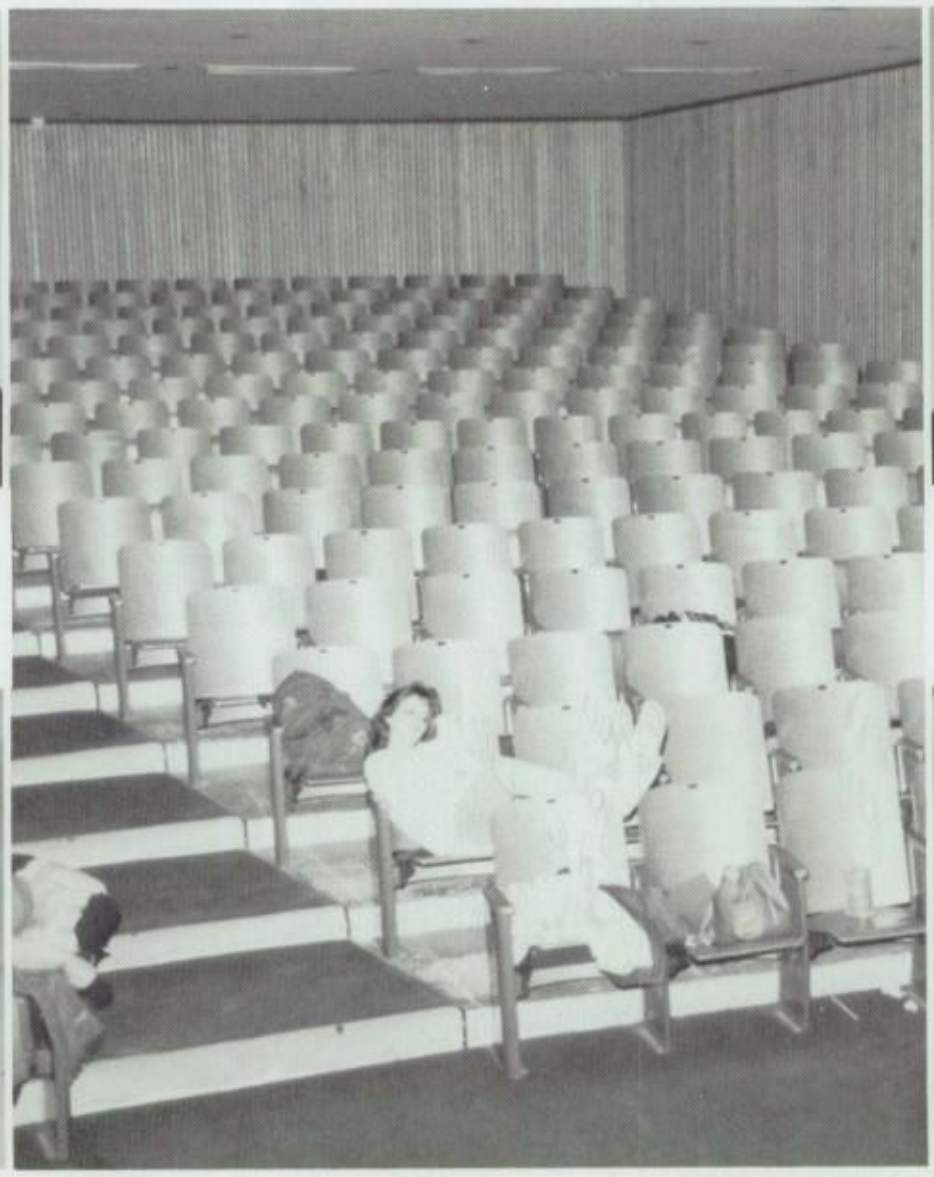
PHILLIP MONTAS



JUAN CARLOS MONTOYA
S.O. rep., honor roll 84, 3rd. place Nat'l Spanish Exam.



DEVLIN MOORE
Jr. Band, Orchestra.
"Music makes the world go round."



DOMAINE MOORE
Theatre Inst., usher comm.

JORGE E. MORALES
Sr. Band.

LUIS MORALES
Computer Club, math tm., 3rd. pl. in Martel contest.

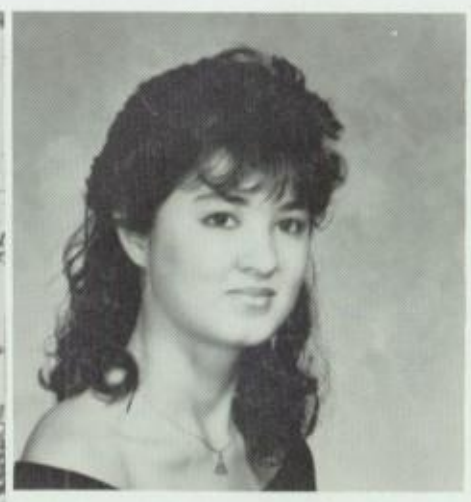
SAMANTHA MORALES
Pre-med, WHHS.

PHYLLIS MORETTO

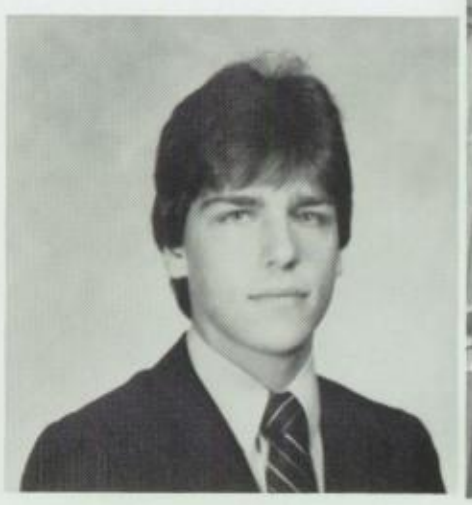
NADINE MORGAN
Nursing, co-op, sr. rep., New York Club. Car. goal: business administrator.

LYSSA-MICHELLE MORRIS
S.o. rep., Bus. Inst. nwsppr. Car. goal: accountant.

NIKOLETA MOULINOS
Yrbk. lit. staff, pre-med, Sr. Band.

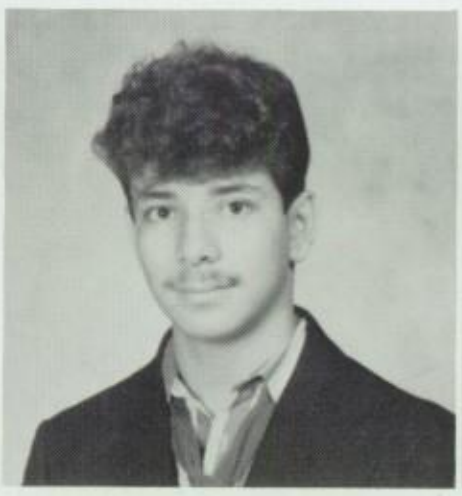


PARIVEN MUHAYYA



DANIEL MULLIGAN

MARLENE SOPHIA MUNN
Pre-med, Chorus, prom comm., yrbk. lit. staff. Car. goal: pediatrician.



JOSE MUNOZ
"Past and present become one. In the midst of illusions I abide."

KRIS MUNSON
Int'l Thespian Soc., honor Thespian, theater inst. Car. goal: technical theater.

MANUEL MURILLO

TANIA NAMDAR

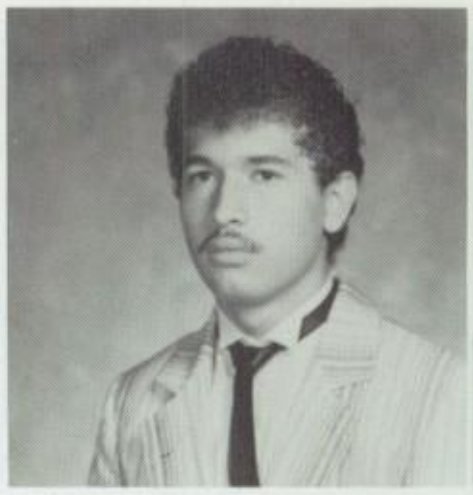
The Pleading Voice

Tonya Barber

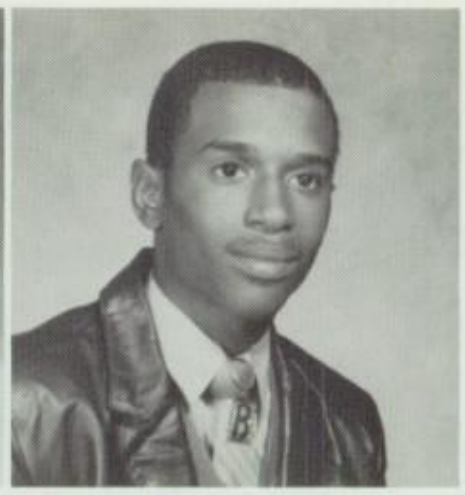
"Come to me," cried the pleading voice.
"Come to me, my Prince.
Rescue me from this horrid place
From this cold and wretched filth.
Free me from this evil monster who
Has held me captive;
He has stripped my clothes and
Replaced them with rags.
He has brought tears of sadness
Adding lines to my eyes.

"Come to me," cried the pleading voice.
"Come to me, my Prince.
Carry me to your crystal palace,
To your perfumed garden filled with
The melodies of golden birds.
Dress me in the finest softness of silk;
Bring me smiles of happiness
Showing dimples in my cheeks.

"Come to me," cried the pleading voice.
"Come to me, my Prince.
Rescue me from my abode — the ghetto.
Free me from Poverty who is my lord."

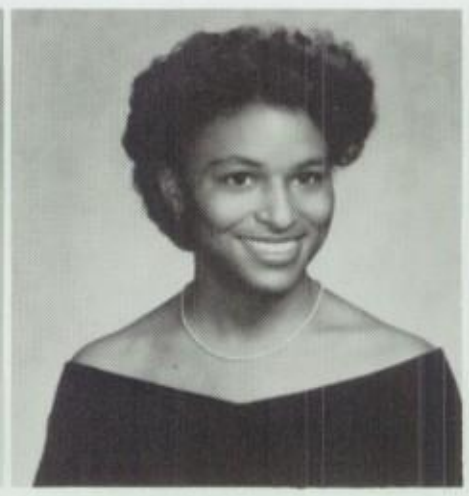


JOHN NARANJO
Car. goal: pilot.



JOEL NASH
"Knowledge is the key, for knowledge is power."

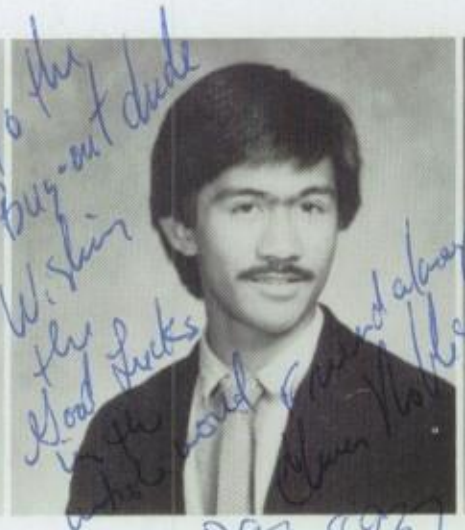
FAUSTA NAZAIRE
Pre-med, Arista, pres. of Haitian Club.



CATHERINE NEBLETT
Pre-med, peer tutor, s.o. rep., jr. achievement.

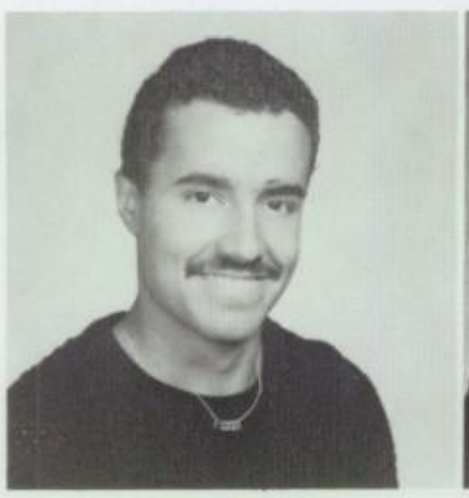
RUBY NG

SUZANNE NICOLETTI

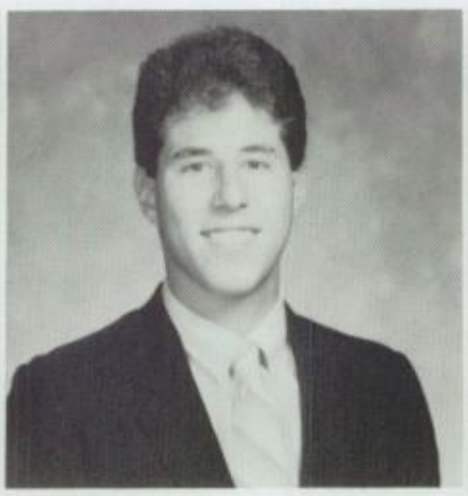


ELMER NOBLESALA
Asian Club, Jr. Orchestra. Car. goal: dentist, computer tech.

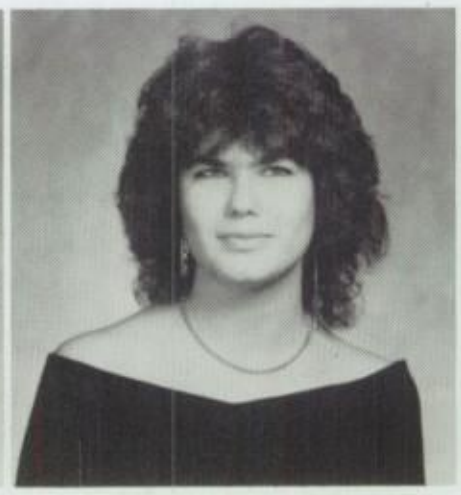
ALICE NUNES



CANDIDO NUÑEZ
H.O.P.E. Club.



GUY OKSENHENDLER
Pre-med, baseball tm., Arista, sr. rep.

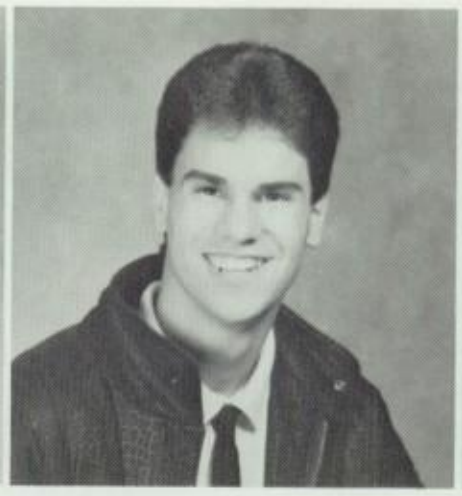


STACY OLFENIUS

JEAN ORESTER

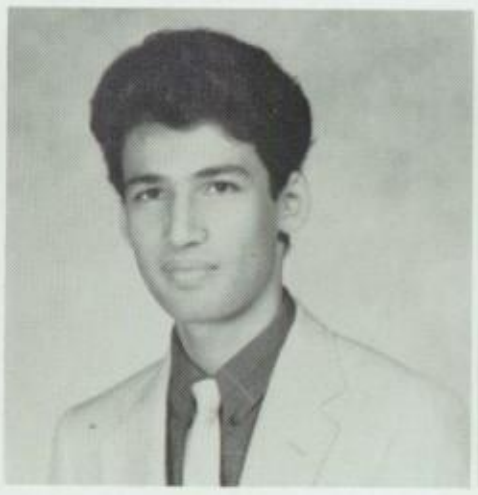
JOSE ORTIZ

MARIBEL ORTIZ

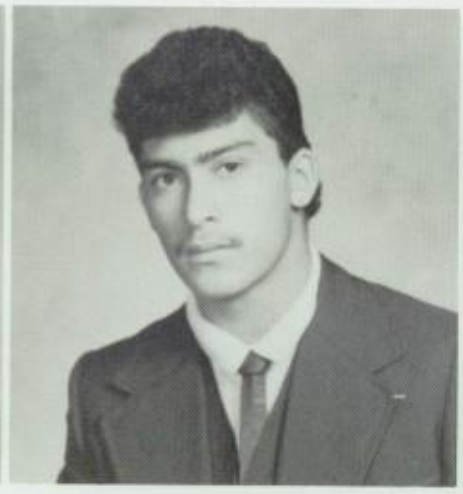


STEVEN P. ORTIZ
Theater Inst.

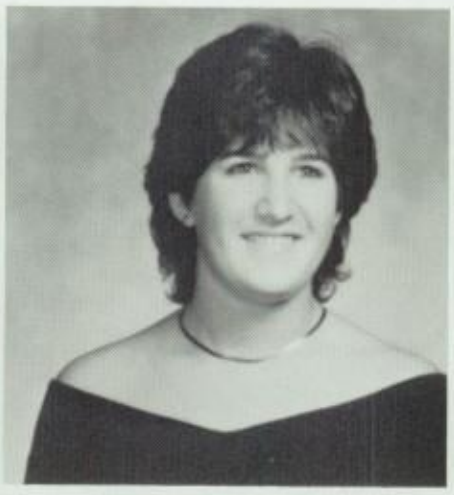
SUSAN OSIT
Arista, yrbk. lit. staff, off. aide, hon. roll.



WALIED OSMAN



EDUARDO OSORIO



KAREN OSTROFSKY
Tennis tm., cheerldr., Arista, sr. rep.

LAURETTA OTT

Keep The Dream Alive

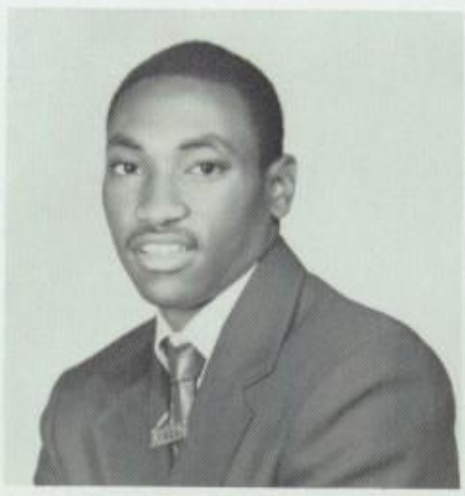
Claudel Felix

As the nights go by,
I still can hear
My brothers cry
For the freedom they've been denied
In the lonely world of Apartheid.

Is there a reason why
The division of families
Is justified?
Keep the Dream alive.
Freedom is on the rise
In the lonely world of Apartheid.

The day shall come.
Nelson Mandela
Will come home.

Keep The Dream alive,
For the sun also rises
In the lost world of Apartheid.



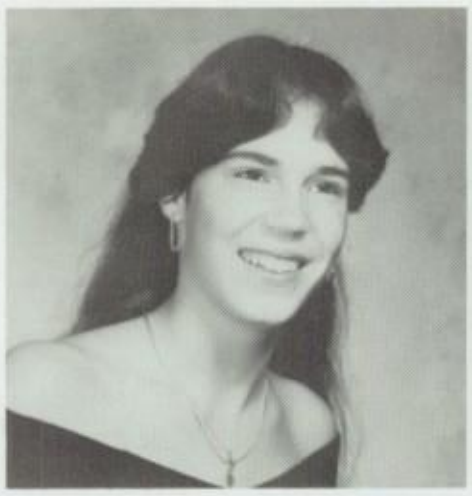
KEITH OUTERBRIDGE
Bus. Inst. Car. goal: management-/marketing.

LISA OWENS

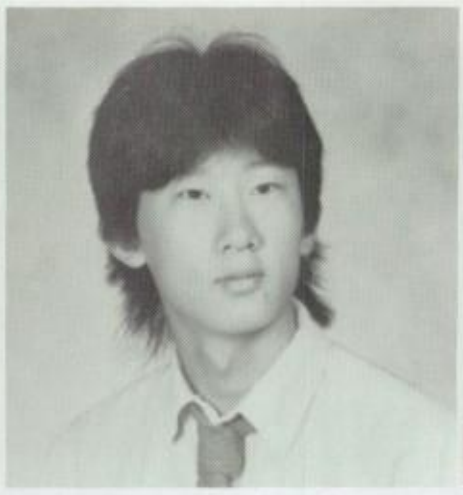
VELDA OWUSU
"It wasn't an easy road, but I've finally reached the peak."

RAYMONDE PACAUD

See 1st page

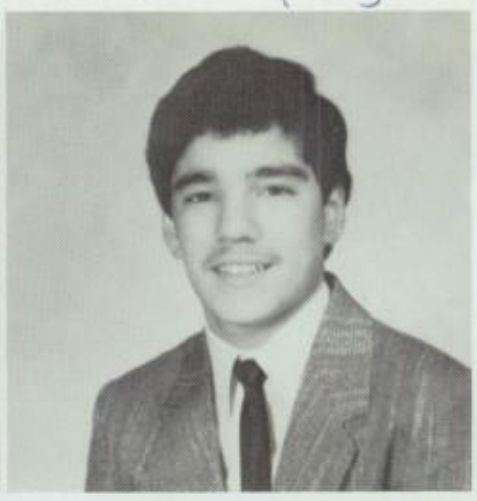


SHARON PAGAN
Car. goal: exec. sec'y.



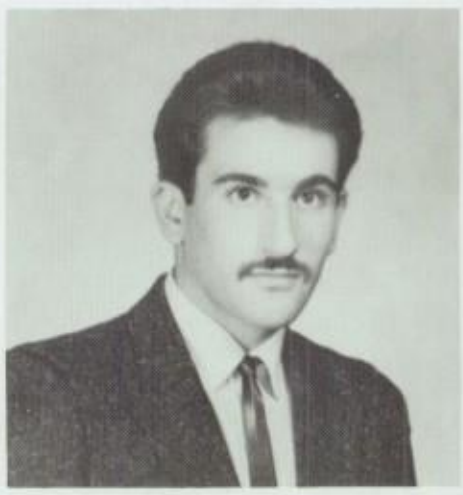
CHUNG PAI
Baseball tm. Car. goal: pilot.

MARIBEL PALMA



JAMES PANAGAKOS
Car. goal: real estate, insurance and risk management.

ANN PANICCIA



MIRKO PANICCIA

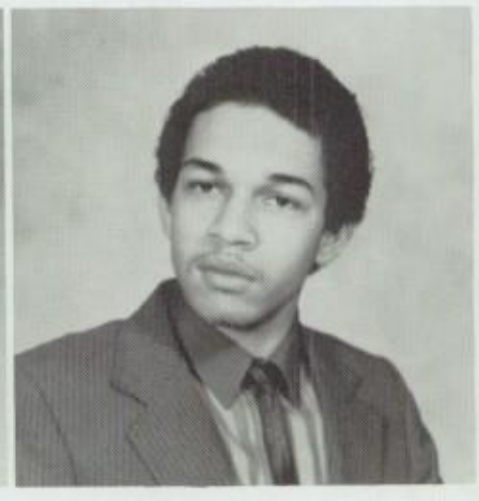
JAIRANIE PARBHUDIAL
Car. goal: accountant.

*DEIDRE PARHAM
Pre-med, Health Car. Club, co-op.
Car. goal: C.P.A.

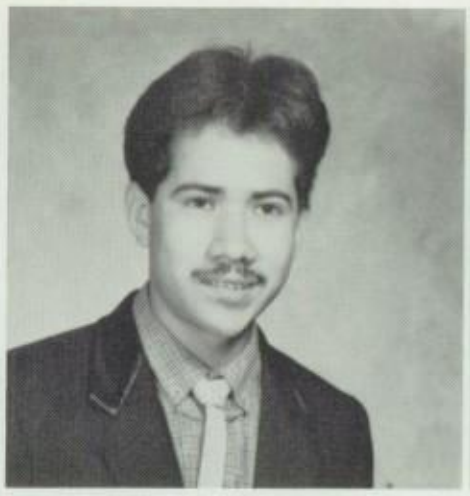
MICHAEL PARK
Tennis tm. Car. goal: accountant.

RICANDER PARKER

INDRASE PATMAWIDJAJA



RICHARD PAYNE



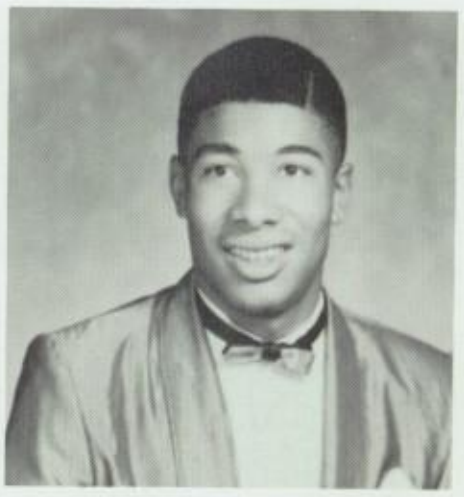
RICHARD PERDOMO

DONNA PEREZ

ANDREA PERRETTA
Car. goal: med. sec'y.

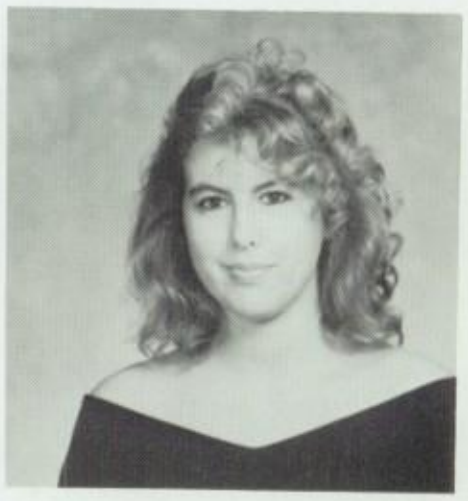
ANDREA PERSAUD
Pre-med, Asian Club, Jr. Acad. of Sci. Car. goal: physician.

ARLENE PERSAUD
Pre-med nwsppr., Qns. Brdg. to Med. Prog., Arista, pre-med, Asian Club. Car. goal: physician.



RONALD PETERS
S.o. sec'y, basketball tm., track tm., talent show, Consultative Council.

EVA PEVEC
Bus. Inst. Car. goal: dancer.



SIBILA PFEFFER
Pre-med, sci. fair hon. mention, Korean Club.

NICOLA PHILLIPS

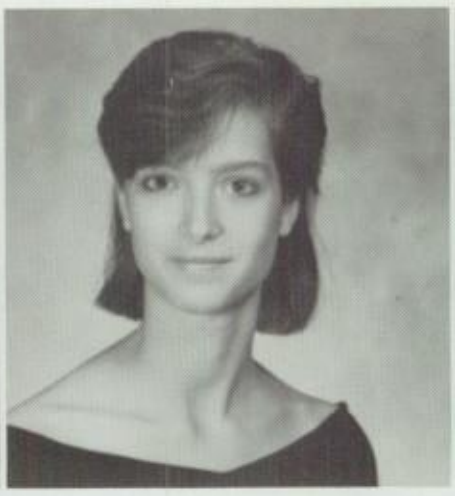
JOHANNA PILAT
Theater Inst. Car. goal: pilot.

MARTHA PINARGOTTE
Car. goal: English teacher.

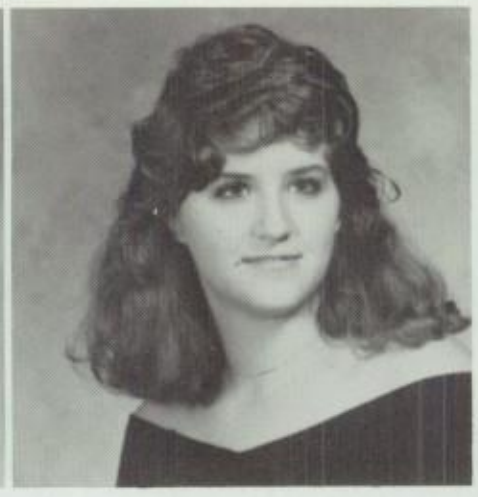
JACQUELINE PIZA

FLORENCE PLUVIOSE

DEBORAH POMA



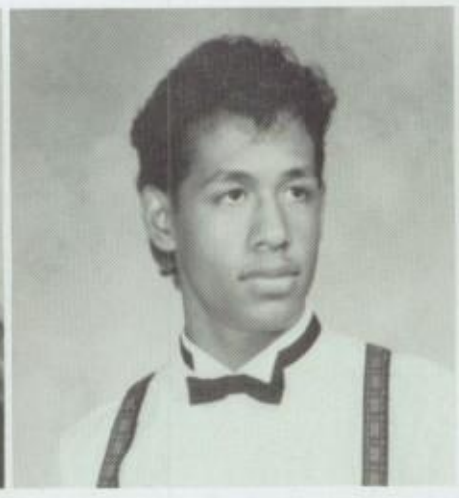
ATHENA POULIS
S.I.S., Internat'l Club.



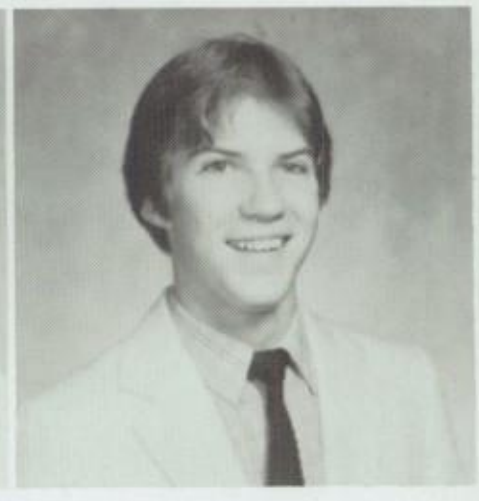
MARIE POWELL
Arista, nat'l Eng. merit awd., Brown U. book awd., nat'l merit semi-finlst. Who's Who Among H.S. Students.

NALINI PRASHAUD
Car. goal: lab technician.

MARTHA PRIETO



BRYAN PU-FOLKES
Gymnastics tm., Internat'l Club, teacher's aide, Westinghouse scholar, S.I.S. Car. goal: bus. lawyer.



MARK PUCHALSKI

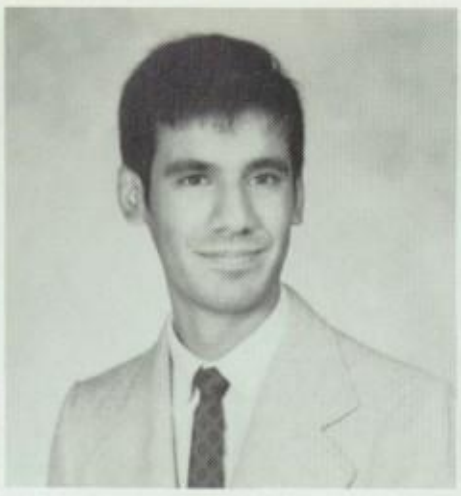
MELODIA QUERI

GLORIA QUINTERO
Honors Spanish.

BEATRICE RABEL
Med. asst., fashion show comm.
Car. goal: physician.

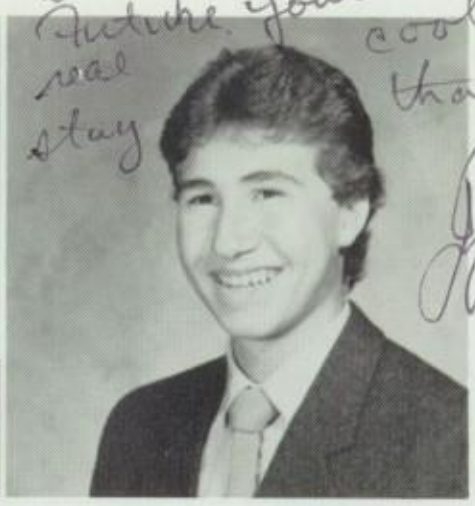
MIRNA RAFAEL

MOHAMED RAFEEK



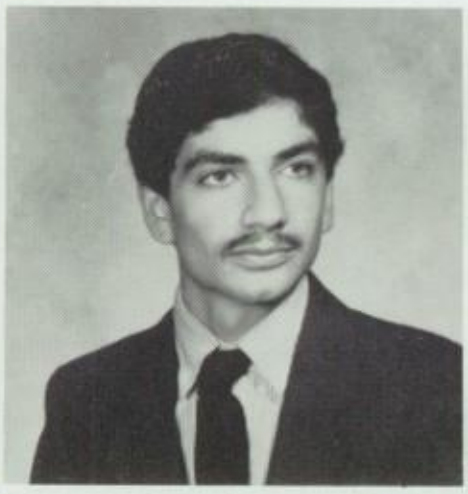
IMRAN RAFIQUE
Yrbk. lit. staff.

DAWN RAFULOWITZ



To Doug.
Best of luck in the future. You're a real cool guy, stay that way.
Jeff
Rago

JEFF RAGO
Baseball tm.

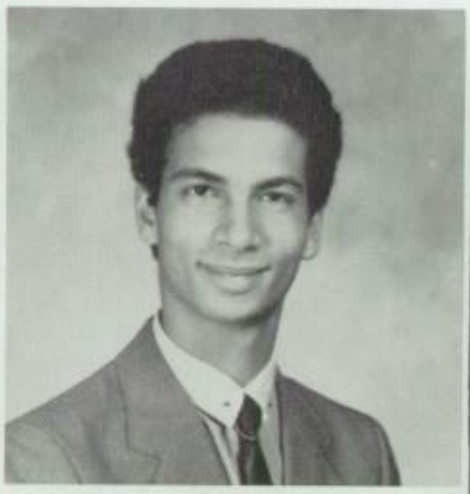


FARZAN RAHMAN
Car. goal: computer programmer.

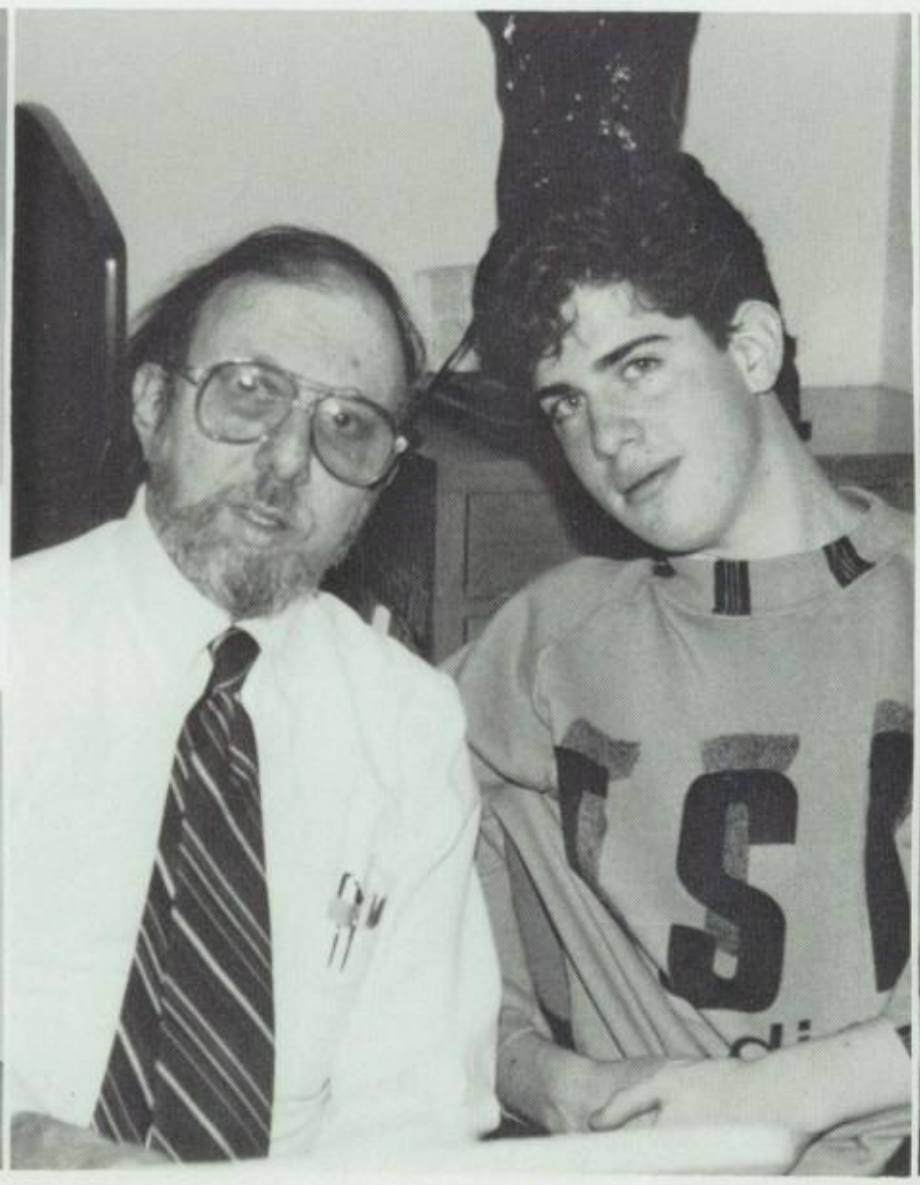
SHOHREH RAHMANAN

MARIA RALLIS

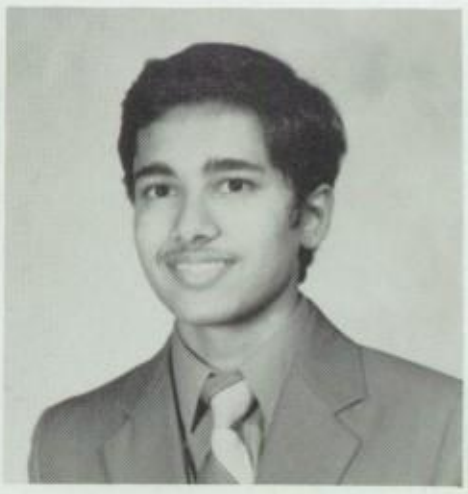
LORENA RAMIREZ
Sr. rep., pre-med. Car. goal: lab technologist.



ROBERT RAMNARINE
Pre-med, math tm., Acad. Olymp., computer tm., Sr. Band.



MARISOL RAMOS
Car. goal: interior designer.

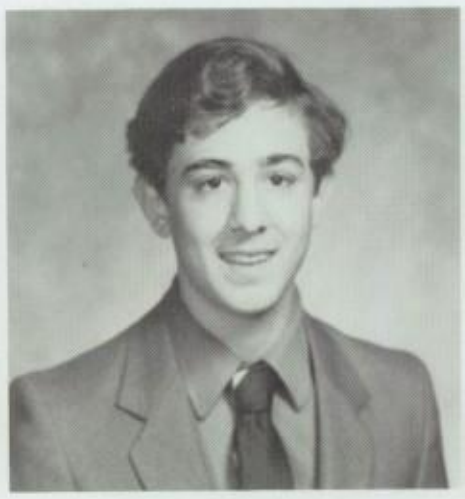


MADHAV RAO
Pre-med, yrbk. lit. staff, Acad. Olymp.

ALYSON RAYMOND
Pre-med, fashion show coordinator, Orchestra. Car. goal: criminal lawyer.

LUIS RAYOS

ANA RECINOS
Dance Club. Car. goal: accountant or flight attendant.



DAVID REEVE
Pre-med.

MICHELLE REIS

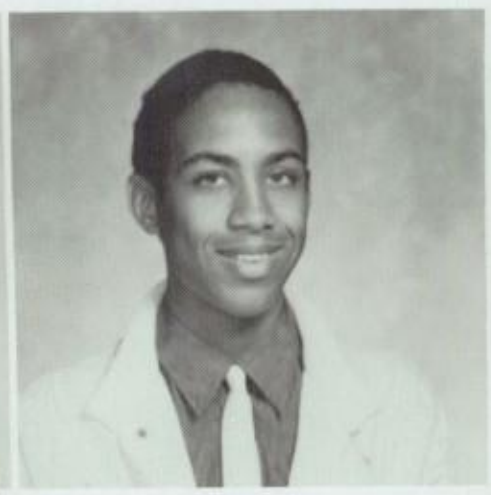
A Father
Marie Powell

His smile is nothing like sunshine;
It fades often into a scowl or snarl.
His disposition changes often, too;
You must be careful not to step on his toes.
Proceed cautiously when attempting to speak;
Whatever you say may be taken the wrong way.
He's sure that everyone conspires against him —
  Are you one of "them", too?
I know his moods are unpredictable,
That a joke may be taken as insult,
An inquiry can be thought of as a threat;
A request, an unreasonable demand.
Yet I also know that he loves me, always will;
And so, I guess, that will have to do.

HERMA RENÉ
Girls' & mixed chorus accompanist, school musicals 83-86 accompanist, WHHS, Sr. Parliament, s.o. rep., yrbk. lit. staff, life ctr. aide. Car. goal: health profession.

DONNA REUBEL

JACQUELINE REYNOSO
Nursing. Car. goal: R.N.



ROBERTO REYNOSO
Art Inst.

BRENDA RICH
Nursing, dental asst., booster, cheerldr., Eng. hon. roll.

YOLANDA RICHARDS
Yrbk. lit. staff, sr. rep., mock trial tm. Car. goal: corporate lawyer.

SANDRA RIVAS

MICHELE ROACH
Pre-med, Acad. Olymp., Arista, jr. varsity volleyball tm., French & Japanese stdnt. exchange, Asian Club. Car. goal: pediatrician.

A Friend
Stefania R. Traylor

When tears fill my eyes,
  Who will wipe them away?
When I stumble,
  Whose hand will help me?
When I feel alone,
  Who can I call on for company?
Will I be left
  To dry my own tears,
  To look to myself for strength,
  To find peace within,
As I've been accustomed to doing?
  Or, will you be there for me?

LUZ RODRIGUEZ
Co-op, Girls Chorus. Car. goal: C.P.A.

CARLOS RODRIGUEZ

CLAUDIA RODRIGUEZ
Pre-med. Car. goal: aerospace engineer.

DENISE RODRIGUEZ

DIANA RODRIGUEZ
Pre-med, Internat'l Club, sci. fair hon. mention.

PEDRO RODRIGUEZ

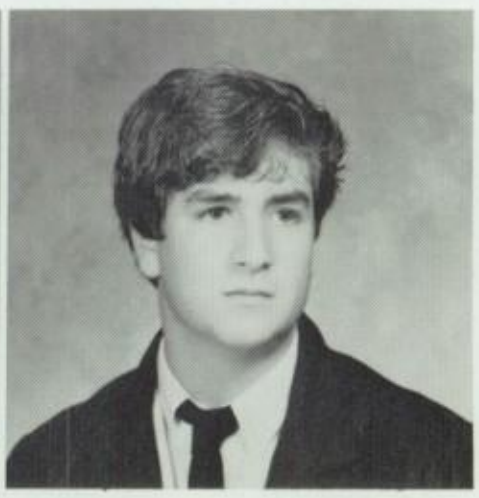
TINA ROJAN
Co-op. Car. goal: computer programmer.

LOURDES ROLÒN
Bus. Inst., volleyball tm. Car. goal: social worker.

JEANNETTE ROSALES

DENISE ROSE

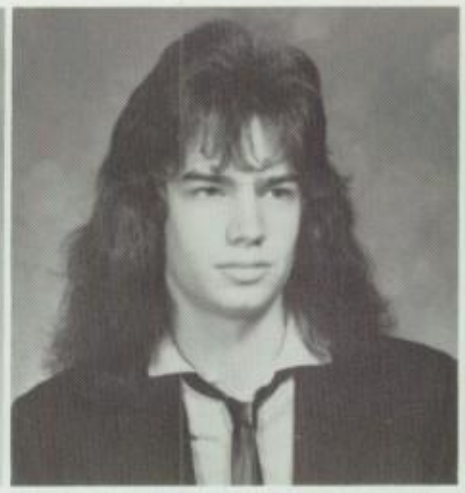
JANET ROSE



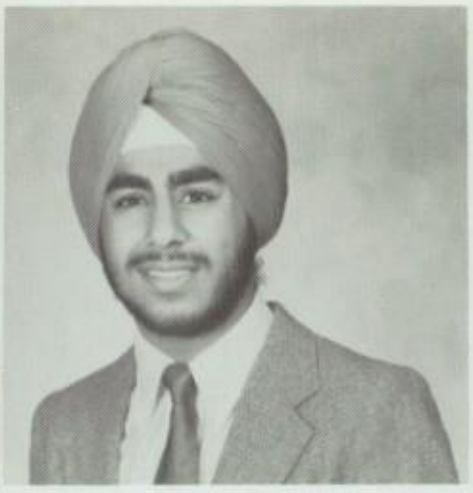
MICHAEL ROSENBLUM
"Give me a place to stand and I will move the world."

NICHOLA RUDDOCK
Yrbk. lit. staff, sr. rep., s.o. rep., school play, fashion & talent show. Car. goal: obstetrical nurse or physical therapist.

CHRISTINE RYAN
Pre-med.



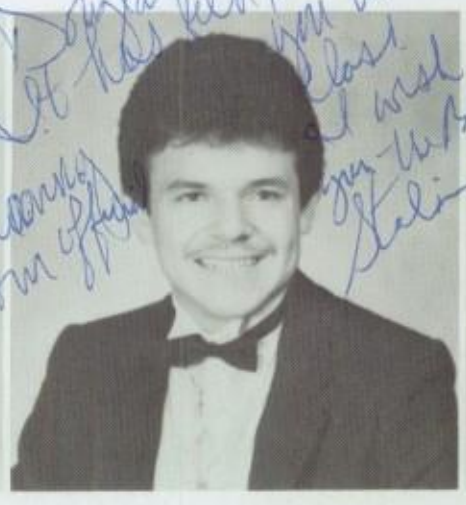
JASON SABOT
Stage Band.



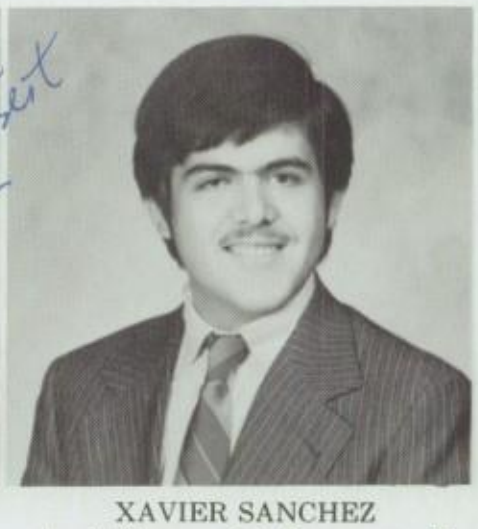
HARVINDER SAHNI
Bowling, tennis, baseball, and mock trial tms. Car. goal: lawyer.

KARINE SAINT-CYR

JORJOH "J.J." SAMBA
Mbr.-at-lge., Dance Club, pre-law, frn. student exchange host, chorus. Car. goal: linguistic attorney for U.N.



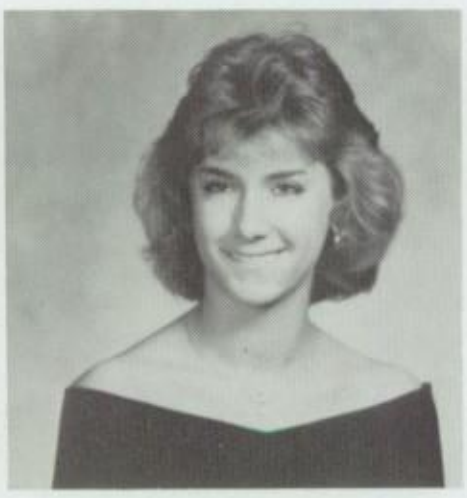
STALIN SANCHEZ



XAVIER SANCHEZ
Acad. Olymp., Sci. Congress gold medal, Qns. College Pres. Jr. Achievement Awd., French achievement awd., nat'l merit letter of commendation.

DIANA SANDOVAL
Pre-med, Asian Club, Orchestra, Chmbr. Ensemble, Who's Who Among H.S. Students.

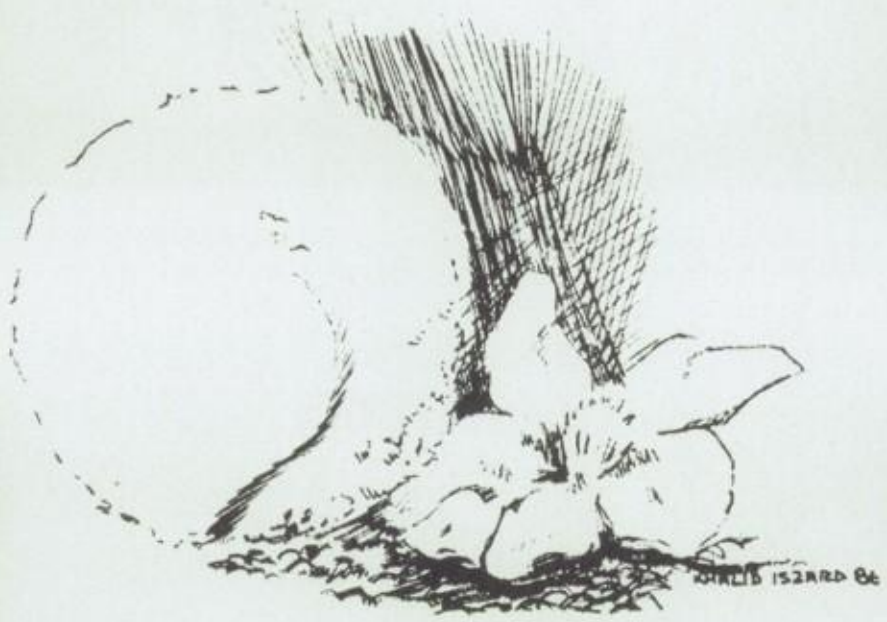
ROY SANITA

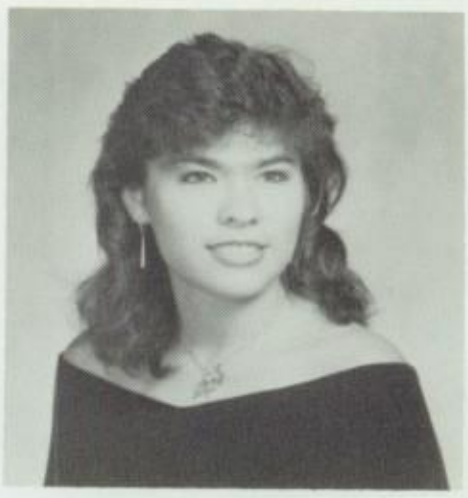


CHARISSE SANKS

CONSUELO SANTANA

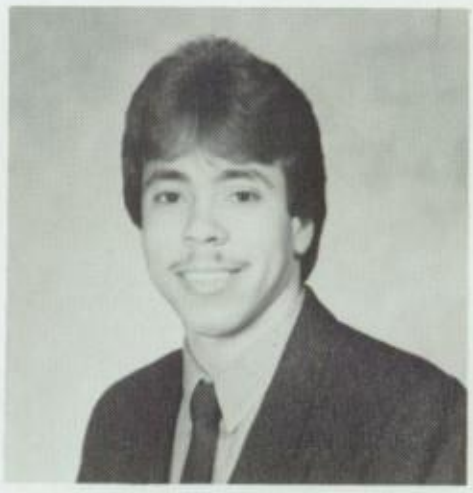
FELICIA SANTANA





LORENA SANTANA
Car. goal: computer programmer or fashion designer.

MARIA SANTANA



WILLIAM SANTIAGO

CARMEN SANTOS

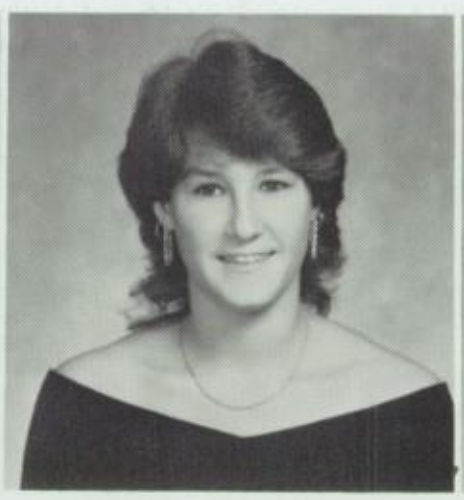
HIGINIO SANTOS

MICHAEL SASSON

BEBI SATAR
Nursing. Car. goal: R.N.

ROBERTUS SATOTO
Car. goal: banker.

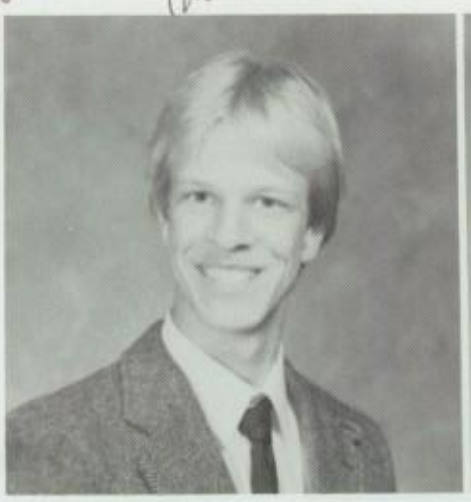
DOLLY SAWH
Co-op. Car. goal: bus. administrator.



SUSAN SCHLAURAFF
Car. goal: nurse.

KAREN SCHLEIFMAN

To Doug:
May the bird of happiness
shit on your head. Well anyway,
have a good future. Party up, dud.
Thomas S.



THOMAS SCHMIDT

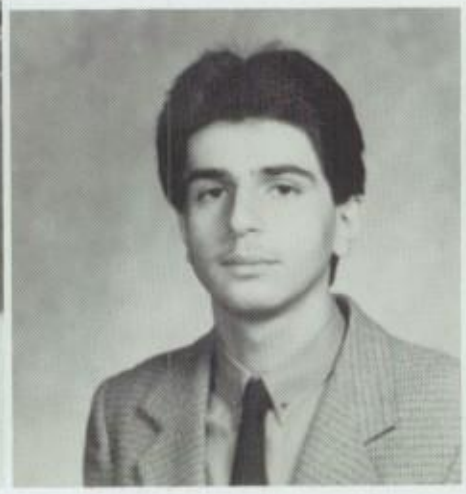
SUSAN SCHROEDER
Softball tm., dental asst.

CINDY SCHWARTZ
Car. goal: businesswoman.

BARBARA-JEAN SCOURBY
Bus. Inst., co-op.

REGINA SEABROOKS
Bus. Inst., Bus. Ed. Newsletter Club, s.o. rep. Car. goal: bus. administrator.

DAVID SEWSANKAR
DOUG
GOOD LUCK
IN YOUR FUTURE
David



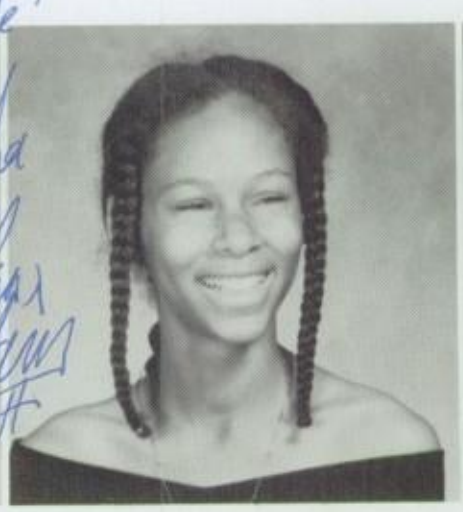
SHAHAB SHAHVERDI

CLAUDETTE SHAND
Car. goal: med. lab technician.

To Doodles
I always will
Enjoy your friendship
I will
Good luck
Love
Trish

TERRY SHARP

ADAM SHEFLIN



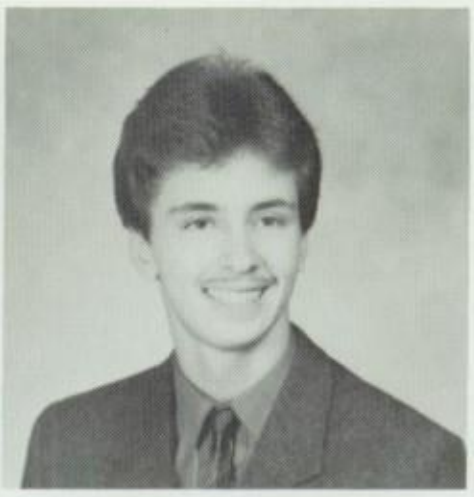
LESLIE SHERARD

WILLIAM SHESTAK
Pre-med, tennis tm., Chmbr. Ensemble.

ARATHI SHETTY
Pre-med, Int'l Thespian Soc. Car. goal: to be the next Arthur Miller.

JULIE SHIN
Exec. intern. prog. Car. goal: accountant.

AISHA SIDDIQI
Arista. Car. goal: C.P.A.

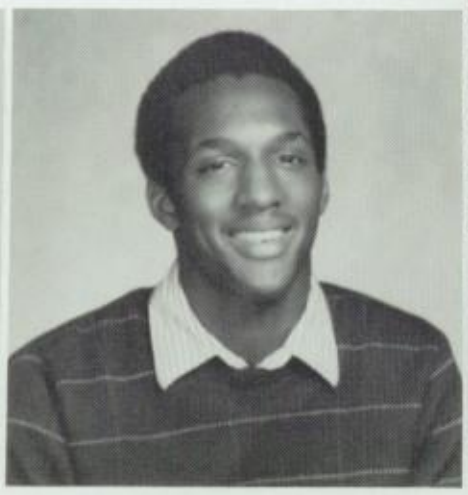


SCOTT SILVA
Baseball tm., hockey tm. capt., Parachute Club pres.

OLGA M. SILWANY
Sr. rep., s.o. rep. Car. goal: criminal justice lawyer.

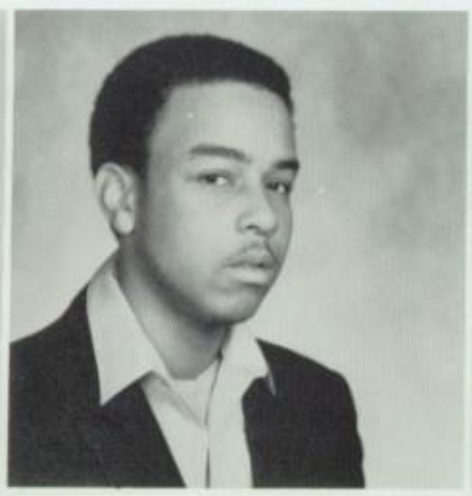
VICTORIA SIMON
Tennis tm., pre-law.

KELLY SIMLEY
Basketball mgr., Bus.Inst. Car. goal: hotel-restaurant mgr.



ANTHONY SMITH
Co-op, sr. rep.
"Persistence is the key to success."

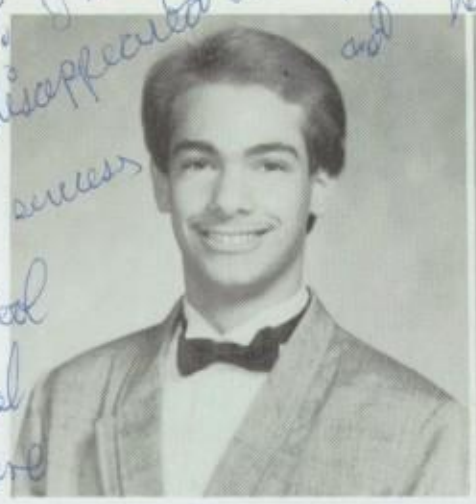
GIWIENA SMITH
Bus. Inst., accounting.



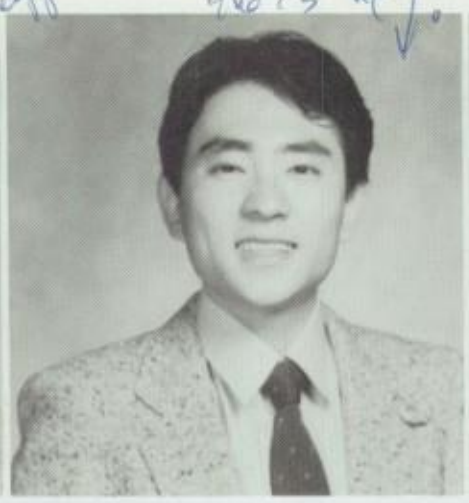
MATTHEW SMITH
Car. goal: electrical technician.

SONIA SMITH
Med. asst., Girls' Chorus. Car. goal: nurse.

WAHYU SOEDARMASTO
Car. goal: pediatrician.



RICHARD SOLOMON
Stage mgr.*How to Succeed . . . , Mike's Case, Annie Get Your Gun,* WHHS mgr., lighting/audio/visual technician, Betty Crocker awd.



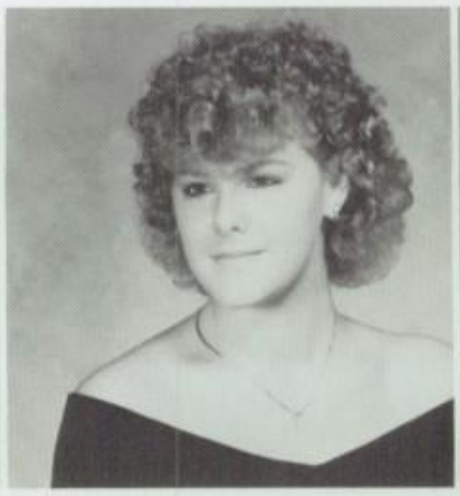
JUNK SUK SONG
Korean Club. Car. goal: accountant.

ALESSANDRA SOSA

MONICA SOSNOWSKI
Cycle ed., pre-law, frn. exchange prog. Car. goal: to be the editor-in-chief of the most exquisite magazine in the world.

JAIME SOTO
Car. goal: architect.

LYNDA ST. VALLIERE
Med. asst. Car. goal: to lead a happy and successful life.



TRACI STATLER
Softball, volleyball tms., WHHS, *Cycle.*

SHAUNNA MARIE STEVENS
Sr. class secretary, prom co-chairperson, fashion show chairperson, Theater Inst. Car. goal: to be rich and successful.

LEAH STOVELL
Orchestra, co-op, Chevra Club. "Knowledge is power."

DENISE STREATER
Nursing.

My Brother
Audrey Cassvan

For many years I kept my feelings hidden.
Never once did I express them to him,
And now I realize how much he means to me,
But it's a bit too late.
He is quite far away,
Where he'll sit and wonder,
If I ever cared,
Or ever will.
I wish he were here right now
So I could let him know
How much he means to me.

DANIELLE STRATTON
Arista, yrbk. lit. staff, guidance aide, hon. roll.

PUNWADEVI SUKHRAJ

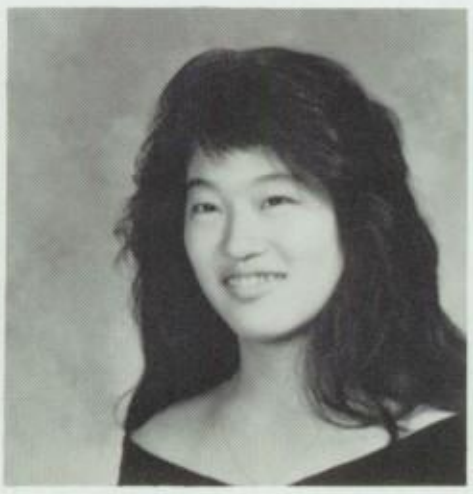
JILL SUSSMAN

Star-Crossed Lovers

Diana Rodriguez

Love can be beautiful and bright
Like the stars when they come out at night,
But like some stars, love can fade away,
And you won't feel it again for many a day.
So when you look up at the black mystic night,
Think of me and things will be all right.
'Cause no matter how far any two stars may be,
I'll always have a part of you in me.
Don't let the rising sun make you forget the way
It used to be between you and me, O.K.?

WILLIANNE SUTTON
Mixed Chorus, co-op. Car. goal: music technology or working with children.



MIDORI SUZUKI

KENDRA SWABY
Pre-med, boosters, s.o. rep., girls basketball tm. mgr. 86.

To Doug,
Good Luck &
Best Wishes
Ady 265-4293

EVELYN TABACHITZ

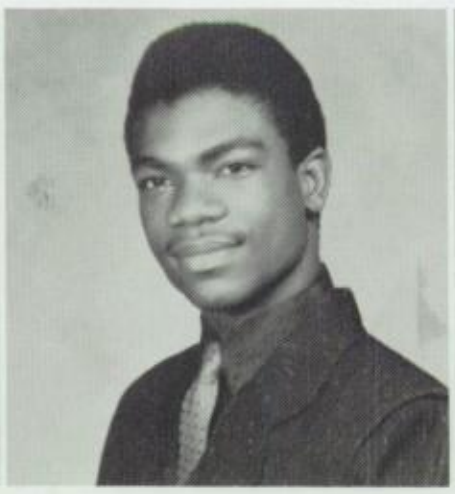
MICHELE TANCREDI

LILY TANG

ALEXANDRA TARNOPOLSKI
"Happy trails to you . . . until we meet again."

ROBIN TARPLEY
Cheerldr., pre-med, Bus. Inst. Car. goal: accountant.

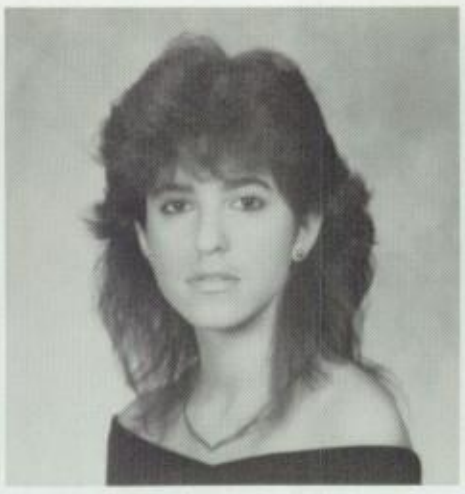
DURAHN TAYLOR
Pre-med, Acad. Olymp., Westinghouse scholar, nat'l achievement awd.



JEAN-HERVÉ TELFORT
International Club. Car. goal: doctor.

STACEY TEMARES
Arista, sr. exec. board mbr.-at-lge., sr. rep, tennis tm. capt. Car. goal: to be happy always.

DIANA THANASOULIS
"Good things come to those who wait."



JOANNA THANASOULIS
Car. goal: accountant.

BERTRAND THERVIL
Pre-med.

MELISSA THOMAS
Dance Club, s.o. rep., usher comm. chairperson, life ctr. aide.

MARNY TIPPINS

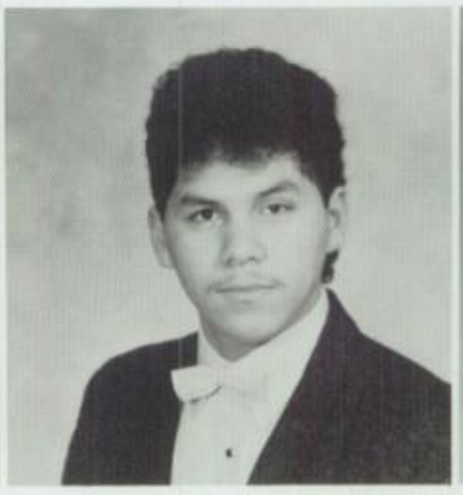
COURTNEY TITUS
Cross-ctry tm. capt., track tm.

KELLY TOMARAS
S.I.S., gymnastic tm., debate tm., Performing Dance Troupe, softball tm., Arista, Student Court.

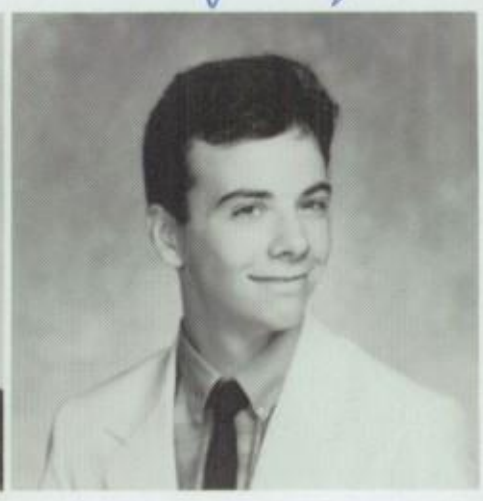
JANET TORRES
Sr. class pres. Car. goal: to be the Betty Crocker of the business world.

JORGE TORRES
Baseball tm. Car. goal: mechanical technician.

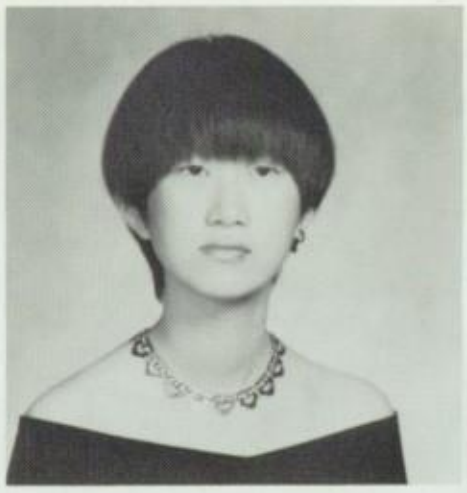
JULIO TORRES
"Remember my name; I'm going to make it BIG!"



MANUEL TOVAR
Soccer tm.



PATRICK TRAINOR
Ed.-in-Chief *The Cycle.*

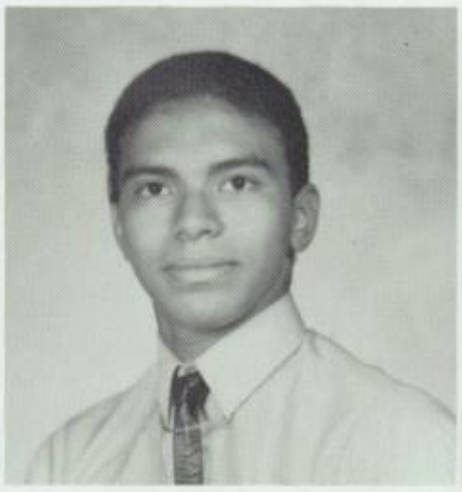


SUONG TRAN
Yrbk. lit. staff, finalist Nat'l French Contest 85. "Mobilis in mobili."

STEFANIA RENEE TRAYLOR
Pre-med, Bus. Inst., prom comm., yrbk. lit. staff. Car. goal: travel, tourism management.

DERRICK TURNER
"You can always count on me! That's what friends are for!"

CUTERRA TYSON
Pre-med, Bus. Inst., Jr. Achievemt., Science Congress. Car. goal: C.P.A.



CARLOS UGARTE
"Just when you thought it was over, Carlos is stepping off."

INGRID ULLOA
Co-op prog., fashion comm. Car. goal: psychiatrist.

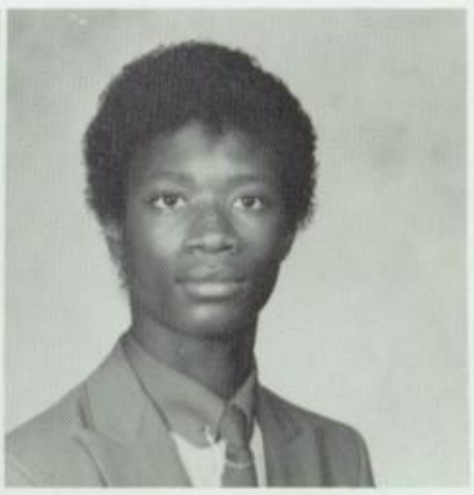
FLORENCE ULYSSE
Nursing prog. Car. goal: R.N.

LUZ UNDA
Bus. Inst., accounting, prof. typ.

EDGAR VALENZUELA

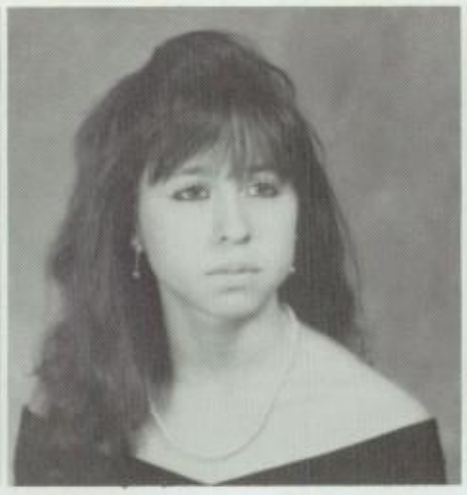
BLONDINE VALERE
Car. goal: diplomat.

VERNALIE VELILLA
Car. goal: dentist. "Smile for me."

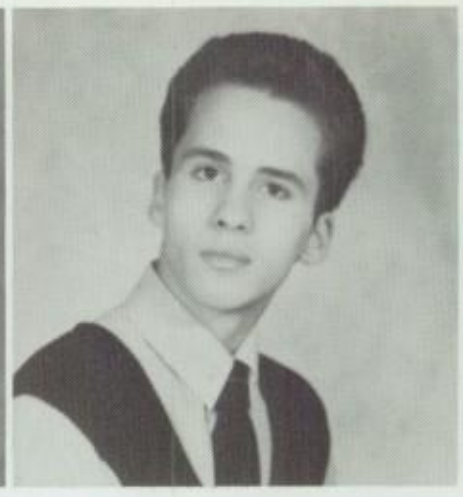


JOSEPH VENSON
"Look ma, I finally got my name on something."

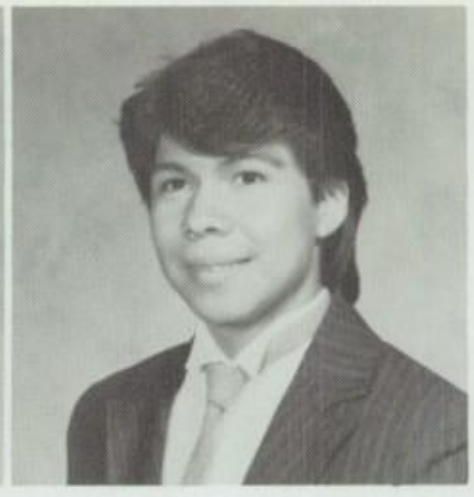
VIVEK VERMA
Tennis tm., Acad. Olymp., math tm., pre-med, Arista.



MELISSA VIGIL
Gymnastics tm., prom comm., Car. goal: business.

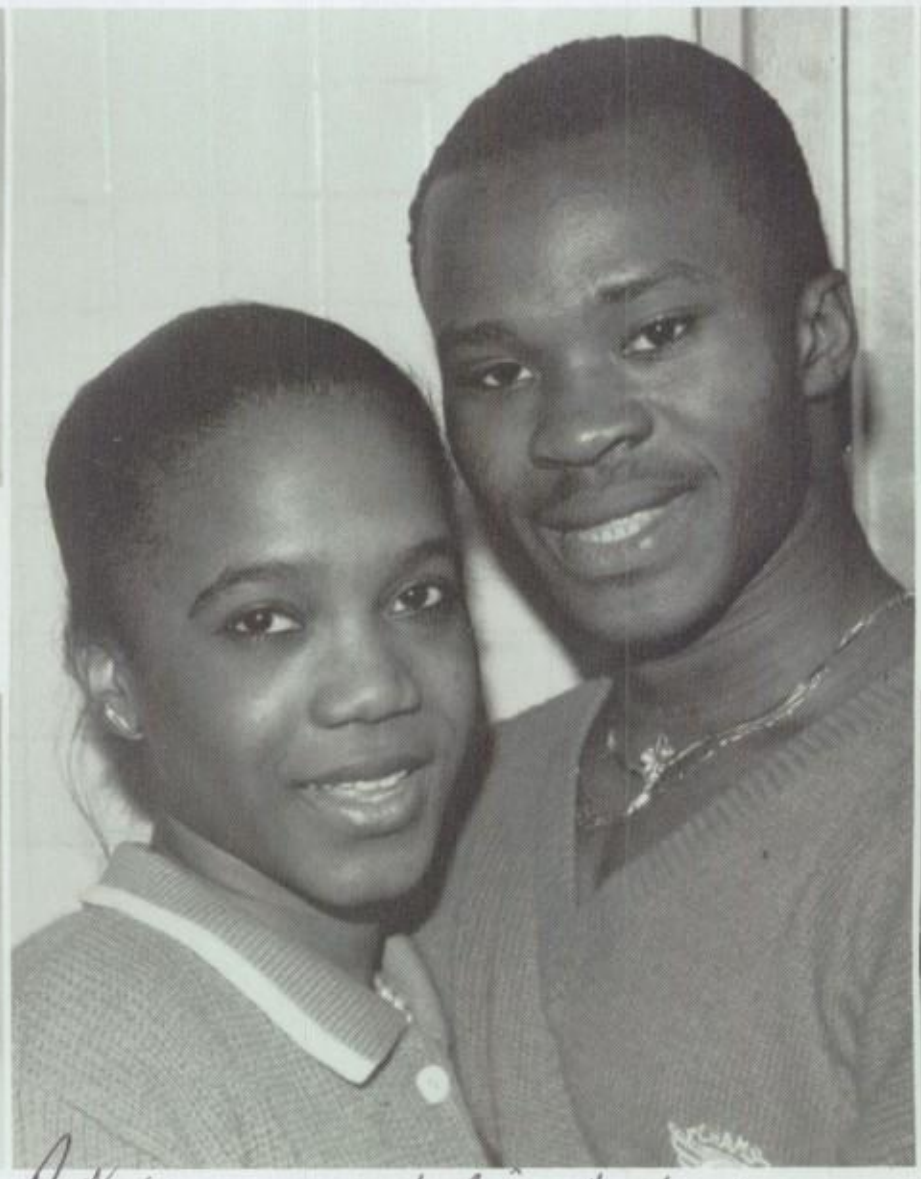


PEDRO VILLAREAL
"To all my friends and graduating students of Hillcrest high, good luck."

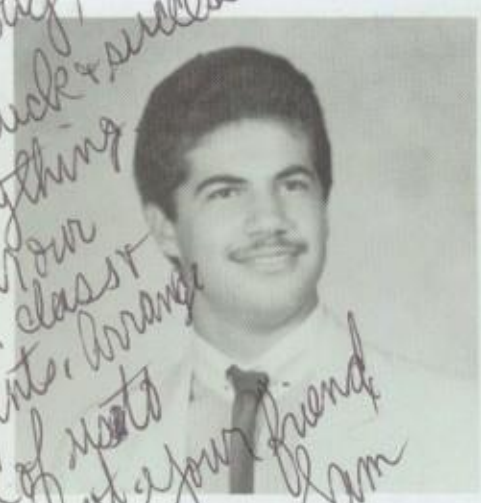


WILSON VILLON
Car goal: musician.

PETER VITETZAKIS
Soccer tm.



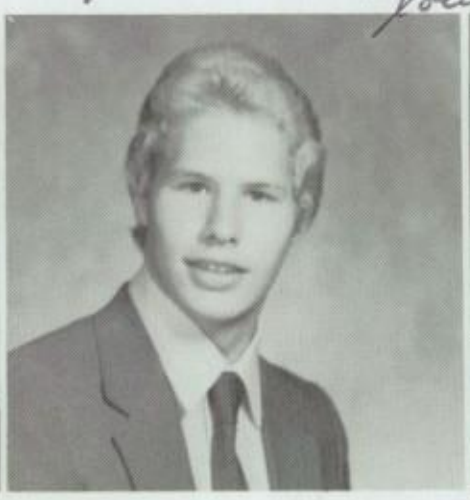
KARL VOGELMANN
"Live every day as if it were your last, because one of these days you'll be right."



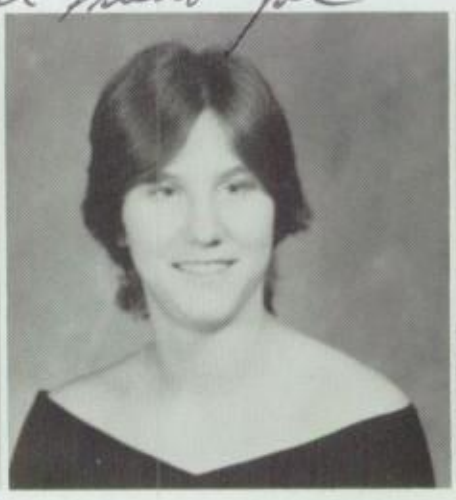
TSAMPIKOSE VOLONAKIS

CHRISTINE VU
Dance Club. Car. goal: physician.

VUONG VU
Pre-med, sci. and math congress 84, gold medal 83, Westinghouse scholar. Car. goal: immunologist.



JOSEPH WAGNER
Bus. Inst.



THERESA WAIN
"Never invite trouble; it always accepts. Happiness to all: live, love, laugh!"

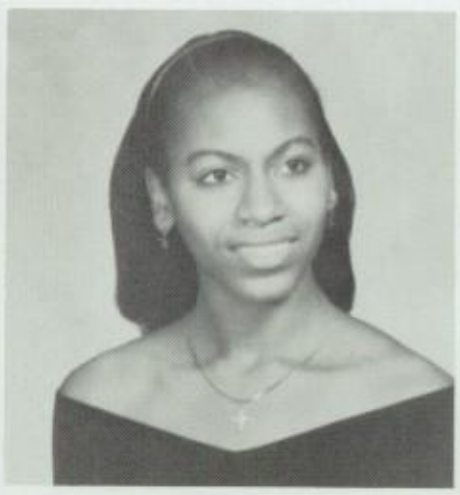
FERALL WALKER

SHARON WALKER
Car. goal: nurse.

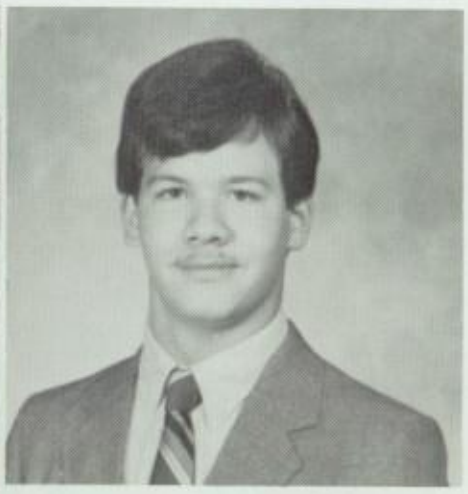
DEBORAH WARD
Med. asst. Car. goal: nurse.

JACQUELINE WARD
Theater careers. "Always an innovator, never an imitator."

KIM WATSON



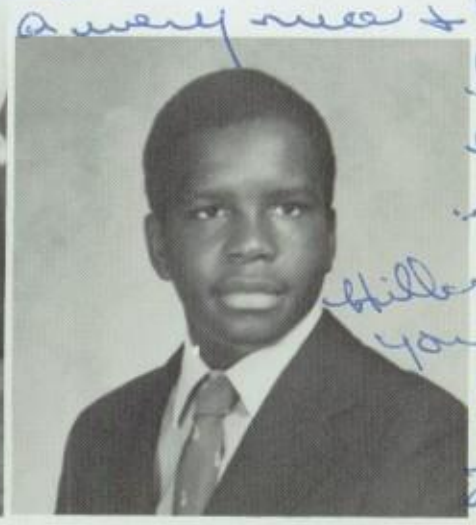
RAQUEL WEBB
Yrbk. lit. staff, s.o. rep., sr. rep., pre-law prog., computer cupid comm.



JOHN WEIGEL
Pre-med, math tm., computer tm.

To Dougie have a very nice & fruitful life always remember Hillcrest & your friends love, Deandre

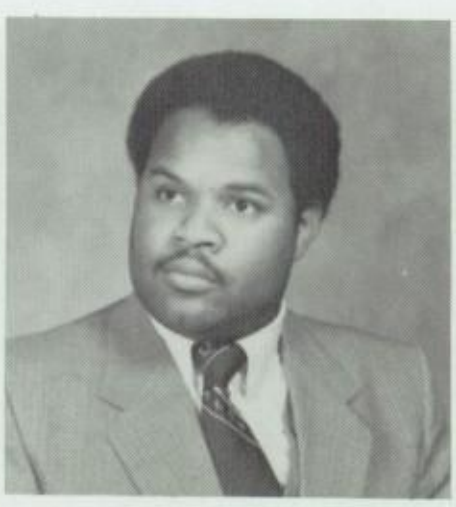
BEATRICE WEINSTEIN
S.A.D.D. Car. goal C.P.A.



LE ANDRE WHARTON
Car goal: architect, to own my own business.

MICHELLE WHITE
Dance Club, track tm., yrbk. lit. staff, "Good better best, never let it rest, until your good is better and your better is best."

VERNELL WHITE
"What's wrong with being short?"



EMANUEL WILLIAMS

MELISSA WILLIAMS
Sr. rep., s.o. rep., prom comm. Sr. Band. Car. goal: nurse or physician's asst.

Desire
Imran Rafique

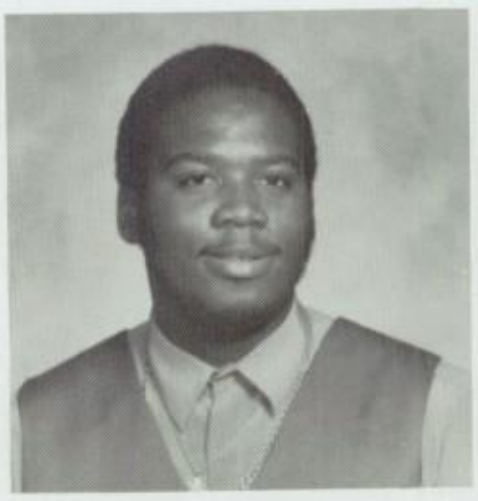
Life's daily sustenance it is.
The fuel to the fire of our existence.
Leaves from a fallen tree we be
Without Desire to set us free.

Fame and fortune one may lack.
Yet none escape the piercing shaft
Of heart-wrought Desire.

STEPHANIE WILLIAMS
Mixed Chorus, Orchestra. Car. goal: veternarian.

TRACIE WILLIAMS

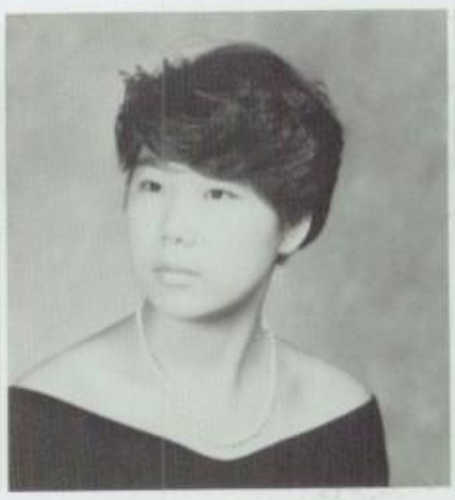
CANDICE WILSON
"Life is to be lived, live it to its fullest."



JAMES WORREL
Soccer tm., co-op.

FU WONG SIK

WENDY WONG
Asian Club, Arista, pre-med.



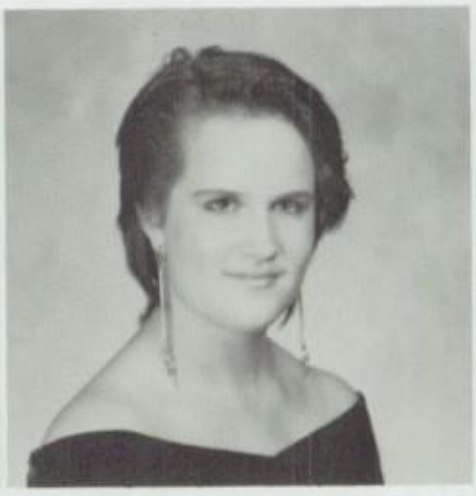
MEEYUN WOO
Volleyball tm., Korean Club, Chmbr. Ensemble, Orchestra, pre-med. Car. goal: pediatrician.

ROSE WRIGHT
Med. asst., P.T.L. Club, plan to attend Oakwood college.

KENDRA WROTEN
Dance Club, cheerldr., sr. rep., stdnt. store help, prom comm. Car. goal: marketing management.

MARLYNA WYNN

SHARON WYNNE
Pre-med, Acad. Olymp., Music Club, Asian Club. "Insanity is the best medicine."



LAURA WYRICK
"Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more . . . we'll deserve it." Addison.

ELENI XENOPHOTOS
Car. goal: beauty shop owner.

What Place is This?

Lisa Goeb

The lights flicker
and then they're gone,
But in a second,
they're back on.

There are so many faces
seated all around.
Staring through the glass
or gazing in a trance.

Each face shows their thoughts
of being elsewhere instead of here.
But with a sudden jerk a door opens,
and more faces appear.

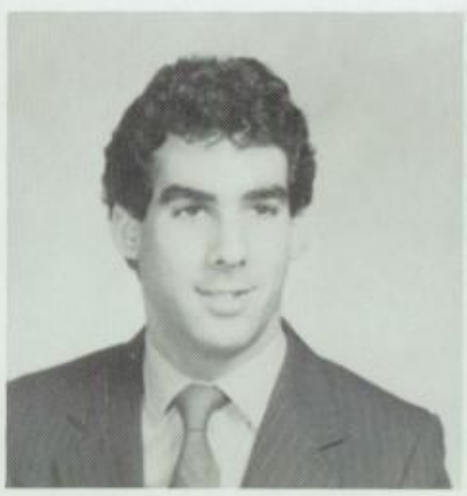
It's so crowded and silent
in this strange case.
As it travels rapidly
through this darkened place.

I did not realize
the time had gone.
Until I heard someone exclaim,
"The ride is done."

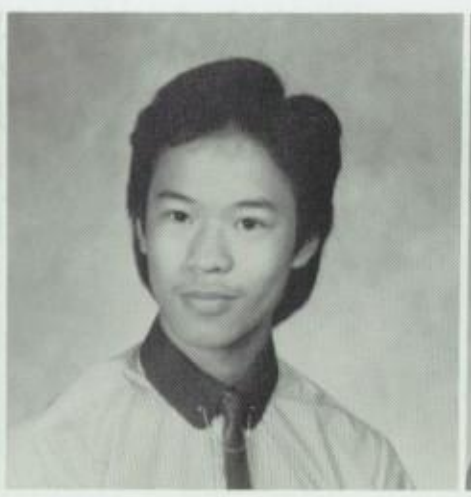
JACQUELINE YANDOLI

HAMMIE YEE
Enjoy skiing, tennis, and volleyball. Car. goal: business and management mgr.

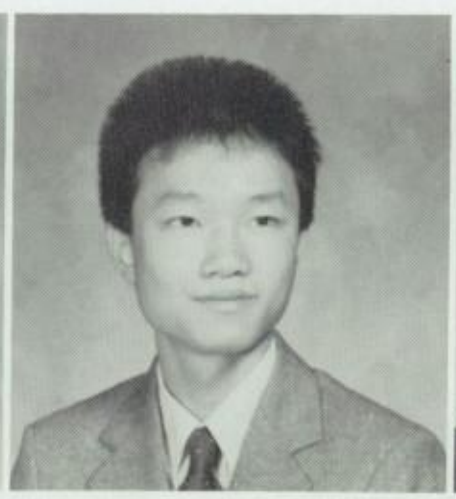
SANDY YEE
"To my other half, Lillian Chiu, best friends forever."



BRIAN YELLIN
Baseball tm. first baseman, All-City Orchestra, Arista, Orchestra, Chmbr. Ensemble.



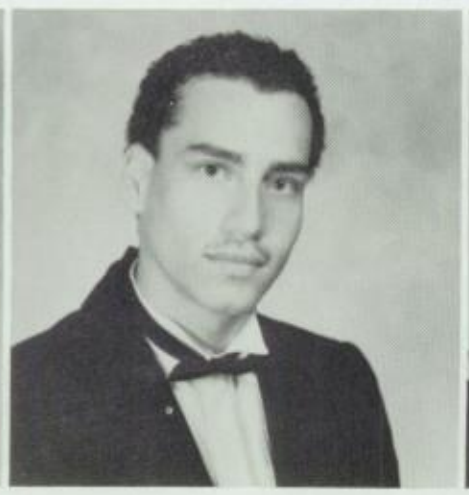
WILLIAM YIP



KOONMAN YU

HICRAN YURUKCU
Arista, yrbk. lit. staff, library aide, Math Club, pres. of New York Club.

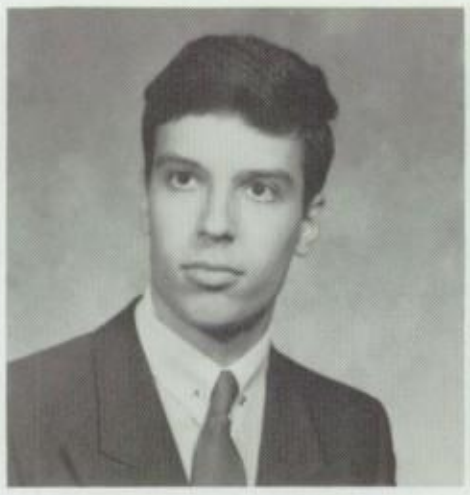
ASIF YUSAF
"Thank god it's finally over."



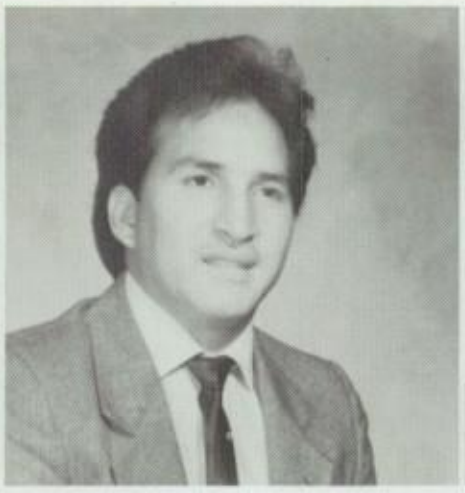
IVÁN ZABALA
Sr. rep., dance troupe, Theater Inst., fashion comm., Thespian Soc. Car. goal: prof. actor, singer, and dancer

VICTORIA ZABALA
Sr. Band, pre-med 2 yrs., Junior Band.

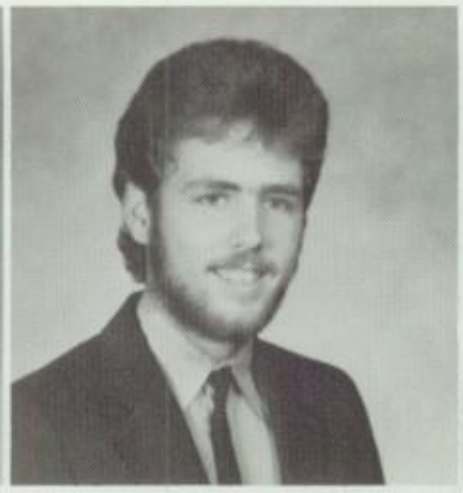
EDGAR ZAMORA



FARSHID ZAR



COSME ZHANAY

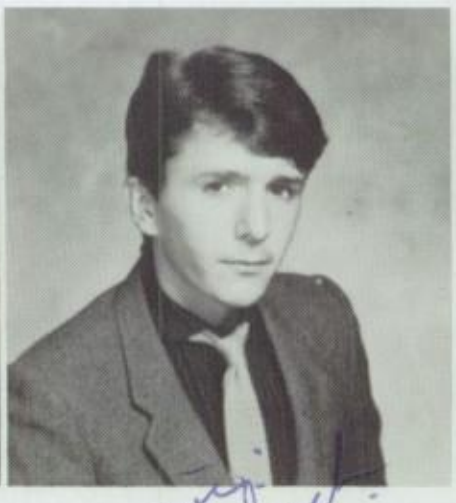


STANLEY ZUCHOWSKI

BIBI ALLI
Car. goal: bus. administrator.

TONYA BARBER

MARY BATISTA



SENAD FERATOVIC

ROSEMARIE FERNANDEZ

VERONICA FERNANDEZ
Car. goal: nurse.

JADE HIN

EVELYN HINDS
Fashion show comm.

ANNETTA KEMPADOO

Jabberwocky

IN THE SILENCE

Millie Marchese

It was easy to remember
Your face when I thought,
For I've known you through laughs
And through tears when we fought.

It was vivid and live
From the memory so clear,
And it's only because
In my life you're so dear.

The days will pass fast
And our absence will grow,
But in a friendship this solid
The absence won't show.

For we don't prove emotion
With the sight of each day,
But with love between friends
In the silence we say.

Hillcrest High School
Queens, New York
Florence Aronson, Principal

DREAMS

Lesley Feracho

As Elisa sat in her economics class, the voice of her teacher seemed to be fading more and more from her mind, replaced by the tinkling of piano keys beating out Moonlight Sonata. This wasn't the first time her mind had wandered from class to music. It seemed almost inevitable that she'd lose concentration, with such a deadly combination: a boring class and a girl who'd been playing the piano for almost eight years. Elisa pushed back a strand of her straight black hair and readjusted herself in her seat just in time to hear Mr. Eidelman call on Bobby Banks to explain the nation's fiscal policy in times of inflation.

Elisa had been working on the sonata with her music teacher for over a month now. As she went over it in her mind she could hear Mrs. Friegler calling out directions. Commands like, "Rotate those wrists; bring out the melody!" kept repeating in her mind. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the bell marking the end of ninth period. There was a shuffling of seats as students rushed out of class.

"Hey Elisa, you trying out for the talent competition today after school?" shouted Clara, as she walked down the hall.

"Na, don't have any time! I'll see ya tomorrow!" Elisa yelled back.

Just the mention of the word "competition" sent Elisa into a frenzy of excuses. To her, it suggested a catastrophic contest of charisma, character, and most of all confidence. All her years of training and obvious talent were a minor consideration when she thought of having to play in front of all those people. She could never picture herself playing with hundreds of eyes focused on her and hundreds of ears waiting for a wrong note. She laughed to herself saying, "Not me, not a chance in the world," as she opened her front door and stepped in. Elisa ran up the steps and plopped her books and herself down on the bed. Face up, she looked around at all the posters she had collected throughout her years of piano lessons. All of them seemed to be crying out to her: "Go for it! Don't let anything scare you. This is a wonderful world here, just waiting for you." She scanned the pictures of grand pianos, concert pianists and applauding audiences. Then her eyes focused on one poster alone in the corner of her room. She'd almost forgotten about that poster. She'd gotten it in a grab bag at a birthday party years ago. Since it had nothing to do with music, Elisa had thrown it in a corner of the room, but then to please her mother had hung it up. It was a pretty poster, with a picture of mountains and a shimmering lake under a moonlit sky. What caught Elisa's attention today, however, were the words on the poster: "Climb high, climb far, your goal the sky, your aim the star!"

The words seemed to be sending a message especially for Elisa. She knew what she wanted to do with the rest of her life, but she never had the courage to go and show everyone what she could do. Her excuses were, "I don't have the time," or, "There's no competition; most of these people play ten times better than me." Elisa could never bring herself to face the real problem: fear.

That night, Elisa decided to turn in early. All through the afternoon she could think of nothing but the dozens of chances to perform that she had missed because of stage fright and lack of confidence. Despite this, sleep came easily.

Elisa jumped up as the alarm clock gave its final ring. She quickly got dressed, ate breakfast and ran to the corner just in time to catch the bus. The classes seemed to last forever. Time always seemed to slow just when you wanted it to go by quickly. At the end of ninth period Clara asked Elisa, "Did you decide to give the talent competition a try?"

"I sure did. I have my qualifying piece all ready. I'm going to play Moonlight Sonata. I decided that I have to take chances if I want any experience to help my career. I'll see you later," replied Elisa, rushing out the door and down the hall to the auditorium so as not to be late. There were only three other people there besides her: the judges. She sat down at the piano and began to play . . .

She played the final cadence with a sigh of relief, glad that this part was over. The chord was greeted by a silence that only made Elisa more nervous. "Congratulations. Please report back for the semi-final round," echoed in Elisa's head. Before she knew it another performance was over and she was being told that she had made it to the finals — the formal competition!

Elisa felt like she was playing in slow motion. Seated in front of the piano, her palms sweating and giant butterflies in her stomach, Elisa began to play. At the end, all she could hear was the rousing applause of the audience. After what seemed like an eternity, the announcer came to the microphone. "In third place we have . . . " Elisa felt she would collapse in her seat, especially since her name hadn't been mentioned yet.

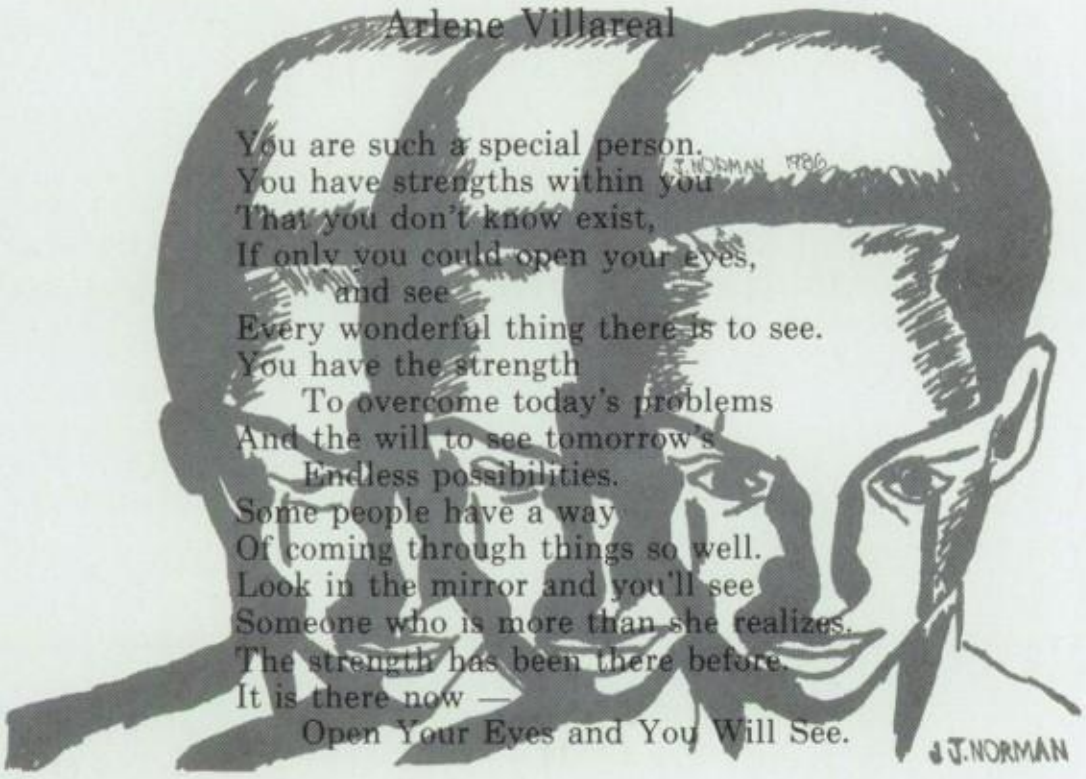
"He's announcing the winner. Well, I guess the experience was worth it," Elisa thought to herself.

The announcer's voice came over the microphone: "And the winner is . . . Miss Elisa Parsons!" It took Elisa a few seconds to realize that her name had been called, but as soon as she did she walked, or rather floated, up the stairs and onto the stage.

As Elisa reached for her trophy, all she could hear was, "Elisa, it's time to get up. You'll be late for school." Elisa jumped up and rushed into the bathroom to get ready. Then she ran downstairs, grabbed Moonlight Sonata and slipped it into her notebook. After a slice of toast and a few sips of orange juice, she dashed off to school.

OPEN YOUR EYES AND YOU WILL SEE

Arlene Villareal



You are such a special person.
You have strengths within you
That you don't know exist,
If only you could open your eyes,
and see
Every wonderful thing there is to see.
You have the strength
To overcome today's problems
And the will to see tomorrow's
Endless possibilities.
Some people have a way
Of coming through things so well.
Look in the mirror and you'll see
Someone who is more than she realizes.
The strength has been there before.
It is there now —
Open Your Eyes and You Will See.

TAKING TIME

Jodi Newman

Taking time
To stop and look
At luminous lights above,
So powerful and bright,
You can't reach up
And touch them,
Or jump and graze one.
Even when one falls,
You can't pick it up
And bring it home
In a red pail.

But you can
Take the time
To lift your head
And look at them
With a smile
And a wish.
Maybe it will come true.
Something so big,
So powerful and bright,
Must have the power
To grant a single wish.

MY MASTER AND I

Reginald Petit

I remember the first day of writing class, my master and I were absolutely filled with excitement and enthusiasm. I felt a rumbling brewing from my stem like there was a great story waiting to be released; that was my ambition, my sole purpose, my dream. I hoped my master would write something extraordinary, something special that would be remembered for a long, long time so that even after I am gone there will be something of me left behind. For you see, time is running out; the precious liquid which keeps me alive and useful is quickly disappearing.

It pains me when my master throws out or dislikes a work, for when he does this a little bit of me dies as well as the work. For writing needs spirit, and the writer is the spirit and life and protector of his work. Writing has great power: it can make someone cry or laugh. It can bring hope, it can inspire. Whoever masters this art shares in its power.

Though I myself am not a writer, my master is, but without me he could not write. My blood is the ink which allows him to transfer his thoughts to words on paper. It does not spill only for me, though I greatly love literature, but for him and for everyone who enjoys and possesses the great love for it that we do.

I hope this class can teach my master to manipulate his thoughts and words so that his art will always be strong. I hope he learns soon! I am down to my last few drops and growing weak. Please Almighty Spirit enlighten him; give him the key, for he is young and has many new and fresh ideas. Please help the teacher to show him what he needs to know. I don't want to die thinking my life was wasted. I want to live forever, and I shall. I know I shall!

DO YOU WANT TO BE A WRITER?

J. Hawley

Do you, pick up a dictionary,
Shake it over a sheet of paper
And hope the words fall into place?
If so you're not a writer.

Do you sit down holding a pencil
Clutching your hair in hope of inspiration?
If so you're not a writer,
You're doing your homework at lunch.
Do you draw pictures on your empty paper
Of what you're trying to say?
If so you're not a writer; you're an artist.

Do you sit down with an empty paper,
Shake a dictionary over it
And get something worthwhile?
If so you're a wanna be writer.

Do you put across an average point
In an elaborate way,
Or make people see things your way
While trying to be sincere?
If so you're a politician.
(But You're Getting There.)

Do you do all of the above-mentioned,
As well as chew on pencils, sweat,
Throw away dozens of sheets of paper
With one word on them?
Or curse just because it's not what you want,
And smile with relief
When you're satisfied and through?
If so you've made it to writer!

(Are you sure that's what you want to be?)

IN PROTEST OF A CLASSIC'S CORRUPTION

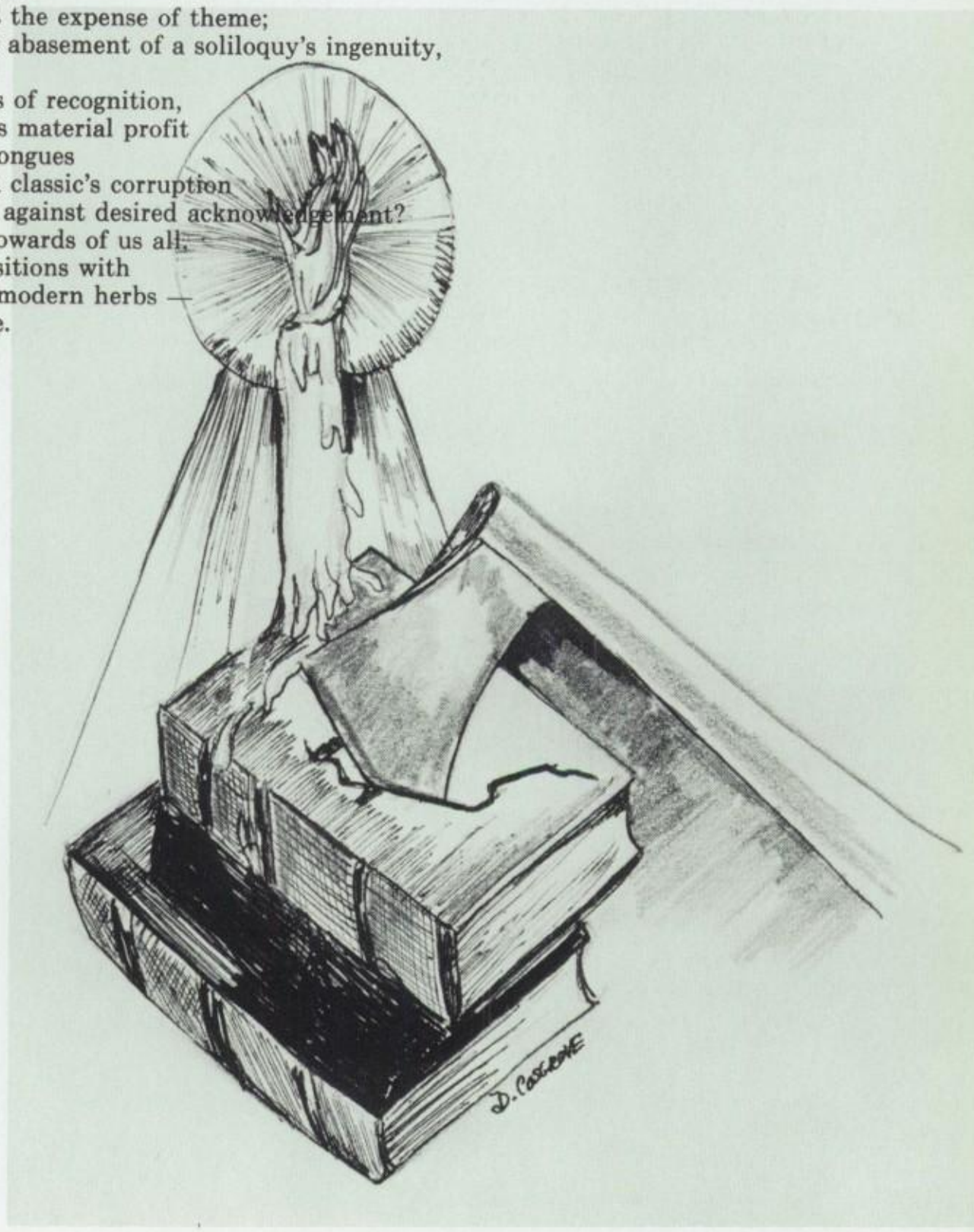
Melodia Queri

To defile or not to defile: that is the question.
Whether 'tis a heinous imposition for modern man
To paraphrase the soliloquies of tragic literature,
To juxtapose familiar elements of contemporary language with classic works,
Discard the words rendered vulgar or obsolete,
And call the accomplishment "Edited."

To amuse, to simplify — and in the process of corruption,
Our literary recognition becomes o'er-swollen, without substance:
It is a hollow gourd haphazardly gathered:
Fully mature in volume, yet bitterly unfit for digestion.

To create an abridged classic
Without sacrificing the language of the original:
Ay, ther's the paradox! For in adopting these timeless workds,
We censor the words — adapt them — to fit the molds of our current values.
There's the respect that grants this desecration such verbose adeptness.

For who would not protest the adulteration of words
To suit the public's omprehension
Or the simplification of plot at the expense of theme;
For who would not protest the abasement of a soliloquy's ingenuity,
The barter of its soul,
But that the ensnaring rewards of recognition,
The mass circulation that reaps material profit
For the "Editor," softens our tongues
And makes us rather tolerate a classic's corruption
Than to falsely preach disdain against desired acknowledgement?
Thus, want of a name makes cowards of us all;
And we dilute flavorful compositions with
Baser matter — o'er spiced in modern herbs —
And lose the name of literature.

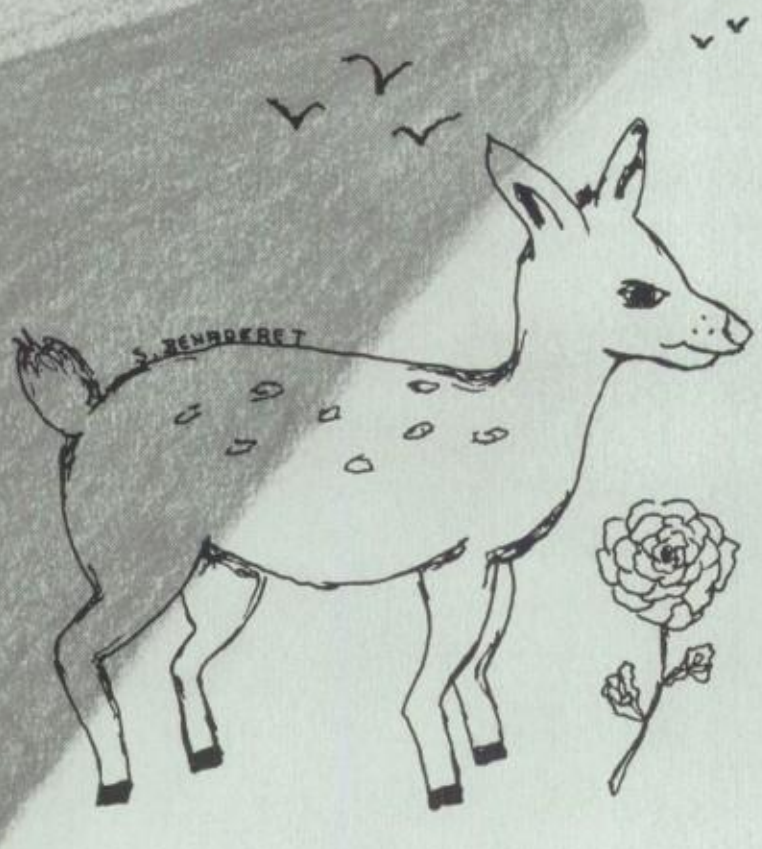


DEPARTURE
Caroline LeFebvre

Close to the doorway, he paused to stand
As he took the class ring from her hand.
All who were waiting did not speak,
As a sweet tear ran down and
Escaped from his cheek.
And in his mind the memories ran,
Of the moments they laughed
In the sun and the sand.
But now her eyes were cold;
He couldn't have her hand to hold.
They watched in awe, as he bent
Very near,
And he whispered, "I love you",
Into her ear.
Then the door opened,
And the wind began to blow,
As they carried her casket
Into the snow.

THE MYSTERY
John Fullard

Did you ever think, what is life truly about?
Is it just starting a family, then waiting to die?
Or is it dreaming, or wishing to fly?
Some might say that it's just a game to play,
While others would say, just live day by day.
I hope you know because I don't;
I hope I realize before time runs out.



LIFE IS . . .
Cheryl Allen

Energetic . . .
As a young deer.
Free . . .
Like the birds.
Fleeting . . .
Like the wind.
Beautiful . . .
As a single red rose.
Endless . . .
As the universe.

VERTIGO

Gami Dadusc

And there she sits upon my bed and stares
At seemingly my wall, but into space.
It's hard for me to see the thoughts she wears
Or know what's the expression on her face.
And would I be surprised if I could know
Exactly what was going on behind
Those shiny, glassy, eerie eyes, so cold?
Might evil be there lurking in her mind?

It seems that as I draw more close, more near,
Demonic dwellings hide behind her eyes.
The more I scrutinize, the more it's clear:
Her features hide the presence of foul lies.
WAIT! Did I just see her twitch, her brows just
sway?
I quickly turn my doll the other way.

WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN OLD

Alex Yagudaev

We should have been born old —
And should have fallen in love with an older woman,
And then have put on engagement rings,
And got younger and younger each year.

We should have been born old —
So that nothing would have been able to astonish us.
But, as we would wonder,
By each step of the day,
We would have come down to our youth.

We should have been born old —
And only then turned into babies.
So we can hug our mothers, being unprotected,
And so that we can't understand anything
In this mad world.

We should have been born old —
To know how it feels to enjoy life.
And then from top to bottom
Acquiring all delights, to DIE, . . .
In presentiment of birth.

ISRAEL IN REVIEW

Lane Alston

"No this is not my luggage!" I didn't intend to communicate the stereotypical brash and arrogant attitude mistakenly attributed to all New Yorkers; I was just defending my masculinity. Surely any other male would do the same if he found himself carrying two hot-pink suitcases through the bustling crowd of the TWA Domestic Terminal in Kennedy Airport. I had offered to carry this easily distinguishable luggage for one of my fellow exchange students who had just arrived from Atlanta (a girl, in case anyone wonders). She was just one of forty-four students from ten cities across America with whom I would live in Israel for one month. I inhaled deeply as I pondered the unforeseeable adventure yet to come.

Somehow we managed to cram everyone's baggage into a bus which transported us to our three-day interim residence at the Hotel Empire in Manhattan. There we would become acquainted with one another, because for many subsequent days we would have to share with and depend upon another — like a "family" — as it is frequently said. As I watched my roommate Bryan bop around the room mesmerized by the sounds of the rock group Rush, as I came to recognize my friend Lee's sunglasses to be an inseparable extension of his genuinely ultra-cool character, as I observed those unique qualities which differentiated each of these people from the rest of the group, I knew that our time together was bound to be special.

It was. I accrued a lifetime of memories in but a fraction of that period. I remember watching my crazy Israeli "brother" Moti perform the rap music classic "Roxanne, Roxanne" on the beach of the city of Bat-Yam against the background of a yellowish-magenta sunset. I remember a pious priest generously offering me a flask of holy oil from a briefcase for a meager five dollars at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. I remember my friend Sonya from Chicago (who was mistaken for an Ethiopian ten times) singing virtually every Baptist spiritual ever composed as I held her hand

while we descended the frighteningly steep snake path from the ancient fortress of Masada. Memories.

Then, of course, there were the amusing experiences. I suppose my particular favorite was when two young Israelis approached me on the street in Jerusalem and asked, "You . . . breakdance?"

"What?" I responded curiously.

"You breakdance?" one repeated.

"Why?" I inquired.

They pointed to my sneakers which had the identifying "fat" laces of a breakdancer. They automatically assumed I was from New York. "No," I said. "I'm from Montana."

"You know rap music?" was the next question.

"No," I replied. The two youths were astonished. "You know," they began, "Run-D.M.C. Fat Boys . . ."

"Who?" I frowned in complete ignorance. I did admit to being familiar with Shakepeare, however.

"Who?" they frowned in complete ignorance.

"You know," I began. "*Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth . . .*" I proceeded to recite the first few lines of *Richard III*. They looked at one another questioningly, shrugged and bade me goodbye. Memories.

Now I'm back in America. People are curious as to what I have learned. I tell them a hundred things and I never finish. I cover everything from bathrooms with one room for a toilet and another for the shower and sink to the diverse Israeli opinions on the ideologies of Rabbi Meir Kahane, to the conflicts between Arabs and orthodox and non-orthodox Jews. A lifetime of memories, a new perspective on the society beyond my immediate world, and new and invaluable friendships between the Holy Land and the United States — they are what I have gained and will hold forever.

MY WORLD

Charlene Oliver

I saw the sun in your eyes.
I saw the beauty of the world
When you were by my side.
Now that you have gone
My nights have grown long
And my world has become a cold, dark
place.
But I know my sun will rise,
My world will become warm again
If your hand touches mine.

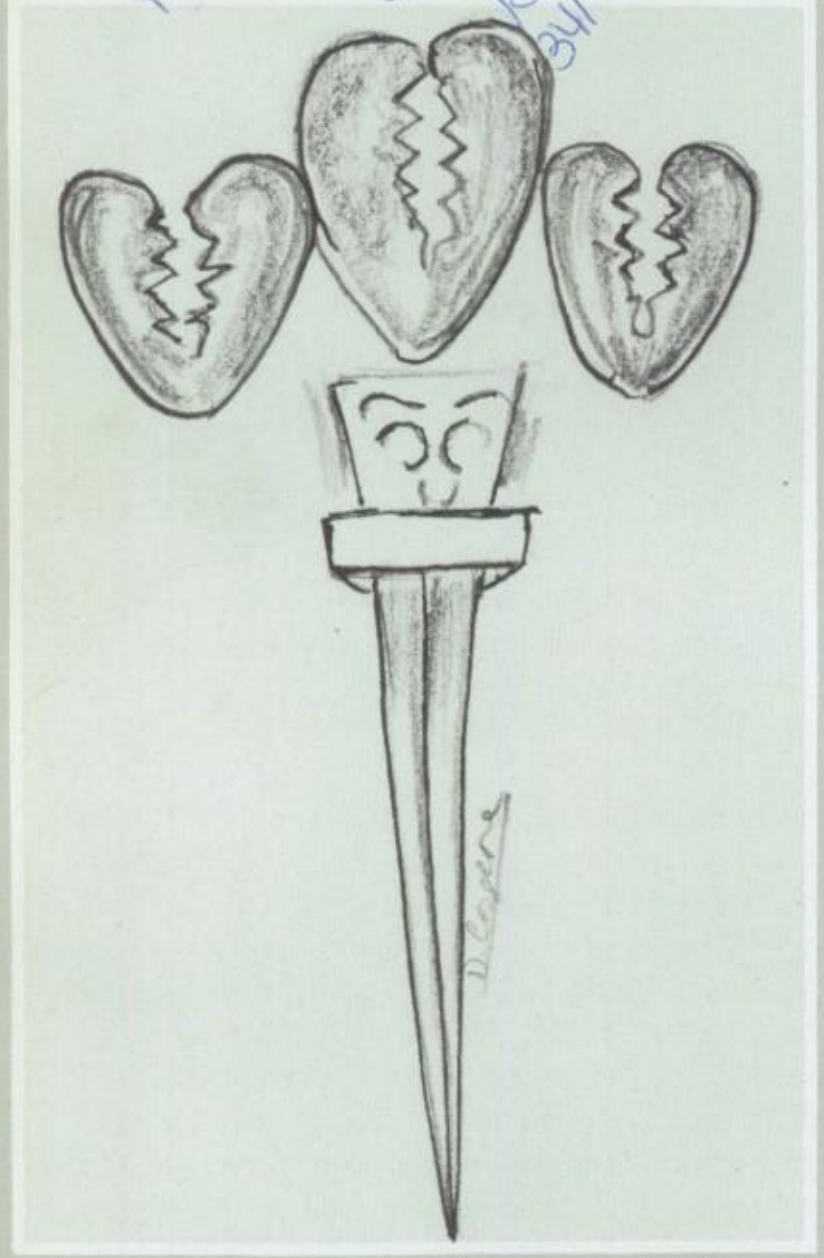
IT WASN'T YESTERDAY

Andrea Marcus

Where does all the time go?
I remember playing hopscotch in the park,
Learning how to ride my bicycle,
Going on vacations as a family.

I know that some families separate.
Who thought it would happen to mine?
I thought we were so happy.
It all seems like yesterday.

But it wasn't yesterday.



SOMETHING IN YOUR EYES

Nancy Lee Lawlor

A mellowed-out kind of sadness
That has no place to go,
A raging deep within me
Of affection I can't show.

From tears to simple conversation,
One extreme to another.
You broke an important bond,
Not a friend but lover.

There's still a hope inside me;
I want to have you back.
I see something in your eyes,
Yet something I still lack.

The tears are still inside me
But nothing left to say.
I want all you can give;
Tell me there's a way.

I know I'm lying to myself,
But it feels so good to me
To live with the false hope
Of another chance at "we."

IMAGES
Jodi Newman

Images of you
fade in and out
behind a glass door.
I can't get in;
you won't let me.
I can see you,
barely,
but I can't hear.
You are smiling
as you watch me try.

Well, even though
I don't understand,
I've learned to accept,
so when you're ready
to open the door,
just do it and I'll be there.

Until then
I'll watch your
image
fading in and out.

DOUBT
Nancy Lee Lawlor

When was the last time
You really understood
Exactly who you were
In any given situation?
Do you really relate
To your very best friend?
Does talking things out
Ever accomplish anything more
Than spreading gossip?

But I have so many doubts
In my life right now.
I doubt everyone
Especially myself.
Who to trust?
Who to talk to?
I want to hold you,
But you
Are what I doubt the most!

WHAT REALLY MATTERS
Nancy Lee Lawlor

Blue eyes
So divine.
I don't care
Mine are brown.
Brown is deeper
Than ever blue
Could be.
Hers are blue,
Mine are brown
Hers is blond,
Mine is brown.
She's divine.
I'm just there.
She flies,
I stroll.
She loves many —
I love you.
Isn't that
What really matters?

IMMORTALITY

Bradley E. Fogel

Why think we all that death will ne'er arrive,
And yet, we shall not live for much time more?
Eternal life is that for which we strive,
Although such heights I know we'll never soar!
Would this perhaps upset some godly plan,
Undo all that He has done on earth?
Could not it still destroy the race of man,
And turn us to a horde devoid of mirth,
Where life eternal rots to endless bore,
That leaves us empty loves and callous kin?
Would days forever come to mean no more
Than years of hardship, strife and lonely sin?
No! Life eternal must be start of all,
Of God's complete forgiveness of man's fall.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Christopher Chesleigh

I've tried to convince them for days now. The final day has come. There has never been and there never will be a day past October 19, 1989. They've mocked me. They've ridiculed me. They've called me insane. "Just another nut blabbering about the end of the world." BAH! I've strived my hardest today, but they've ignored me as always.

I've warned them time and time again, that sometime tonight, all life will end, and as the night trudges around the world, life will end there too. Twenty-four hours and all of man and his creations wiped off this earth. I devoted my last days of life, to keep history from its close. To save mankind when I could have been doing all the things I always wanted to. Why? Because I don't want to be the only survivor. I'd be too lonely.

Strolling through the streets, I found the answer to my prayer. She was obviously a runaway. I aimed to convince her for hours. I think her desperate need for love and attention helped her believe me. As dusk came upon us, I led her to my shelter under an old project which was stocked with various canned goods, survival books and a complete version of the 1989 Encyclopedia Brittanica.

She asked me how I came by the knowledge of this disaster. I couldn't say that it was revealed to me in a dream. I needed some scientific mumbo-jumbo to convince her that it was true. She fell onto my cot from exhaustion, mumbling some garbled words, then fell asleep. I wondered if she really believed me, and I peacefully rested my eyes and fell into a deep sleep. I didn't dream my usual dream of tragedy; instead I dreamed of the hills, the valleys and the beautiful animals.

She must have believed me because when I awakened, she lay in the grass beside me. We were both naked, in a beautiful valley with trees and plants and animals. Just like my dream! All my stored food and books were gone. All the buildings and streets had disappeared. All of mankind, except for us, wiped off this earth. I called to wake her and I realized I didn't know her name.

"What's your name?"

"Eve, what's yours?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

WHY WE MUST HAVE PEACE IN THE WORLD

Maryam Kamali

Peace is the key to friendship around the world. It is a word that inspires people of all nations to join hands and reach out to each other. It is our hope for a better future in an improved society.

The dictionary defines peace as calm or repose, and freedom from war or hostilities, but peace is also a state of being within a person. We all have this ideal of being at peace with ourselves, of enjoying life, accepting ourselves the way we are, and being content with the world we live in. Peace of mind and soul is the most important quality, for once we are at peace with ourselves, we are at peace with the world. Unfortunately, we find today that the world isn't at peace with itself.

Each of us has goals, has the desire to succeed in life. We strive to better ourselves, our lives, and our world. When war breaks out, when killing and fighting start, they destroy all our dreams and hopes for the future. We have to start all over again what took years and years to accomplish. What can we do to prevent this dreaded situation and preserve all our dreams? There's a word that is the perfect solution, a word that we should all respect and honor: PEACE. But we have to do more than just recognize it as a solution. We must work at making it happen.

And yet, peace is a paradox because we often use it as the excuse for war: "A war to end all wars." If we knew how to achieve true peace, we wouldn't have to fight for it.

The question then arises: how can we achieve peace? How can we insure worldwide peace or inner peace of the mind? Idealistic as it may seem, it can be achieved. There will always exist evil in the world beside the good, but our goal will be to reduce the evil and prevent it from spreading. Education is one important step in understanding one another and the world we live in. With education we will learn about past mistakes, realize what harm wars cause, and move toward the right path. There will always be people whose aggressive behavior will cause fighting and hatred, but our goal will be to train them to use other, less harmful, outlets for their aggressiveness.

Instead of fighting and killing each other, instead of bringing about destruction, let's learn to communicate and understand each other. Let's strive to help one another and live for the day when we can all sit down around the same table, put aside our differences and cooperate with each other. Once we've learned to wave the white flag of peace, to accept our "enemies" as friends, we can then solve any problems that arise, without destruction or terror. We can compromise, each giving in a little to gain a little. We can learn to live side by side despite our differences. The world we live in is a world of variety: people of different races and cultures, all living in a melting pot where each neighbor is different from the other. Why not learn from each other, enjoy the variety of our world, and accept our differences for what they are?

There's no question that the pen is more powerful than the sword in making peace. How many countries have been shattered because of war? How many innocent people have died? Woodrow Wilson was right when he said, "The next war will be the war to end all wars," because in this age the next world war will find itself with no world left! Negotiations may not seem as powerful as fast action, but in the long run wars cost more both physically and emotionally. We often fail to acknowledge that many wars did not take place due to negotiations — words that were more penetrating than gunshots.

Our goal is peace. It has been ever since man's first war. We've known this goal for years, but it's about time we REALLY strove to reach it.

Peace remains the golden key to a brighter future.

NEVER CLOSE ENOUGH

Nancy Lee Lawlor

Close enough to touch
But never close enough to love.
This is the story of my life,
Dictated to me by broken feelings
And a sorrowful heart.

My mother held me
At arm's length;
Her mind was on other things.
She was crucial in my life
But was never a part.

What relationship
Would ever come my way?
I was a girl with a woman's heart.
I was complexity and strategy
Psyching out emotions.

Was understanding
How people felt
good enough for someone
Who couldn't feel?
I had to know for sure.

The love of my life
Was carefully planned,
Orchestrated, timed, and scheduled.
He was nice, I was distant,
Both of us were bored.

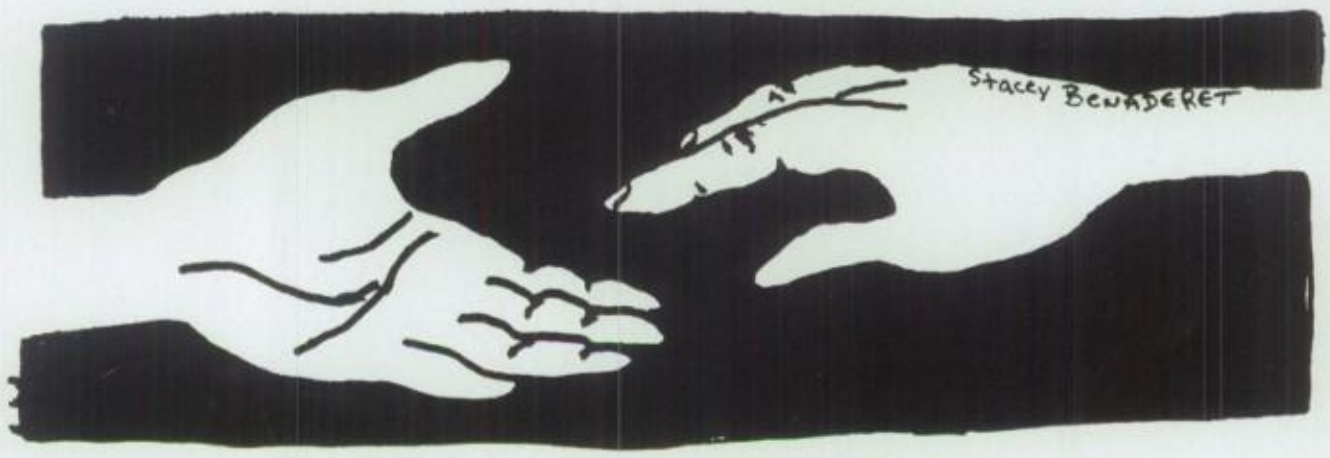
Close enough to touch
But never close enough to love,
I accept my curse.
If only, just once, someone
Would reach out his hand.

SONNET

Song Won Chon

In almost every love -related verse,
The many famous poets used to say,
To idolize a woman was a curse
And man should never give his heart away.
Yet why do men who fall for womankind
Perceive in life the beauties rarely seen?
And why do those that love's found ways to
bind,
In ancient life see youth that's fresh and green?

I ask you still what good it does to hear
A poet's version of a love forlorn,
When half the time they've never shed a tear
Because they've chanced to love or mourn.
Go out yourselves into the world and ask
In which of these two theories lovers bask.



YOUR WILDEST FANTASY

Jodi Newman

Along the sky,
There are some stars,
Some big twinkling stars,
That brighten up our nights

I've been to those stars,
I really have.
They called to me
And I obeyed.

I was led through our galaxy,
And I noticed something very strange:
Space is not all lit up.
It's very cold and very dark.

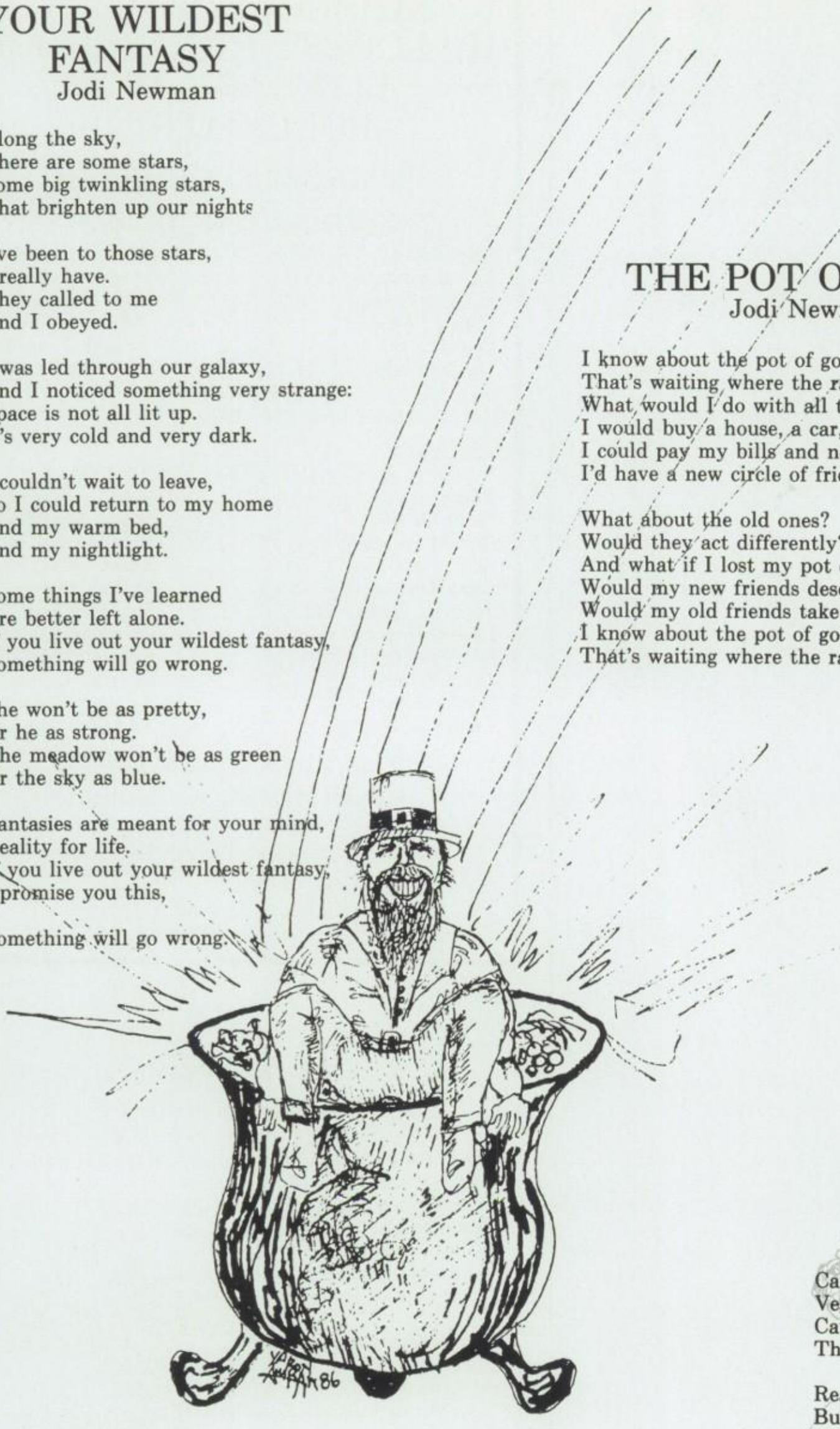
I couldn't wait to leave,
So I could return to my home
And my warm bed,
And my nightlight.

Some things I've learned
Are better left alone.
If you live out your wildest fantasy,
Something will go wrong.

She won't be as pretty,
Or he as strong.
The meadow won't be as green
Or the sky as blue.

Fantasies are meant for your mind,
Reality for life.
If you live out your wildest fantasy,
I promise you this,

Something will go wrong.



THE POT OF GOLD

Jodi Newman

I know about the pot of gold
That's waiting where the rainbow ends.
What would I do with all that gold?
I would buy a house, a car, a boat, a jet.
I could pay my bills and need never worry again.
I'd have a new circle of friends.

What about the old ones?
Would they act differently?
And what if I lost my pot of gold?
Would my new friends desert me?
Would my old friends take me back?
I know about the pot of gold
That's waiting where the rainbow ends.

CATSUP IS A VEGETABLE

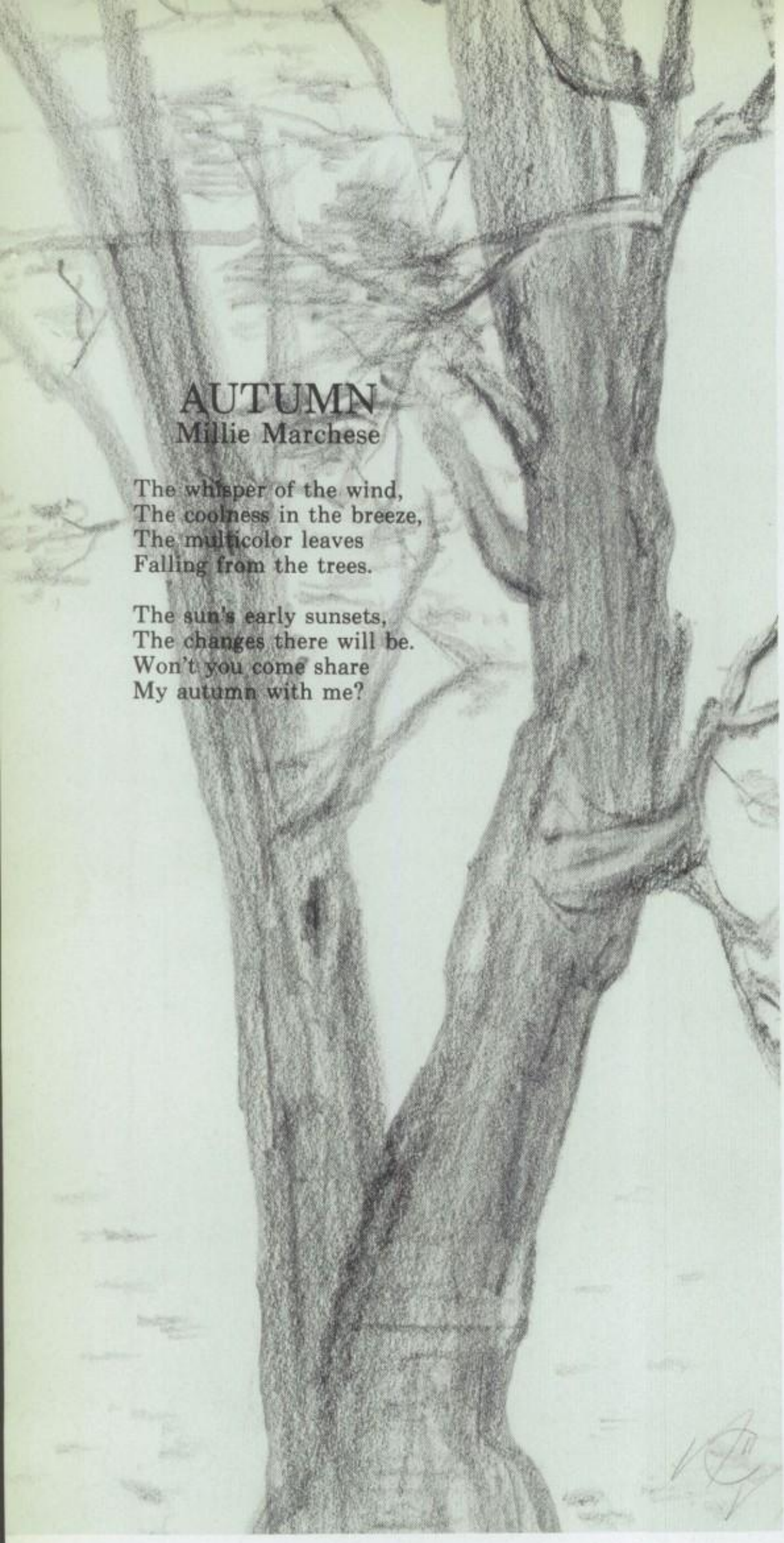
David A. Gibbs

Catsup is not a vegetable!
Vegetables you can eat.
Catsup is a liquid,
The kind you put on meat.

Reagan said it's a vegetable,
But how can this be true?
When you put it on a fork,
It tends to run right through.

He said, "Serve it to the kids,
Instead of carrots and corn."
That may save a pretty penny,
But it won't keep their tummies warm.

Michelle Krentz



AUTUMN
Millie Marchese

The whisper of the wind,
The coolness in the breeze,
The multicolor leaves
Falling from the trees.

The sun's early sunsets,
The changes there will be.
Won't you come share
My autumn with me?

JABBERWOCKY 1986
HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY-ART
PUBLICATION

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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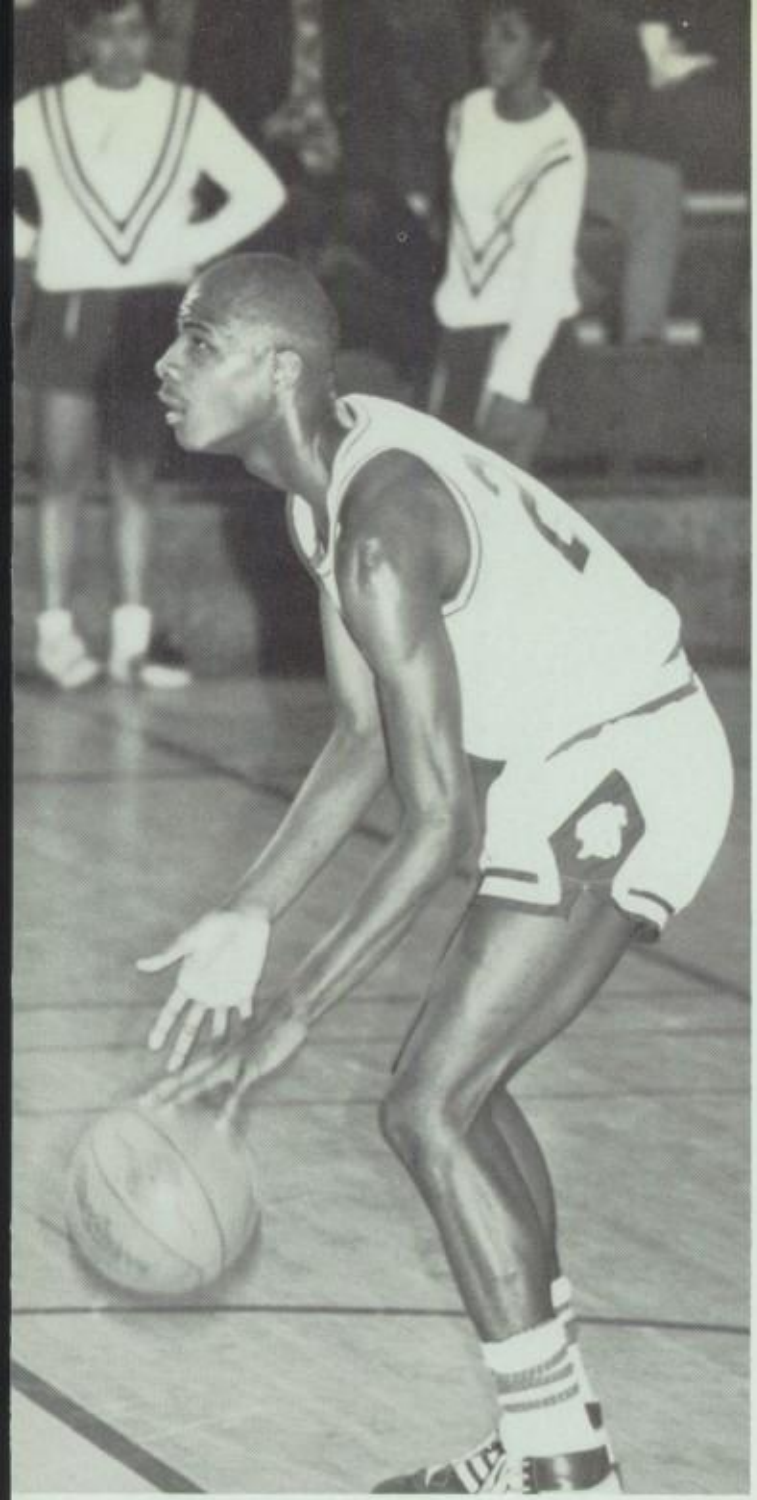
GROWTH
Jennifer Dunnaville

When we met, we were but two young caterpillars
Endlessly searching for ourselves
Yet needingly searching for each other.
Our minds were not yet developed,
In fact very impressionable.
We grew together believing life was evil;
It was just us against the world.

As we grew our minds grew.
We no longer needed each other as much,
And the search for ourselves had ended.
Now we are two beautiful butterflies,
Sure of who we are, but not of where we are going.
We fly away from each other in a new search.
A childhood friend flutters away in the wind.



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YEARBOOK LITERARY STAFF

Seated l to r: Danielle Stratton, Suong Tran, Kirsten Magnani, Paul Chen, Maryam Kamali, Yolanda Richards, Meshelle White. Middle row l to r: Sandra Castillo, Lisa Goeb, Roxie Ingram, Rachel Mizrachi, Susan Osit, Ursula Browne, Madhav Rao, Imran Rafique, Herma Rene, Stefania Traylor, Mr. C. Roemer. Back l to r: Laura Bibula, Gremlin, Savitri Ramsaran, Sun H. Lee, Sandy Kim, Zaria Hunt, Raquel Webb. Not shown: Margie Dejour, Michelle Siegel, Hicran Yurukcu.

YEARBOOK ART STAFF

Front l to r: Khalid Iszard, Rafael Collazo. Second row: Michelle Krentz, Alex Acker, Peter Campbell, Susan Diaz, Angela Johnson, Suanne Burke, Stacey Benadaret. Third row: Roberto Reynoso, Kee Koo.

l to r: Mark Berkson, Stacy-Jo Marine, Helen Rozelman, James Mendel. Seated: Ms. J. Algaze, Mr. F. Schorr

DEBATE TEAM

We of the debate team believe the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few, or the one, and we hope that our debates inspire all people to question and to think.

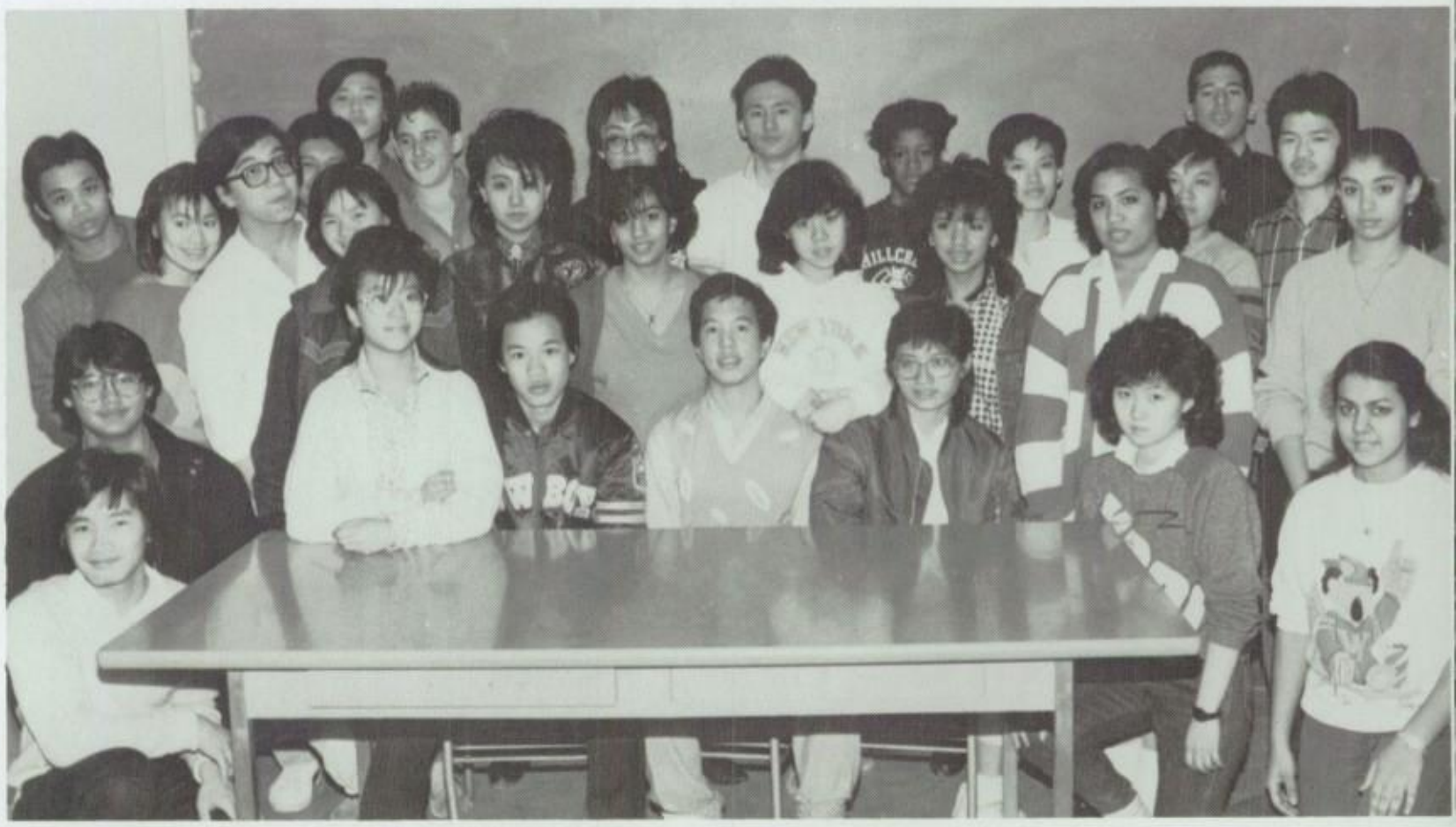
1st row l to r: Arlene Villareal, Laura Bibula, Stacy Tamares, Karen Ostrofsky, Danielle Stratton, Kessy Lee, Maryam Kamali. Second row: Jose Lima, Vivek Verma, Huong Vu, Kirsten Magnani, Jeffrey Lee, Lesley Feracho, Karen Levine, Rachel Mizrachi, Elise Bekele, Arlene Persaud. 3rd row: Marie Powell, Nancy Lee, Hicran Yurukcu, Ana Dé Ocampo, Wendy Wong, Susan Osit, Charles Garcia, Ted Latner, Leonard Peltzman. 4th row: Wai Kwok, Dominic Chow, Sangeeta Shenolikar, Jack Zar, Diana Sandoval, Lisa Goeb, Guy Oksenhendler, David Lazoff, Stevie Hoberman

ARISTA

ACADEMIC OLYMPICS

Standing l to r: Daniel Roemer, Sigma Clermont, Jay Tucker, Leonard Peltzman, Ted Latner, Jeff Lee, Sharon Wynne, Madhav Rao, John Chan, Marie Powell, Vivian Su. Sitting l to r: Melodia Queri, Vic Verma, David Lazoff, Robert Ramnarine.

ASIAN CLUB



1st row l to r: Steve Lam, Linda Lew, William Yip, Jeffrey Lee, Shirley Chiu, Kessy Lee, Jasmine Huda. 2nd row l to r: Luis Jovellanos, Wendy Wong, Mike Lee, Weely Louie, Melodia Queri, Roople Dah, Bertha Ku, Sylvania C. 3rd row l to r: Luis Morales, James Mandel, Paul Chin, Hataya Mapairoj, Sharon Wynne, Tasha Intharaksa, Margaret Chan, Wilson Albizu, Willie Yip.

STAGE BAND

eated l to r: Michael Papernik, William Costello, Mr. Kingston, Valerie Braun, Edwin Dones. Standing l to r: Malik avors, KiethRoy Smith, Leonard Peltzman, David Lazoff, Mark Berkson, Andrew Voss, Martin Jaramillo, Jason abot, Jose Pego, Harold Aponte.

CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

op l to r: Cami Roberts, Sherridan Bond, Xiomara Comrie, Leigh Ghelberg, Surendra Ramsaran, Diana Del Rio, Richard Drozd, Elise ekele, Rhee Seung Hee, Emerson Chen, Janet Czyzak, David Le, Dale Frederick. 3rd row: Tanya Winn, Jeannie Connely, Carla atling, Jing Tung, Manija Amin. 2nd row: Hannah Lee, Julie Hong, Roxie Ingram, Anna DeOcampo, Lisa Goeb, Rachel Mizrachi, elen Lee, Karen Adlam, Diana Sandoval, Mrs. Marsha Patelson. 1st row: Trudi Maloney, Lori Mandell, Nancy Lee, Sophie Woo, esley Feracho.

ORCHESTRA

Top l to r: Herbert Tang, Scott Kramer, Lidia Valjan, Jeanette Dadusc, Beth Levy, Clair Arrindel, Surendra Ramsaran, Martha Amayo, Jill Occidant, Belinda Brown, Leigh Ghelberg, Antoinette Hampton, Neil Lovina, Tanera Ford, Carla Gatling, Emerson Chen, Cynthia Claude, Calvin Gunn, Keithroy Smith, Jessie Limage. Fourth row l to r: Cami Roberts, Jeannie Connelly, Rhee Seung Hee, Erika Alston, Xiomara Comrie, Cora Jenkins, Rachel Borut, Alice Lee, Vania Sitruk, Leisa Small, Danny Goldberg, Sandra Hazel, Mariana Fontalvo, Natasha Watkins, Tracie Sutherland, Marinella Paolisich, Jacqueline Sosa, Claudia Villa. Third row l to r: Brian Yellon, Elizabeth Martir, Rommel De Ocamp, Jing Tung, Frank Chan, Manija Amon, Vivian Chrysler, Miriam Anannab, Felisha Correro, Monica Hum, Raquel Abobo, Tanny Razmino, Sygal Harpaz, Tanya Winn, Karen Adlam. Second row l to r: Heida Klatt, Rachel Mizracho, Helen Lee, Lori Mandell, Grace Bazille, Hannah Lee, Lisa Goet, Anna De Ocampo, Diana Sandoval, Roxie Ingram. First row l to r: Mrs. Marsha Patelson, An Hue Huynh, Nancy Lee, Jay Tucker, Elmer Noblesola. Steven Blayer, Trudi Maloney, Reuben Dennis.

MATH TEAM

1st row (l to r): Kwok Wai Chan, Yoon Sue, Michael Papernik, Cathy Charlot, Mr. DeLuca, Kessy Lee, Elena Dagustino, Greg Lawrence Standing: Frank Chu, Thomas Tsang, Emerson Chen, Jeffery Lee, Hataya Mapairoj, David Lazoff, Jack Zar, Afshin Dilmanian, Louis Morales, Wai Kwok, Timothy Kuang, Wah Kin Cheung, Cynthia Sandulescu, Neil Lorin, Frances Leung, Hue Yee.

MIXED CHORUS

First row: Tracy Connors, Martha Pinargotte, Edwardyne Cowan, Sandra Amaris, *Herma Rene, Paul Davis, Margie Dejour, Verna Burt, Tyjuan Archie, Orlando Greene. Second row: *Eunn Chee, Millie Nieves, Sarah Cabarcas, Stacie Dalrymple, Sharon Brown, Debbie Young, Kenya Davis, Melissa Bing, Rafael Candelario, Carlos Garcia, Samina Khan, Dionne Anderson, Melissa Burton, Rosemary Cespedes, Cedric Fleming, Dwayne Johnson, Manny Williams. Third Row: Mr. J. A. Todras, Bonty Defoe, Lisa Matos, Annette DeWatt, Jackie Jennings, Nicole Pommells, Rosanna Dawson, Julie Vedder, Natalie Mittleman, Bernard Virgil, Tyrone Simmons, Leroy Whitted, Alison Branker, Jigna Patel, Itala Ramirez, Michael Ganley, *Lusionne Rene, Jamila Smalls, Paulette Greene, Deanna Murray, Carol Gomez, Adriana Castro, Jeaneen Holimon. * Piano Accompanist.

GIRLS CHORUS

First Row: Deborah Young, Adrienne Mehl, Tricia Bowman, Yvonne Cabot, Pat Gibson, Nicola Waldron, *Chris Arlt, Martha Coto, Lisa Galicia, Jennifer Nieves, Dena Schlackman, Lisa Blum, Karen Dacres, Evelyn Cabaracas, Dona Flowers, Gillian Carter, Natasha Edwards, Nadine Titus, Tricia Ramdin, Yonetee Rawlins, Jalaune Washington, Stephanie Parks. Second Row: Elisha Scott, Joanne Crichlow, Janelle White, Linda St. Valliere, Dyonne Miller, Sandra Rivas, Donnette Stallings, Cyndia Reyes, Andrea Perretta, Rena Frederique, Kim Watson, Neldith Sajous, Kristi Strickland, Yvette Greaves, Julie Saunders, Andrea Lynch, Gwen Bynum. Third Row: Melanis Martinez, Soraiyah Ishak, Genalyne Ybanez, Toni Marshall, Renee Lewis, Leisa Evans, Shu Min Chang, Christina Mancini, Toni Renaud, Rose Sylvia, Teresa Prince, Yolanda Hall, Tisa Nelson, Larese Miller, Marcia Wright, Myra Marcano, Marilyn Gomez, Keisha Young, Shelly Nalty. * Piano Accompanist.

BLACK AWARENESS

Front row 1 to r: Clee Clermont, Shannon Pinnic, Robin Tarpley, Nadine Titus, Roc Sainte, Torrie Coleman. Second row 1 to r: Ron Peters, Gia Moron, Marjorie Dejour, Michelle Eubanks, Lisa Johnson, Letitia Bankhead, Cynthia Dwusu, Anik Bates, Dujon Bishop. Third row 1 to r: Rosetta James, Perri Lotour, Beatrice Rabel, Germenia Cooper, Micheille Jackson, Nadine Bethune, Sherrida Davis, Natacha Lapice, Reuben Dennis, Stacy Gregory, — , Tanya Holmes, — , — . Fourth row 1 to r: Valice Lee, Vernalie Velalia, Johanne Juste, Roxie Ingram, Nyema — , Stewart Dennis, John Rouzeau, Jeneane Connelly, Lisa Riddick, Susie McKenyre, Rhonda Gumbs, John Rouzeau.

CHESS CLUB

Seated: Andrea Lynch, Martin Emei, Ros Chao, Eric Rossen. Standing: Thomas Sang, John Chan, Tim Kuang, Ted Latner, Pejman Azizi, Mr. Koenig.

COOP
A

st Row (1 to r): Roy Sanita, Cheryl Cox, Denise Rodriguez, Rosemarie Fernandes, Sherrilyn Dean, Jose Munoz, Luz Cardona, Edgar Valenzuela, Rafael Fernandez. 2nd Row: Maribel Ortiz, Fausto Berrios, Mirna Rafael, May Astillero, Alice Nunes, Sherry Darling, AnnMarie Paniccia, Tina Rojan, Girlaine Domond. 3rd Row: Deborah Boyd, Daniel Greaves, Leah Stovell, Kimberly Bailey, Rhonda Jobe, Brenda Anthony (coordinator), Alicia Manigault, Doris Eury, Janice Harry, Dianna Hyman, Aisha Siddiqi, Dolly Sawh, Carmen Santos, Gioconda Carranza, Rodney Jones.

COOP
B

st Row 1 to r: Rosemarie Guerrero, Candido Nunez, Gina Cabane, Wilson Villon. 2nd Row 1 to r: Wendi Bloom, Felicia Santana, Adrienne James, Teresa Bennett, Aisha Abney, Tasha Chaskley. 3rd Row 1 to r: Michelle Kemp, Barbara Scourby, Giovanna Mejia, Ingrid Ulloa, Lily Tang, Leonor Laboy, Willianne Sutton, Gladys Medder, Yvette Lawton, Tecca Williams. 4th Row 1 to r: Brenda Anthony (coordinator), Steven Chin, Athony Smith, Luz Rodriquez, Veronica Grillo, Gina Balletta, Monique Erwin, Crystal Courts, Kym Irby, Katrina Mells, Nadine Morgan, Sonya Haynes, Alphonso Anderson. Not shown: Ronald Fuery, Deborah Garcia, Ronald Katzman, Martha Osorio, Deidre Parham, Marny Tippins, Jacqueline Yandoli.

CHEVRA

Chevra, now in its second year at Hillcrest, is affiliated with Jewish Public School Youth. The club helps students to learn more about Jewish culture, customs and religious ritual as well as important social and political issues such as Israel and the fight to help Soviet Jews. The club as been greatly inspired by its J.P.S.Y. advisor, Rachel Goldstein.

Front 1 to r: Rachel Goldstein (J.P.S.Y. Advisor), Mark Berkson, Nancy Lee Lalor, Danna Goldman, Afshin Dilmanian Mr. A. Rothman (Club advisor), Benjamin Rothman. Middle 1 to r: Michelle Siegel, Hillary Weiler, Ilil Carmi, Dan Ghassabian, Jack Zar, Shahab Shahverdi. Back 1 to r: Richard Solomon, Aaron Loloey, Neal Goldberg, Simon Ghassabian Omid Hakimian, Behzad Asher, Tony Nemati, Afshin Hakimian.

COMPUTER TEAM

Seated: Jae Won Hong, Melodia Queri, Qui Thach, Mrs. Landesman, Paul Chen. Standing: Patrice King, David Lazoff, Xavier Sanchez, Jack Zar, John Weigel, Helen Dong, Robert Ramnarine, Jeff Lee, Eli Kashi, Andre Hakimian, Hue Yee.

DANCE CLUB

Standing l to r: Gia Moron, Kelly Tomaras, Deidra Hargraves, Chevron Reese, Michelle Plummer, Michelle Eubanks, Ms. Elizabeth Pardo (advisor), Letitia Bankhead, Pamela Davis, Kim Schalls, Melissa Thomas, Chrissy Curry. Sitting l to r: Kendra Wroten, Latonia Ward, Alicia Alexander (captain).

THEATRE INSTITUTE

Front Row: Trifon Antonopoulos, Mary Lou Haley, Stacey-jo Marine, Suzanne Nicoletti, Jackie Ward, Elena Grama, Celia Arcia, Tresslyn Brown, Joe D'Addario, Back Row: Adranna DeAraujo, Kris Munson, Ivan Zabala, Jo Guzman, Gabrielle Kohlenbeck, Andrea Campitelli, Paul Ortiz, Domaine Moore. Not Shown: Ms. J. Horn (advisor).

Dear Doug,
Even though we really don't know each other too long, I want you to know that I think you're a great guy! I wish you the best of luck in the future. And just remember: "Woodshop Rules!"
Love ya,
Jackie

INTERNATIONAL THESPIAN SOCIETY

This is the fourth year this society for theatre lovers has been a part of Hillcrest. We are lucky to have our troupe sponsor serving as New York's state director, as well as two of the troupe members serving on the state board. This year was the first time the troupe organized and performed a production for the school.

We hope to see much of that in the future.

Seated 1 to r: Mitchell Shapiro, Danna Goldman, Nancy Lee Lawlor, Kris Munson, Arathi Shetty, Ivan Zabala, Richard Solomo
Standing 1 to r: Karie Hall (secretary), Mr. A. Rothman, Kevin Cox, Mark Berkson, Mary Lou Haley, Neal Goldberg, Lau
Bibula, Alicia Alexander (president), Joe D'Addario (vice-president), Julie Vedder, Mrs. J. Rothman (sponsor).

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN CAST AND CREW

1st Row Seated and Standing 1 to r: Phillip Arnell, Nancy Lee Lawlor, Danna Goldman, Marty Jaramillo, Alic
Alexander, Bill Costello, Juan Lopera, Latonia Ward, Richard Solomn. 2nd Row Seated and Standing 1 to
Karie Hall, Deanna Murray, Soraida Guerrero, Suzy Pabon, Bertha Ku, Tatiana Burgos, Dane Thomsen, Pu
D'Addario, Mitchell Shapiro, Arathi Shetty, Ivan Zabala. 3rd Row Seated and Standing 1 to r: Audrey Phillip
Debra Young, Kevin Cox, Mary Lou Haley, Laura Bibula, Dwayne Johnson, Michelle Eubanks, Valice Le
Michelle Laska, Kris Munson, Eduardo Gonzales. Back Row 1 to r: Gillian Phillips, Helen Lee, Rachel Bo
Derrick Turner, Nancy Casimir, Herma Rene, Lusionne Rene, Shannon Pinnick, Adrian Lester, Joe D'Addari
Brenda Thomas.

P.T.L. CLUB

First Row: Brenda Thomas (president), Mr. Clancy (advisor), Lesley Feracho (secretary). Second Row: Hyun Kim, Bertha Ku, Vivian Su, Samantha Morales, Trudi Maloney, Audrey Phillips. Third Row: Susan George, Denise Augustine, Rose Wright, Gillian Phillips, Erika Lawton. (not shown Yvette Lawton).

RUSSIAN CLUB

Karen Levine, Helle from France, Helen Rozelman, Mr. Hacker, Agnes Lui, Elise Beckless, Svetlana Shin, Bradly Fogel, Rusvet Martin, Bertha Ku, Jing Tung.

SENIOR EXECUTIVE BOARD

Seated (1 to r): Tasha Balfour, Shaunna Stevens, Janet Torres, MaryLou Haley. Standing (1 to r): Edwardyne Cowan, Alicia Alexander, Danielle Cooper, Stacy Temares.

SENIOR REPRESENTATIVES

Bottom row 1 to r: Vivian Caldea, Raquel Webb, Kendra Wroten, Richard Solomon, Anastasia Blanchard, Shaunna Stevens, Pamela Marshall. Middle row 1 to r: Janet Torres, Hana Ivezaj, Florence Pluviose, Herma Rene, Danielle Cooper, Deirdre Hargraves, Chrissy Curry, Pamela Davis, Stefania Traylor, Mrs. Horn. Second row 1 to r: Katrina Mells, Kym Irby, Frank Anduiza, Reuben Dennis, Valice Lee. Top row 1 to r: Alicia Alexander, Leandre Wharton, Yolanda Richards, Michelle Eubanks, Stacy Temares, Tosha Balfour, Ivan Zabala, Barbara Mercado, Ronald Peters.

S.O. EXECUTIVE BOARD

Ronald Peters, Stacy-Jo Marine, Anastasia Blanchard, Pamela Marshall, Latonia Ward, Reuben Dennis III.

S.O. REPRESENTATIVES

Phillip Arnell, Anastasia Blanchard, Richard Solomon, Kendra Wroten, Micelle Plummer, Lianne Williams, Pamela Marshall, Vivian Caldea, Florence Pluviose, Latonia Ward, Sherrida Davis, Kika Darwish, Mr. Oilman, Stefania Traylor, Barbara Mercado, Deidra Hargraves, Danielle Cooper, Pamela Davis, Sharon Pagan, Derrick Turner, Herma Rene, Chris Curry, Valice Lee, Yolanda Lee, Yolanda Richards, Donna Whittaker, Tosha Balfour, Reuben Dennis, Alicia Alexander, Janet Torres, Katrina Mells, Michelle Eubanks, Stacy Temares, Ivan Zabala, Kym Irbey, Raquel Webb, Ron Peters.

CYCLE

L to r: Ms. Holly Kayser, Manija Amin, Traci Statler, Connie Aitcheson, Arlene Villareal, Lane Alston, Christine Duffy, Talya Goldman.

STUDENT EXCHANGE

We believe the key to understanding between nations is through individual understanding. Ideas are never so eloquent as when embodied in persons crossing national barriers to communicate and experience life with others.

Seated: Quamarul Huda, Michael Hammerman, Mr. Costa, Khalid Iszard. Standing: Iram Rafique, John Chan, Daniel Frater, Zubia Sandar, Connie Aitcheson, Pamela Dong, Denise Augustine, Conrad Mauclair.

PRE-MED

Row 1: Jeffrey Lee, Courtney Branker, Michelle Roach, Altagrace Bazile, Sharon Wynne, Marie Powe11, Laura Wyrick, Karen Innes, Chun Kit Chan, Christine Ryan, Kendra Swaby, John Weigel, Hassan Ahmed, Durahn Taylor, Michael Hammerman, Vic Verma. Row 2: Larry Chase, Andrea Persaud, Paul Davis, Melodia Queri, Tracy Statler, Monique Kramer, Charles Garcia, Mark Berkson, Shirley Chu, Denise Augustine, Mirtoula Bois, Jaewon Hong. Row 3: Ms. Valerie Ignatowitz (pre-med Coordinator), Zaria Hunt, Russell Cogar, Anastasia Blanchard, Alicia Alexander, Marlene Munn, Michelle Eubanks, Pamela Davis, Karen Aflalo, Ilene Dolphin, Nikoleta Moulinas, Mee Yun Woo, Kristen Magnani, Hicran Yurukcu, Helen Lee, Samantha Morales, Wendy Wong. Row 4: Dirk Jordan, Fredlynn Mompoint, Diana Rodriguez, Sibila Pfeiffer, Lorena Ramirez, Marty Jaramillo, Edwardyne Cowan, Derrick Turner, Alyson Raymond, DaRell Jones, Nancy Lee, Sandy Kim, Brian Yellin, Catherine Neblett, Karen Adlam, Fausta Nazire, Lesley Feracho, Maryam Kamali, Sue Ho, Madhav Rao, Weely Louie. Row 5: Tasha Intharaska, Danny Chan, Bertrand Thervil, Edwin Garces, Steven Blayer, Paul Biromantes, John Leohner, Peter Gargiulo, Margie Dejour, Greg Garnes, Trudi Maloney, An-Hue Huynh, Angela Allen, Laura Adomaitis, Michael Lee, Wai Kwok, Xavier Sanchez, Julie Hong, Robert Ramnarine, Diana Sandoval, Hataya Mapairo, Jason Kim, Qamural Huda, David Fishman.

SCHOOL OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

Laura Aniskewicz, Christine Arlt, Thuyen Duong, Liliana Fasanella, Lisa Flon, Julieta Garcia, Eduardo Gonzalez, John Kusakabe, Agnes Lai, Poiry Lauture, Darwin Lee, Mary Lee, Karen Levine, Angela Lin, Dawn Martin, Barbara Mercado, Roopal Patel, Abba Peries, Athena Poulis, Bryan Pu Folkes, Srendra Ramdehal, Robert Scheinman, Sodah Shin, Michelle Siegle, Vivian Su, Kelly Tomaras, Nicholas Tomizawa, Patrick Trainor, Denise Tsekouras, Tracy Young.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS/ ELECTRONICS

First row l to r: Mr. Lampe, Anthony Motley, Serge Dufresne, Constanti Karakostas, Gary Elcock, Gillicaume Prescod Alan Persaud, Harinda Santrum, Samson Samuel, Aristotele Waimuri. Second row: Hiep Phan Dinh, Steven Cashman Mauricio Medina, Paul Gorel, Nicholas DeAbreu, Leon Beresford, Matthew Smith, Edgar Zamora, Tyrone Simmons Third row: Roger Sue Chee, Anthony Mahadeo, Jimmy Conforme.

BUSINESS ED. NEWSLETTER

L to r: Ms A. Look, Maria Rallis, Regina Seabrooks, Valerie Popodopolis, Jeanine Septh, Stefania Traylor.

MEDICAL ASSISTING

Front (1 to r): Tuwanna Jackson, Tesra Johnson, Marjorie Augustin, Ms. Teman, Brenda Fuentes, Marilyn Laboy, Maria Delgado. Back: Tracey Jefferson, Sonia Smith, Pamela Dong, Rose Wright, Christine Lee, Nancy Fougy, Gaietrie Balli, Donna Farrell, Lorena Manzano, Nuriam Estrada.

MEDICAL ASSISTING

Front (1 to r): Linda St. Valliere, Monique Jones, Edithe Rabel, Mrs. Teman, Raymonde Pacaud, Susan Goins, Alexia Malave. Middle: Wahyu Soedarmasto, Christine Curry, Sharon Brown, Tracie Williams, Deborah Ward, Denise Kepple, Emilia Escamilla. Back: Janet Grossberg, Albert Gordaliza, Debra Bearam, Pamela Marshall, Estrella Grant, Pricilla Howard, Mercedes Jones, Anna Brierre, Bibi Alli.

H.O.P.E. CLUB

Seated: Quamarul Huda, Michael Hammerman, Mr. Costa, Khalid Iszard. Standing: Imran Rafique, John Chan, Daniel Frater, Zubi Sandar, Connie Aitcheson, Pamela Dong, Denise Augustine, Conrad Mauclair.

WHHS

Richard Soloman, Traci Statler, Alan Rothman (Producer) Herma Renee, Mark Berkson, Nancy Lawlor, Dann Goldstein, Laura Bibula, Cheryl Cox, Deanna Murray, Shaunna Stevens, Samantha Morales.

CLUB-MED

Standing (l to r): Eric Rosen, Anke Hilleman, Monika Hum, Adonis Dadiz, Neil Lovina, Enrico Cordero, Tom Chiang, Jigna Patel. Sitting: Ami Shah, Tanny Pazmino, Mrs. Ignatowitz (adviser), Jing Tung, Pamela Sharma.

NURSING

Front (1 to r): Cynthia Hernandez, Antonia Komopoulos, Carmella Cabusas, Susan Schlauraff, Ms. Mason, Marjorie Douge, Bonita Lee, Donna Booker, Carmina Cabusas. Middle (1 to r): Nichele Buie, Bibi Satar, Michelle Johnson, Vernell White, Cecilia Cruz. Back (1 to r): Michelle Keane, Jackie Reynoso, Jade Hin, Melissa Hammond, Suzanne Hamilton, Stephani Guevara, Shelly Harris, Florence Ulysse.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Standing (1 to r): Darwin Lee, Emerson Cheu, Ohu Gordon, Norman Suhu, John Haret, Chia Toe Chee. Sitting: Fred Deabreau, Mr. Grandt, Wesley Cochrane.

TRACK TEAM

Back row: Fred Tello, Thomas Tsang, Jose Urena, Gabriel Cordero, Mike Irizarry, Natash Watkins, Lisa Grace, Merdalena Wozniat, Monique Tice, Eudyn Ortiz, Dawn Smalls, Tanny Pauzina. Middle row: Robin Singh, Clee Clermont, Mr. Grandt, Fred Deabreau, Learis Graham. Front row: Yvette Rawlins, Shawaun Jubert, Jerald Jones, Noel Neil, Phyllis Coates, Kirk Allyn.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Standing (1 to r): Cheryl Cox, Nadine Titus, Kathy Charlot, Karen Ray, Dawn Ellison, Kim Cuthbertson, Coach Dennis Dilman. Kneeling (1 to r): Sandy Benson, Jeanine Septh, Yulissa Rodriguez, Treslyn Brown, Felicia Madison.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Standing l to r: Darryl Barnes, Robert Pincus, Valice Lee, Leroy Whitted, Ken Gershon, Tom Smith, Sean Walker, Carlos Persomo, Darryl Dean, William Watson. Front l to r: Walker Kingston, Tyrone Latimer, Capt. Keith Hazel, Capt. B. J. Carter, Rod McClain, Ron Peters, Leroy Marshall.

SOFTBALL TEAM.

Front (1 to r): Cheryl Williams, Susan Schroeder, Capt. Angela Lucchese, Coach Rothfeld, Capt. Treslyn Brown, Angela Lin, Jeanin Mironchuk. Back (1 to r): Jill Punter, Cecilia Martin, Kathy Charlot, Zeena Jenkins, MaryLou Haley, Christine Duffy, Tracy Statler, Jane Czyzak, Rosaleen Chao, Donna Francis, Tracy Connors.

BASEBALL TEAM.

Back 1 to r: Ken Gershon, Rob Pincus, Peter Hoffman, Adam Levine, Tom Bowen, Carl Courts, Brian Yellin, Wahid Hoosein, Larry Horne Tony Smith. Middle 1 to r: Miquel Chalas, Capt. Rob Albanesi, John Garcia, Jeff Rago, Cliff Lawson, Capt. Mike Esposito, Joel Krashinsky Guy Oskenhendler, Dave Firestone. Front l to r: Francisco Lagruelle, Eric Elmore, Tony Johnson, Joe D'addario, Derek Brown, Scott Silva Dan Mulligan.

GIRLS SOCCER TEAM

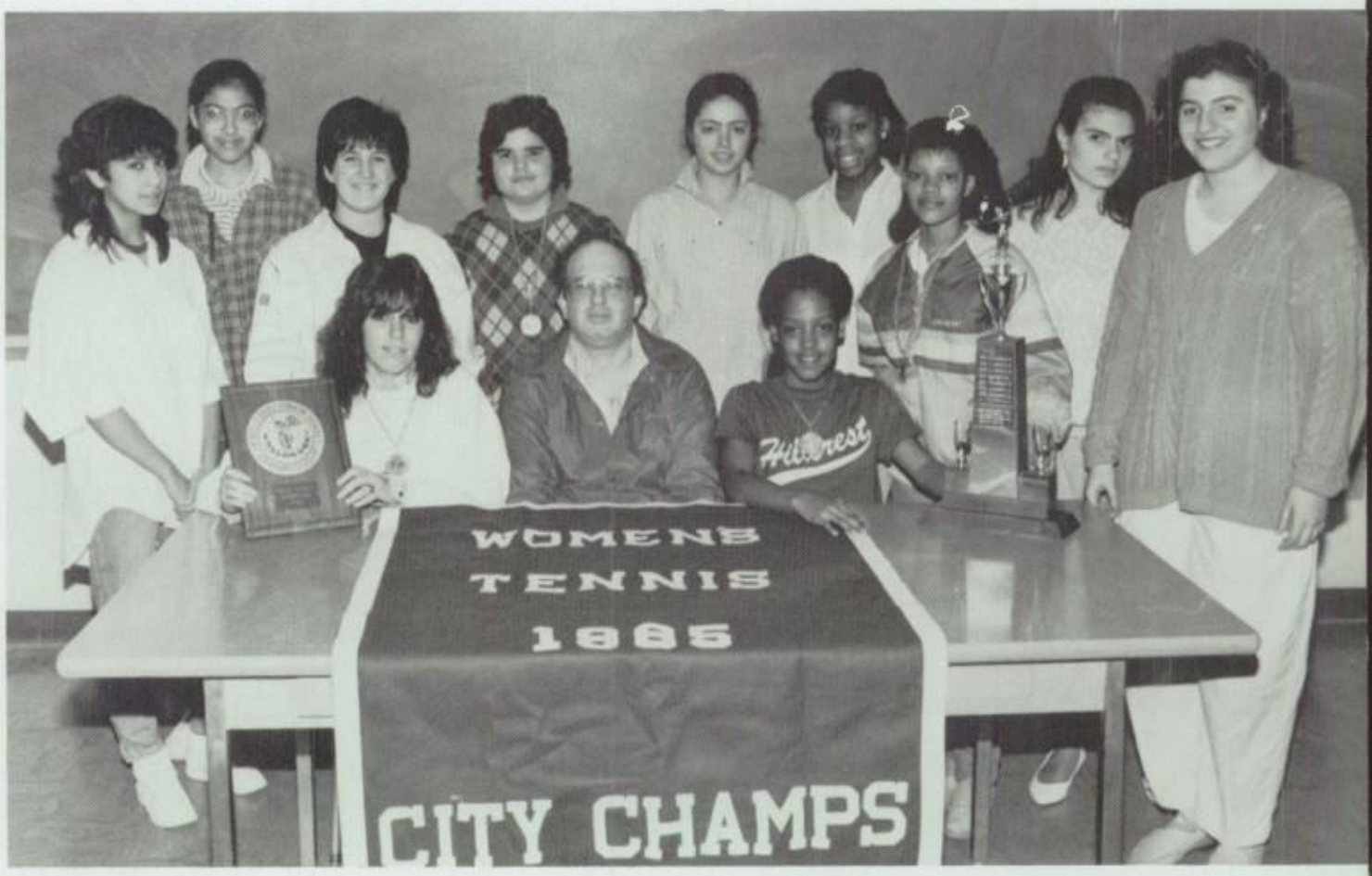
Front (l to r): Vivian Caldea, Coach Lippin, Karie Ann Hall. Back: Myriam Paul, Sandra Etienne, Maria Guerrero, Denise Bruce, Eva Lorenzana, Gwyneth Bradshaw, Sharon Lawson, Rosy Gelin.

BOYS SOCCER TEAM

1st Place Queens North Div.

Back (1 to r): Steven Kandilas, Telis Kandilas, Hatef Shahipour, Aristotle Waimyri, Humayun Mashriqi, Jose Mendez, Elvis Parkes, Fathan Kristiono, Adrian Blidar, Freddie Tello, Fernando Hurtado, Lloyd Bucknor. Front (1 to r): Daniel Ramosan, Radu Hotinceanu, Omar Martinez, Mark Trott, Coach Frank Perlman, John Russo, Shuhel Suban.

GIRLS TENNIS TEAM



Front 1 to r: Capt. Stacy Temares, Coach Jonathan Jacobs, Jeanine Septh. Back: Itala Ramirez, Dipti Joshi, Kare
Ostrofsky, Vicki Simon, Helen Rozelman, Angela Stewart, Dawnine Septh, Vania Sitruk, Themis Brown.

BOYS TENNIS TEAM

Back l to r: Eric Hartmann, Robert Samet, Evan Laspina, Darwin Lee, Yoon Sue. Front l to r: Ramin Habashzada, Coach Phylli
Lourine, Jacques Ertel.

GIRLS GYMNASTICS

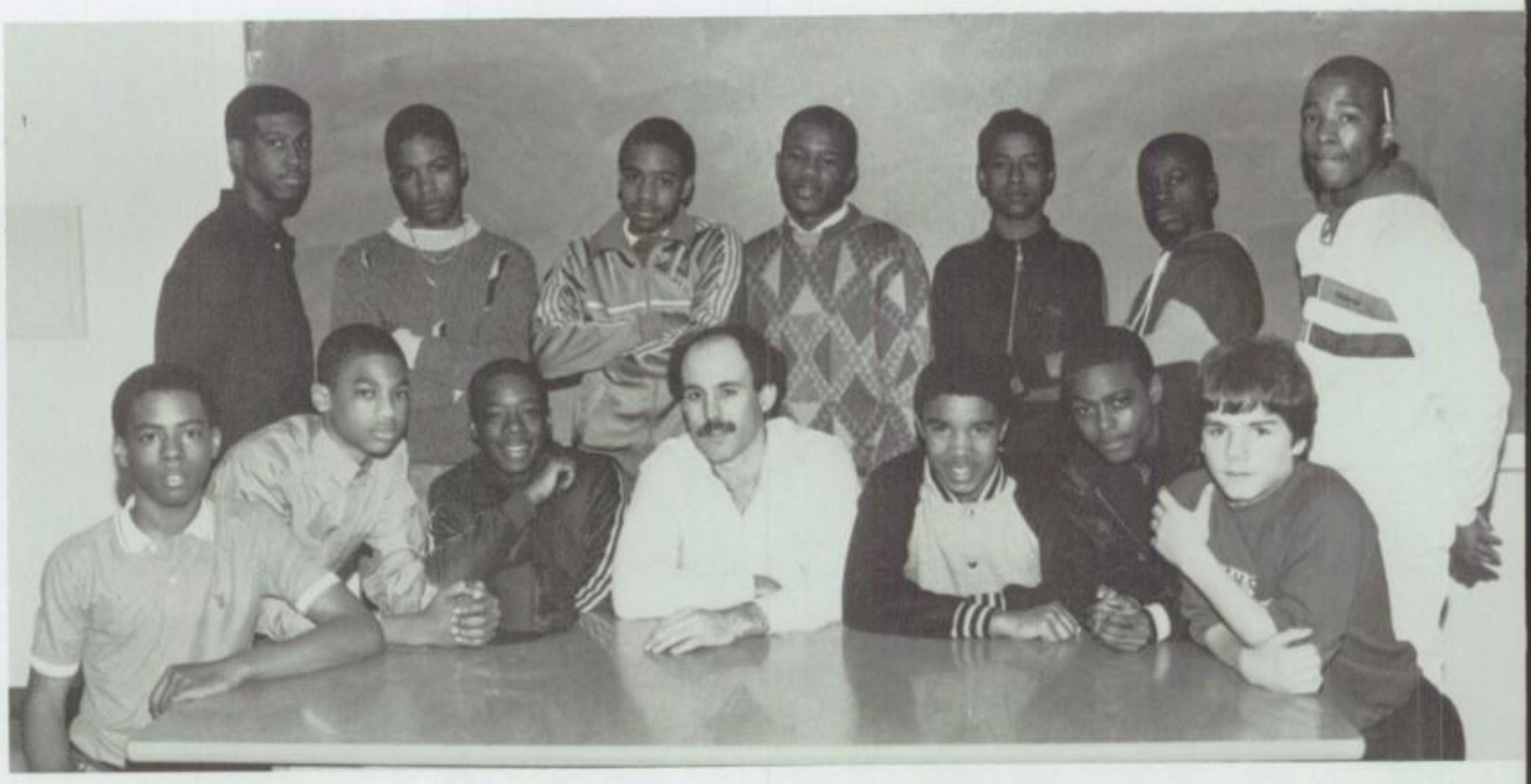
Front (1 to r): Tosha Freeman, Kim Dantzler, Lisa Woods, Zaria Hunt. Middle: Jeanine Mironchuk, Vivian Caldea, Tara Harkins, Susan Detmers, Dianne Lutrell, Jane Hwang, Liza Mena. Last: Lajuene Hubbard, Danielle McNeal, Fatema Meah, Helen Kim, Pascale Maignan, Ligia Monsalvo, Manija Amin, Coach Kevin McDermott.

BOYS GYMNASTICS TEAM

2nd Place Queens Division

Front (1 to r): Harold King, Capt. Mark Berkson, Coach Frank Perlman, Terry Flowers, Frank Kaminski. Back (1 to r): Eric Davis, Jason Kim, Shannon Pinnick, Rolando Caldea, David Lee, Lloyd Bucknor, Tony Aguilar.

J.V. BASKETBALL



Front Row: Malik Favours, Malcolm Milees, Ralph Smalls, Coach Lieberman, Leslie Bourjolly, David Womble, Craig Scheidt. Bac
Row: Henry Perez, Trevor Tipton, Brian Aybar, Randy Dennis, Gary St. Preux, Darryl Dean, Jerome Latimer, missing Dilson Munoz

VOLLEYBALL TEAM

We stand for sportsmanship, teamwork, and victory at any cost. Our motto: 'Tis better to serve than to receive.

Front (1 to r): Capt. Linda Bergman, Coach Rothfeld, Bertha Ku. Middle (1 to r): Laura Adomaitis, Angela Lucchese, Tonya Rodrigue
Rachel Borut, Helen Lee, Sophie Woo, Patricia Flores, Trudy Maloney, Kelly Adams, Yi-ling Lee. Back (1 to r): Tracy Statler, Ay
Sanderson.

GIRLS BOWLING

ront (1 to r): Christine Lee, Coach Lippin, Mary Lou Haley. Back (1 to r): Sun H Lee, Wiletta Williams, Arleen Sandomenico, tacey Benaderet, Victoria LoBello, Gweneth Bradshaw, Elissa Cohen, Angela Stewart, Rose Brion.

BOYS BOWLING

ack (1 to r): Khushwart Mander, George Joa, Willie Yip, Paul Gorel, Leroy Marshall, Harvinder Sahni, Nelson Joa, Darwin ee. Front (1 to r): Gary Louie, Woodley Moy, Coach Phyllis Lourine, Jacques Ertel, Jae Won Hong.

BOOSTERS

First Row 1 to r: Christine Curry (co-captain), Bonita Lee (captain), Michele Jackson (co-captain). Second Row 1 to r: Felicia Boston, Sherrida Davis, Dawnine Septh, Debra Young, Gwen Bynum, Letitia Bankhead. Third Row 1 to r: Cheryl East, Marjorie Dougé, Estrella Grant, Chantice Terrell, Kimberly Gilford. Fourth Row 1 to r: Carmen Davenport, Keisha Davis, Ebony Pino, Tanya Eason, Yahne Mignott, Tracey Jefferson, Lisa Johnson. Pamela Marshall. Not shown: Mr. Nelson Rocha, Lisa Matos.

CHEERLEADERS

First Row 1 to r: Leslie Joseph (co-captain), Michelle Eubanks (captain), Pamela Davis (captain), Deidra Hargraves (co-captain). Second Row 1 to r: Vanessa Robinson, Kendra Wroten. Third Row 1 to r: Natasha Edwards, Angela Archie, Mecca Washington, Tawanna Jackson, Marjorie Dejour, Karen Ostrofsky. Fourth Row 1 to r: Desiree Gaines, Andrea Blackwell, Sonja Haynes, Germinia Cooper, Kim Smalls. Not shown: Mr. Nelson Rocha.

If I Were Principal I Would . . .

Blast the radio on the intercom.

Abolish the first three periods.

Have triple lunch periods.

And limo service for everyone.

And food fights twice a day.

Install a swimming pool on the second floor.

A sauna too.

Chain the teachers to their seats.

Require absence notes and phone calls for teachers.

Order take-out food for everyone.

Make the teachers eat in the Student Cafeteria.

Convert the unused hall lockers to prison cubicles for the cutters.

Ban heavy textbooks.

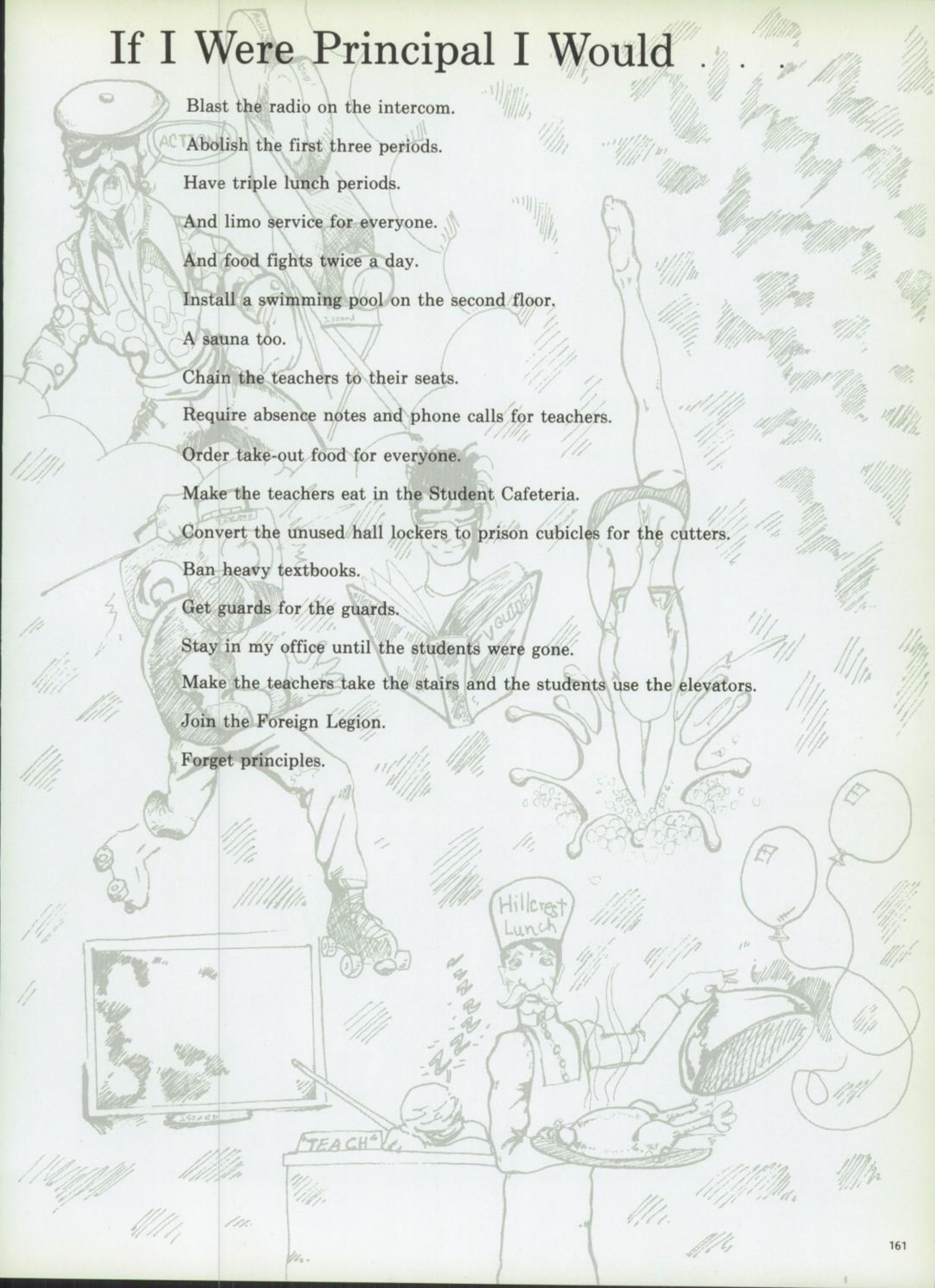
Get guards for the guards.

Stay in my office until the students were gone.

Make the teachers take the stairs and the students use the elevators.

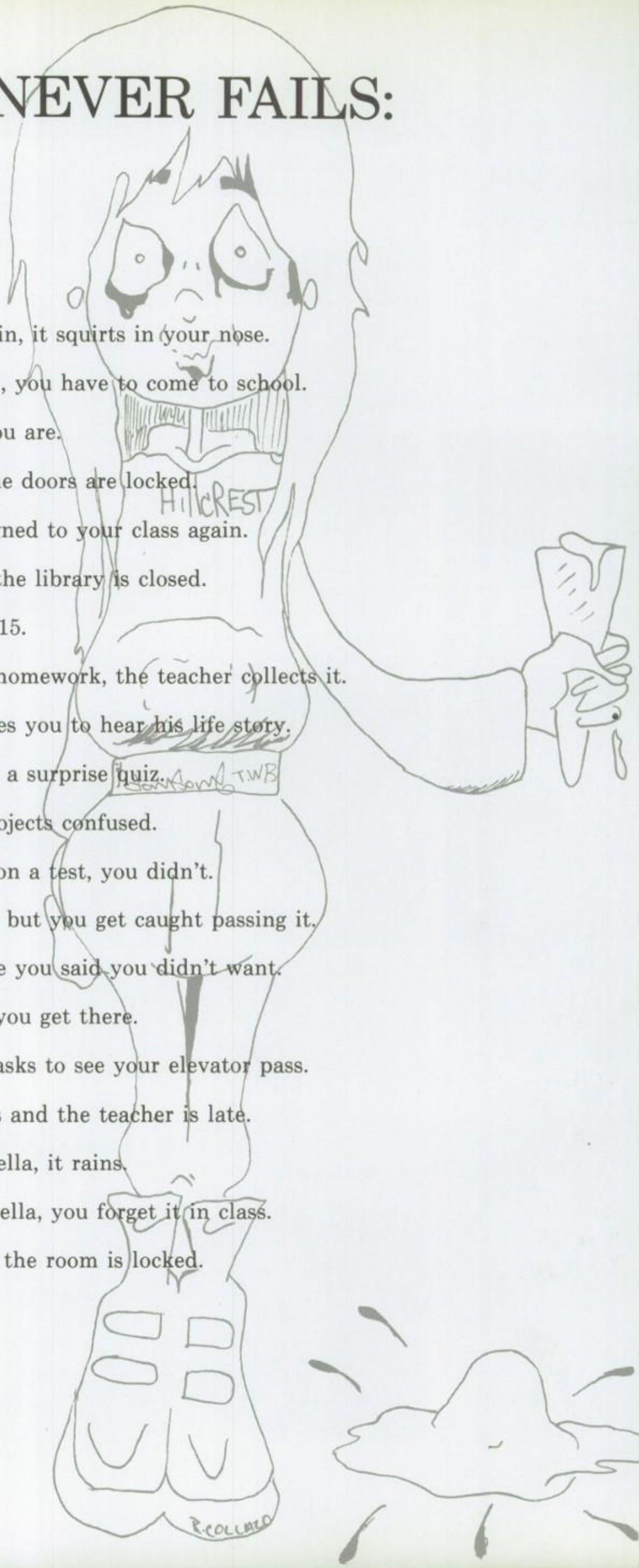
Join the Foreign Legion.

Forget principles.



ANNIE GET YOUR GUN . . .

IT NEVER FAILS:



1. When you drink from the fountain, it squirts in your nose.
2. When the snow is 12 inches deep, you have to come to school.
3. The train is late the same day you are.
4. When you need the bathroom, the doors are locked.
5. The sub who hates you gets assigned to your class again.
6. When you really want to study, the library is closed.
7. A "half day" of school ends at 1:15.
8. The first day you don't do your homework, the teacher collects it.
9. The weirdo on the subway chooses you to hear his life story.
10. The first day you're late, you get a surprise quiz.
11. You get the due dates of your projects confused.
12. When you thought you did well on a test, you didn't.
13. A note goes all around the room, but you get caught passing it.
14. Your counselor gives you a course you said you didn't want.
15. The pretzels are sold out before you get there.
16. There's always one teacher who asks to see your elevator pass.
17. You run to be on time for a class and the teacher is late.
18. When you don't have your umbrella, it rains.
19. The day you do bring your umbrella, you forget it in class.
20. When you go back to look for it, the room is locked.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

DON'T YOU WISH:

1. teachers would buy those excuses?
2. for once they would get your program straight?
3. the water fountains worked?
4. the doors weren't so heavy?
5. you could get through the cafeteria traffic?
6. you knew what the lockers in the hallways were for?
7. the S.O. store was open when you needed it?
8. gym uniforms fit?
9. you could hear those home room announcements?
10. you had two months of school and a ten-month vacation?
11. you knew when the cycle was going to end?
12. those fire drills were real?
13. they'd paint the walls?
14. all the windows had working shades?
15. you hadn't cut class, thinking the teacher was absent?
16. you were friends with the genius who sat next to you in physics?
17. you had taken gym when you should've?
18. teachers would at least pretend you're passing?
19. styles wouldn't change right after you spent all your money on "the latest?"
20. Einstein never existed?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

SOL DONAYRE

LEUNG FUN

ORLANDO GREEN

CHRISTINA KOLBJORNSEN

SAHODRIE LUTCHMAN

NIRVA MAUZOUL

VENUS TERRY

RECORD OF AMERICA
RECORD OF AMERICA
RECORD OF AMERICA

m&m's

HILLCREST
HILLCREST
HILLC H.S.
SENIOR
'86

You know you're in trouble when . . .

You wake up and it's next period.

You ask, "When do we come back from vacation?" and the Dean says, "What do you mean *we*?"

Your pants fall down in jogging class.

Your steady can't remember your name.

Your yearbook portrait is upside down and no one notices.

You call Suicide Prevention and they put you on hold.

You can't remember the combination to your gym locker.

You come home and find your parents have moved.

You can't see the answers of the person in front of you.

You need the pass, but you don't have your program card.

Your mother asks, "Where were you last night?"

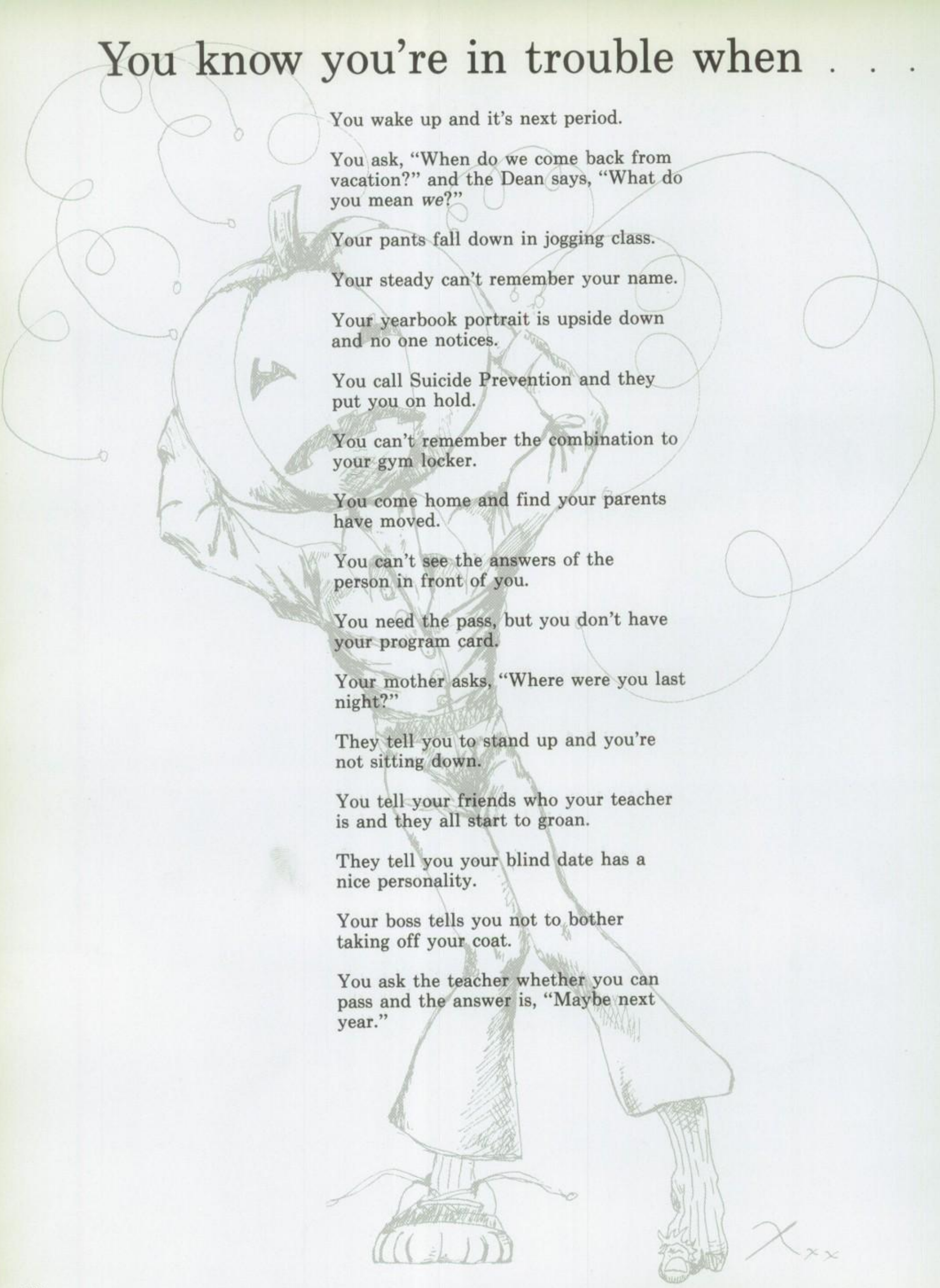
They tell you to stand up and you're not sitting down.

You tell your friends who your teacher is and they all start to groan.

They tell you your blind date has a nice personality.

Your boss tells you not to bother taking off your coat.

You ask the teacher whether you can pass and the answer is, "Maybe next year."



AS WE WERE SAYING . . .

" . . . Such is Life."
Zaria Hunt

"To achieve something, you have to sacrifice something."
Sangita Karim

"Spend your life doing what you must to get the most out of life."
Linda Lew

"Everything is relative."
Dawn Martin

"The future is that time when you'll wish you had done what you aren't doing now."
Pamela Eady
Elizabeth Martinez

"Give the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."
Karine Saint-Cyr

"Nothing is so precious or as lasting as the memory of a smile that cares."
Susan Schroeder

"Pretend that life is champagne and fill my glass again and again."
Arathi Shetty

"The challenges in life have only begun; the road to success is a long and hard one."
Aisha Siddiqi

"I'm young and single and love to mingle."
Scott Silva

"Keep smiling; it makes people wonder what you've been up to."
Richard Solomon

"To make the world a friendly place, one must show it a friendly face."
Kendra Swaby

"A smile takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever."
Stacy Temares

"Be an innovator, not an imitator."
Jacqueline Ward

"The more things change the more they remain the same."
Raquel Webb

"Cherish yesterday, dream of tomorrow, live for today."
Victoria Zabala

"It's not the end but the beginning."
Randolph Alleyne

"It's too good to be true. I have made it to the top of the hill. Success is my name and education is my game."
Denise Baird

"Always be yourself or you will find yourself by yourself."
Grace Bazile

"If you don't believe in you, then who will?"
Debra Bearam

"Nothing lasts forever but the Earth and the Sky."
Mark Berkson

"For every cloud there's a rainbow."
Carmella Cabusas

"A goal is nothing but a dream when one does not strive to reach it."
Carmina Cabusas

"Believe in the magic of your dreams."
Sandra Castillo

"Success comes from hard work."
Wah Kin Cheling

"Times pass and years fly by, but our friendship will never die."
Chris Chesleigh and Susan

"To receive a proper education is the source and root of all goodness."
Michelle Clarke

"To err is human, to forgive is divine."
Cecilia Cruz

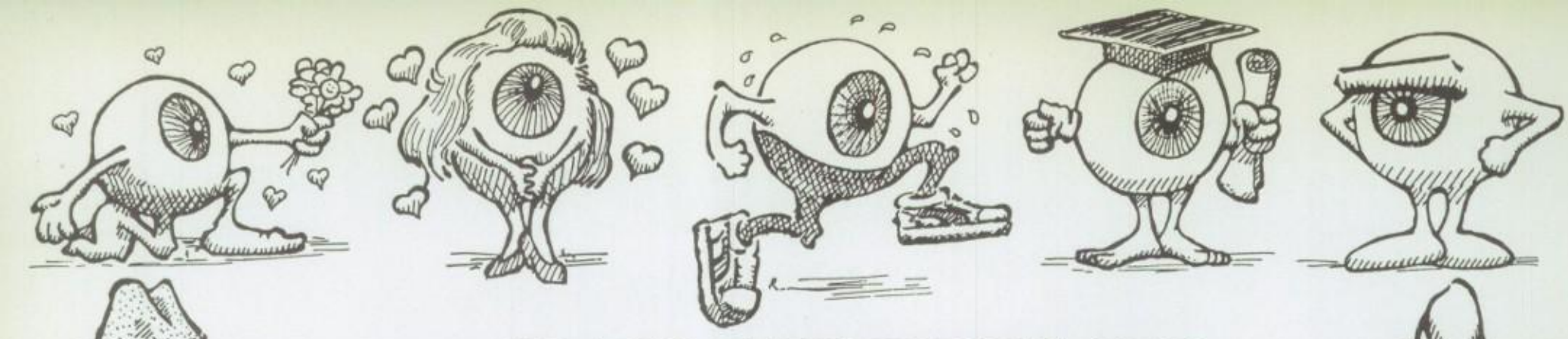
"Smile, Trekkie! Laugh! Love! Peace! Enjoy life!"
Pamela Dong

"I'm so dazed and bewildered, it's a wonder I made it."
Shawne Ferreira

"If all the world is a stage, then we're all props."
Richard Solomon

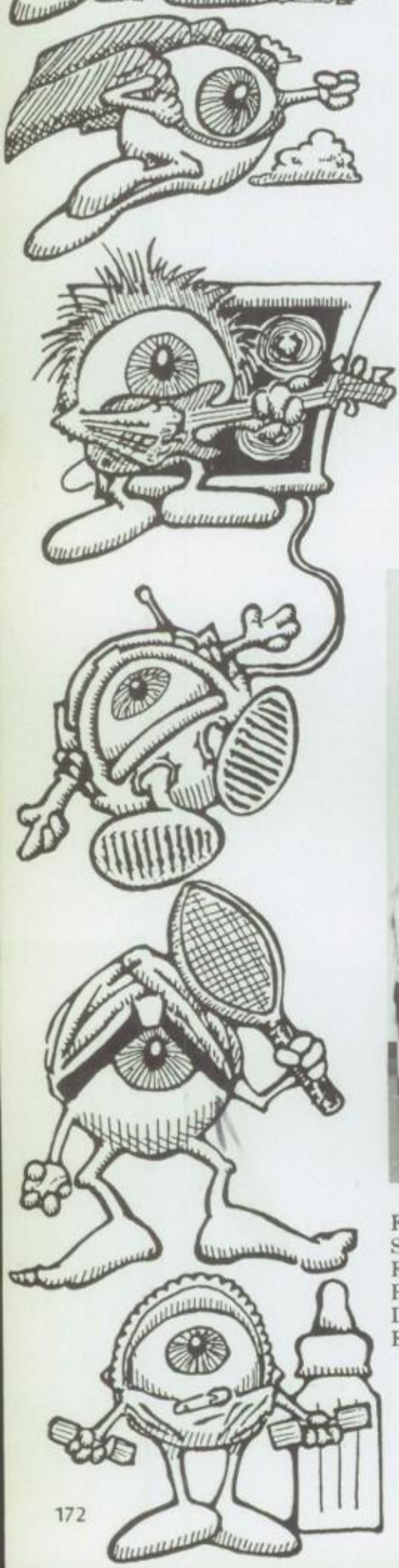
"A dream is just a dream, until you make it real."
Pamela Dong

WE CAN SEE FAR FOR WE ARE STANDING ON
THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS...



CLASS FAVORITES 1986

Class Fashion Plate:	Reuben Dennis	Karen Aflalo
Class Mouth/Comedian:	Frank Anduiza	Anastasia Blanchard
Class Flirt:	Eric Elmore	Danielle Cooper
Most Talented:	Ivan Zabala	Edwardyne Cowan
Most Athletic:	Joe D'Addario	Tresslyn Brown
All-round Nice Guy/Gal:	Derrick Turner	Janet Torres
Class Couple:	Pierre Leonidas	Leslie Joseph
Most Outgoing:	Ron Peters	Stacy Temares
Most Likely to Succeed:	David Lazoff	Danielle Cheek
Class Klutz:	Ron Peters	Arathi Shetty
Most Studious:	Durahn Taylor	Maryam Kamili
Apple Polisher:	Mark Berkson	Karen Aflalo
Prettiest Smile:	Reuben Dennis	Felicia Santana
Prettiest Eyes:	Danny Mulligan	Ursula Brown
Baby Face:	Mike Rosenblum	Florence Pluviose
Class Actor/Actress:	Mark Puchalski	Marie Ford
Class Artist:	Kee Koo	Stacey Benedaret
Class Dancer:	Ivan Zabala	Alicia Alexander
Class Musician:	Kevin Cox	Herma Rene
Class Optimist:	Richard Solomon	Janet Torres
Class Pessimist:	Neal Goldberg	Monique Kramer
Odd Couple:	Richard Solomon	Arathi Shetty



Front Row: Janet Torres, Reuben Dennis, Richard Solomon. Second Row: Arathi Shetti, Maryam Kamali, Monique Kramer, Ursula Browne, Anastasia Blanchard, Florence Pluviose, Leslie Joseph, Pierre Leonidas. Third Row: Karen Aflalo, Mike Rosenblum, Edwardyne Cowan, Stacy Temares, Danielle Cooper, Ivan Zabala, David Lazoff. Fourth Row: Derrick Turner, Frank Anduiza, Ronald Peters, Eric Elmore, Alicia Alexander.

HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL

COOPERATIVE EDUCATION

CLASS OF 86'

CO-OP

GROUP A

ASTILLERO, MAY
BAILEY, KIMBERLY
BARRIOS, MARCOS
BELLINGER, PAMELA
BERRIOS, FAUSTO
BOYD, DEBORAH
CARDONA, LUZ
CARRANZA, GIOCONDA
COX, CHERYL
DARLING, SHERRY
DEAN, SHERRILYN
DOMOND, GIRLAINE
EURY, DORIS
FERNANDES, ROSEMARIE
FERNANDEZ, RAFAEL
GREAVES, DANIEL
HARRY, JANICE
HYMAN, DIANNA
JOBE, RHONDA
JONES, RODNEY
MANIGAULT, ALICIA
MUNOZ, JOSE
NUNES, ALICE
ORTIZ, MARIBEL
PANICCIA, ANN-MARIE
RAFAEL, MIRNA
RODRIGUEZ, DENISE
ROJAN, TINA
SANITA, ROY
SANTOS, CARMEN
SAWH, (DOLLY) OMAWATTIE
SIDDIQI, AISHA
STOVELL, LEAH
VALENZUELA, EDGAR
WYNN, MARLYNA

DERICK WALLER

CO-OP

GROUP B

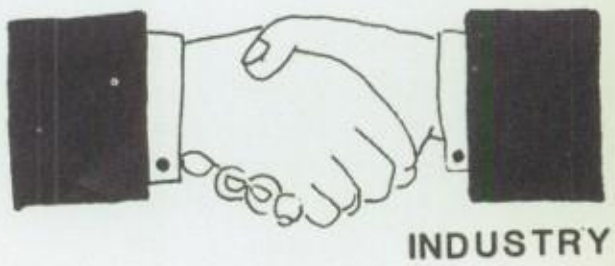
ABNEY, AISHA
ANDERSON, ALPHONSO
BALLETTA, GINA
BENNETT, TERESA
BLOOM, WENDI
CABANE, GINA
CHASKLEY, TASHA
CHIN, STEVEN
COURTS, CRYSTAL
ERWIN, MONIQUE
FUERY, RONALD
GARCIA, DEBORAH
GRILLO, VERONICA
GUERRERO, ROSEMARIE
HAYNES, SONJA
IRBY, KYM
JAMES, ADRIENNE
KEMP, MICHELLE
LABOY, LEONOR
LAWTON, YVETTE
MEDDER, GLADYS
MEJIA, GIOVANNA
MELLS, KATRINA
MORGAN, NADINE
NUNEZ, CANDIDO
OSORIO, MARTHA
PARHAM, DEIDRE
SANTANA, FELICIA
SCOURBY, BARBARA
SMITH, ANTHONY
SUTTON, WILLIANNE
TANG, LILY
TIPPINS, MARNY
ULLOA, INGRID
VILLON, WILSON
WILLIAMS, TECCA
YANDOLI, JACQUELINE
KATZMAN, RON

HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL
HILLCREST
QUEENS, NEW YORK

BUS.-ED DEPT.

B. ANTHONY, COORDINATOR

EDUCATION



INDUSTRY

CHERYL COX, TYPIST

We Love Youse!!!

HANIN AND HORN

Make Us Proud,
Farewell,

OILMAN AND HORN

BOOSTERS

Derrick & Alicia-Calculus was a ball -True Godliness-Luv Ya Edwardyne
Ursula,Steven,Derrick,Alicia,Albie,Tommy And The Entire homeroom Crew-
15 minutes WITH YOU GUYS WAS THE GREATEST-ILOVE YOU!- EDWARDYNE
TO THE ENTIRE CAST OF ANNIE GET YOUR GUN-SHUT UP-Dolly
Zoraida,John,Ursula-You're my buddies& I love You!-Edwardyne
Rachel, The Summer is almost here-Let's make it the best-Love Edwardyne
To Leon my G.H. partner. *Stay Cool!* -Eric
To Tony a.k.a. T-Box. Bust a Beat. -Eric
To Melissa, We've been through a lot *again*. It was fun. Always remember you stay sweet.- Eric
To F.S. I'll be waiting for you to one day call. Hopefully-Eric
To the Seniors OF '86- Chill- Eric
To All the girls who said I was flirt, Call ME!-Eric
To the #1 Braves. You had a great year. We're proud of you.- Eric
To Joe -Ski, Still can't play ball-Eric
To Everyone in the Student Life Center. We had a great time.- Eric
To anyone I forgot. Sorry- Good luck- Eric
To Anastasia,Pamela, Ron,Melissa,Melissa T., Danielle, Marlene & The Cal-Kid-Thanks for being my friends-LOVE YOU!!!!!!- Janet
To everyone in the Student Life Center- Thanks for the !!MEMORIES!!!-Janet
To Monika,JO& Melissa- MY GREATEST FRIENDS EVER- Could'nt have made it without you- FUN,FUN-,FUN IN THE SUN - Love You- Janet
Dear Vicki- Never use a car bumper as a bottle opener !!-Friends- Love,J.T.
Arathi- Your not a Klutz- Your a fabulous friend- Love J.T.
Neal- Where have you been this year? You know I still CARE!xoxoxo- J.T.
Alica & Herma- Two of the most beautiful people I Know & Love-Janet
Mirsada- To the person whose been there through thick and thin-love ya-J.T.
A special loving thanks to my MOM!!! Who was there through the good and bad times & who is the source of strength- Your my BEST FRIEND- Janet
Frank A.- Remember A.P. Ski Trip? SuecitySue! Limbo! The breath of life and new endeavors will tear us from each other but the times we've shared and laughed and cared will always be remembered. L.G.
To Alyson, We'll miss you but, sometimes, you gotta learn to say "What the ----" G.S., T.Y., D.Y., H.D.
Keep it clean, and drive it straight!" "the vehicle maintainance crew" Ron Peters, Sean J., Eric E., Eddie, Eddie, Karl, Doug, Dave Ray, Peter, Joe R., And Mr.S
Lic,Flea, Dani,Erie-Estaran siempre cerca de mi corazon. Con amor y carino. Lissa
Jeff L.H.- Carpe Diem lives! Madame X good bye Jeff William M. Movies, ear blowing, see thru skirts, What a life! I'm going to miss you! Love Melissa
Lic and Kendall! Torpedos and poles, remember?
Dear Stacy- Thanks for the goodtimes, the laughs, the fights and the caring. I Love You-Guy
R.P.- For some strange reason we were closer last year-we stopped keeping in touch this year! Hope it's a different story after graduation. -H.R.
To the class of '86, WE DID IT!!! Thanks y'all for *all* of my days at Hillcrest. I love, and you will all be a part of my memories of Hillcrest. Herma Rene
J.T.- I'm glad we got to be friends-you did a *GREAT* job as "Class Prez.", and an even better job as my comforter. H.R.
Karen O.- Remember the line about the clam and the pearl. You're Great!- Love-Guy
Stacy Jo- You're a great friend, who has been with me always. Love forever-Guy
Frank and Joe- To the best friends a *Guy* could ever have.
I Love You, Denise. xoxoxoxoxoxoxox Iven
To Cal-Kid, Stay cool. I'll luv ya 4 ever! Love, B.B.
To B.B.- You're a real "trip". Thanks for being you. You're the best. Love ya always, Cal-Kid
Rebel Rocker loves "ARMADA". Hope to see a reunion concert soon!!
R.K.- You're the ultimate fox!! Wasn't "HEAVEN" great at L'Amours? Love Adriana
AUDREY-Thanks for 10 years of friendship! I Love You! Adriana
Mike and Melessa- TALK ABOUT A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN!!! Love, Adriana
DIZZY B'S- BOOP AND SPIKE-BEST FRIENDS FOR-

EVER-BRIARWOOD GIRLS RULE!
To Stacy- The Greatest Friend in the Whole World- Love, Karen
J.D.- You're a terrific friend and I love ya!-K.O.
F.A.- You're very special to me and I love ya!-K.O.
B Neptune - Your Clammy loves you!!!!!!
Stacey-Jo:"Let's go surfin' now!!!"-K.O.
Lou- "I'm lovin' this!!!"-K.O.
G.O.- We've had our "tiffs", but through it all I've always loved you, and I always will. You're the greatest!- S.T.
Nerd#1- Well, we wanted a great Senior Year and we had one. Thanks for being the greatest friend ever. Nerd #2
F.A. We're it!!"-S.t.
J.D.- You're very special and I'm gonna miss you lot's- !Luv ya-S.T. !!!!!!!!!!WE'RE NOT NERDS!!!!!!!!!!
Lou and S.J.M.- You guys are terrific. Yeah ... That's it!!!-S.T.&K.O.
Stacey Jo- You rebel you!!! luv ya S.T.
The Baseball Bunch- Thanks for making our senior year so special- S.T.&K.O.
To- J.T, H.R, N.C., I.Z., K.W., R.D., R.P., R.S., N.R., M.E., K.S., J.M., L.F., R.W., S.M., Y.L., S.G., You're precious to me! Brenda
Vivian- Friendship is like beauty- we shine from within- and knowingly we smile Friends forever. Kathy
Hey Herm, You're the first and best I met in Hillcrest Love ya Cal-Kid
Herma Rene- When I met you it was a wonderful experience and I love you for it Love, Dwayne Johnson
Herma Rene- My big sister-in-law. I hope we will be together forever and that all your wishes come true. Love Danny Forbes
Charisse- You'll always be my bestest friend!! Ilove ya. Lou
Stacey-Jo- What can I say except R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A.!! I love you because you do gymnastics ... real good! Lou
Tress- You're a very special person. Thanks for the laughs!Lou#10
Kevin -"I LOVE YA!" I win!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!Mary Lou
Mark- "Have you ever met a metaphor that didn't follow a three "It's a classic and that's why I love you! Lou
Joey- Hey Hero .. I don't know what to say except OFF TO THE CORN-FIELDS WE GO!!! I'll always love you. Lou
The Baseball Bunch - You guys are the best!!! I love you all M.L.
Frank Guy And Stacy- I'll never forget you Cats And Kittens! Love Lou
Dear R.D.II- We've waited together 4 years for this moment and it's here. Now what do we do?-H.R.
K.W.- Thanks for making my last 2 years at Hillcrest memorable! Keep in touch always!!-H.R.
N.R.- I'm sure gonna miss ya and all the times you were there to give me a boost!-H.R.
J.G.- Wish I saw more of you this year. In any case you were always in my heart and always will be! H.R.
R.S.- Of all the people I've met at Hillcrest, you're one that I'll never forget!!-H.R.
S.S.- Ever time I see pickles, I remember you! (It's a compliment)H.R.
D.C.- In rememberance of you, I'LL stop doing and saying insane things that call for "Beep!Beep!" H.R.
A.A.- Like I told you once before, we've been through a lot of things together-but from afar. It's been great being your friend.H.R.
T.F.- Stay as sweet as you are, you'll go far. I'm sure gonna miss ya H.
I.Z.- Thanks for the laughters you brought out of me- I'm gonna miss those days. H.R.
E.G.- I enjoyed our friendship this year. I hope it continues- even after graduation. H.R.
Kathy- Friends Forever, Apart or Together! Love ya Vin
To my good friends: Stacey -Jo, Rus, Jeff, McClain, Rich, Pam, Herma- I met you in the ocean, I'm losing you in the sea. I hope we meet in heaven, where good friends oughta be. Your Amplifier- Ron Peters Jr.
To all my Senior Class Friends- I wish you all the best in the future. Cool Ron Peters
Vivian- Frienship is like beauty- we shine from within. Friends Forever Kathy
Thanks Sylvia for being a friend- Where's your lighter- ?Love Vicki
Thanks Janet T. my co-"Heiny" loving friend. Did you ever find an opener or is it lost forever like everything else this year?Vicki
Arathi- Thanks for all the good times we-"college" students had(HINT). You're a great friend. Love ya, Vicki
Vicki- Try to stay calm and good luck. Arathi
Dear Jan- You're the best S.C. Prez. in the world! I'm glad we've finally made it!- Good Luck! Arathi
R.K. Lusts for metal, but I lust for R.K.SueCitySue and RobCityRob; I'll miss you guysguys! Brapp! Andy
Ivan- You are like a brother to me. I'm glad we became such good fiends. - Ed.
To Alicia- We wish you the best of luck in everything you do. Love Always, Mommy, Daddy, Adrie and George
Suzy Q, Claudia and Miss Piggy, I will never forget the three greatest Years we spent together. Angela
To all the loveable, noisy, pain the ..... in the life center —
What will we do with all the silence now that you are gone?????
We love you - Horn
Thanx 4 your company
Edwardyne and Derrick-I will always remember the fun we had. Calculus really is Godly.
Albie-You are such a sweetheart! Tutti i buoni.
Neal-Call me one day?!? I hope all your dreams come true.
Ivan-I'm sooo embarassed. Sing a spanish song-please?
Richie-Rehersal today?
Herma-You deserve the very best. Oh yeah-*where* do you live?
Rueben-Ms. Jackson indeed. Thanks for everything.
Kendra-Torpeados live on. You are such a sex-machine!
Janet-We got the band!!! Thanks for making my senior year so memorable. You're the greatest.
Maria-Never give up on what you believe is right. You are such a pearl.
Felicia-I'm sure I don't have to worry about you. You are a genuine ruby.
Stefania-You don't have to say a word. Your expressions tell the whole story. You are a true sapphaire.
Marlene-We made it together. But remember-this is just the beginning. You are the clearest emerald.
Melissa-The best. You are the 24k among a sea of gold plated.
Danielle-Remember the quest for canned food? BB2-my lips are sealed. You are the diamond.
Thank you all for making the past four years so great. I will miss you all immensely. With love and gratitude,Alicia C.M. Alexander.

Best Wishes

From

E.R. MOORE CO.

Gerry Fogarty, Representative

Best Wishes

From

CONTINENTAL STUDIOS

"Your Official Photographer"

Congratulations

And

Best Wishes

Class Of 1986

From The

PARENTS ASSOCIATION

OF

HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL

Doug
Take it easy
and try to be
cooler this
year too much
of the Smoke
is not good
for you
Your Pal
Mike

To Doug
You have to be one
of the coolest guys in here.
You hardly do any work but
you still get to where everybody
else is. You have to be cool
to do that.
Joe.

Best Wishes

To The

Class Of 1986

N.R. DRILLING CO.

"Jewelers To Hillcrest High School"

To Doug:
I Love You
as I have always
Love your Father, Mother
+ Brother + Grandmother
Know that Aunt Rose + I
are always there if you need
us. You are very Special -
Love Grandma Don't be afraid to say it
Bobbie + Rose

ALL AUTOGRAPHS WERE WRITTEN FROM 6/16/86 TO 6/27/86 BY BELOVED FRIENDS AND FAMILY: ALL WHO HELD ME IN MY SCHOOL LIFE

Douglas Co. Fanning

6/28/86

Dear Douglas,
I wish you all the luck in the world. Strive for excellence - & aim high
Love ya!
Rhoda James

Best Wishes

From

STEVE GREENLICK

Representing

JOSTENS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING

Dear Honky

To the whites person I know
But your a very good Friend
Best of Luck in ~~dict~~ what ever
you do.

From Ron
849-3610

P.O. Box 95
Douglaston, New York 11362

516-627-2140

PROSPECTUS 86
HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL
SENIOR YEARBOOK

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Senior Editor, Zaria Hunt

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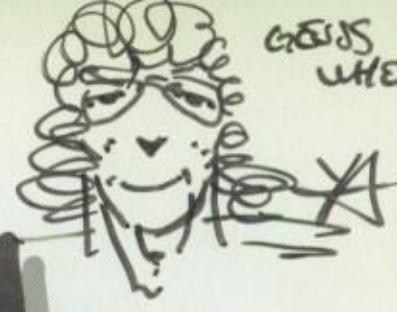


Doug,
It's exciting and fascinating
to have a friend like you. Dan
sorry to miss you. Hope to see you again.
I wish you luck in your future
your friend,
Jim (Dan)

TO DOUG,
IT'S BEEN GREAT
KNOWING YOU AND ALSO
HANGIN' OUT THROUGH GOOD
AND BAD. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF
IN THE FUTURE AND BE SURE TO VISIT.
GOOD LUCK WITH ALL YOU DO IN YOUR LIFE.
KEITH "ACE"

Dear Doug,
We're finally graduating
but I'm only sorry that
we didn't get to know each
other better. I'll always re-
member Mrs. Bryant's class
and you and Dan's wish
you the best of luck in
everything you do. Take care
Have a
Good summer! Love ya
Weeley

To Doug
With best wishes
and good luck in
your college
Stay cool:
Alfred

Dear Doug,
It's been great
getting to know you.
Have a blast out
in the future!
Keep Rockin'
Love always
Gina

TO DOUG,
Good luck in
the future. A little
Something for you
to Remember me
by for those of
us who Party
High
Rock and Roll
Shall never die!
Have a good
Life.
Steve

Autographs

To Danger, Fresh,
Oh shit, you graduated!
Stay cool and good luck
Your friend,
Luis

Dear Doug,
I made it
so you (congrats
I wish ya
of Clock
the best
future. You're
a guy. I'm
I know you.
Love
Alex.

To Doug.
We've run out of
time in Hillcrest. I bet
you've waited a long time
for this moment. Your life has
just begun. I hope that you will
enjoy it as much as possible. I wish
you well in your goals.
your friend
Luis Rayos.

Dear Doug/
Well it's been four
fucking years of Hell.
But we did it. Congrats on
Graduation. (I'm glad we're friends
& (more we'll keep in touch
after Hillcrest. Au revoir
Adios
Louis
Rules.
Metal Forever
Taste my
Power!!

To Doug
I have not known you for
long (thank God) Even though
our times together have been
limited it's been good.
Good Luck Doug
Your friend
Luis Rayos

Autographs

GOOD-BYE
ITS BEEN weird
KEEP Rockin
JASON
SABO

Dear Doug,
Nice TAT. Congrats!!
Im really going to
miss you, so please
dont let me, Keep in touch
It was real fun working
at C-Town with you,
call me
847-4267
Elana

Dear Tattoo,
I haven't really
gotten a chance to know you but
your personality is splendid and
very appealing. Hope your every dream
comes true and hope you find the
woman of your dreams.
Love always
Roz

P.S. Don't get any more
tatoos cause the one on your arm
is nice enough. You don't need
anymore permant marks. Be good!!
and stay happy. xoxoxo
(716)961-6383

Doug-
Best wishes to
wherever you're going.
Be happy because you're
one of the few who made
it out of the N.Y.C. Educational
system.
Richard
Payne

Doug:
Best wishes to you
in your future. Have
a successful life, and
get a lot of chicks
Conrad

Doug.
The Dental Maintenance class was really
wild. I acually passed!! Best of luck in
the future - PS - the tatoo is nasty.
Karl J

Autographs

To Douglas,
Hey man it's been a trip being your friend in Highschool. We had some wild and crazy times. Thank god it's over.
Best luck in the future
your pal,
Ben

DEAR DOUG,
YOU ARE A CRAZY GUY!
I WISH YOU THE BEST
AND WHAT YOU DO
REMEMBER M
REMEMBER E
REMEMBER "ME"
YOUR TRULY
LAURA GILLO

TO Doug,
You might act stupid, but
your still a nice guy
Good Luck
Doug DeSimone

To Doug,
You are indeed
an original.
Good luck.
Philip T. Buell

To Doug,
It's a shame you aren't a Junior,
because next year will be the best of all.
After all, I don't think Mr Shein will miss you.
but I know I am, because without you, Woodshop
won't be that Fun. Well anyway I Wish you the
best of luck in College And don't get crazy.

From: Herold Hay.
(Wood Shop)

Dearest Doogie!

wow! where to start
back in the old days w/m.
marks!? what a last 2 am
going to miss you terribly! keep
in touch Dear! Good Luck!

849-3931
SARAH

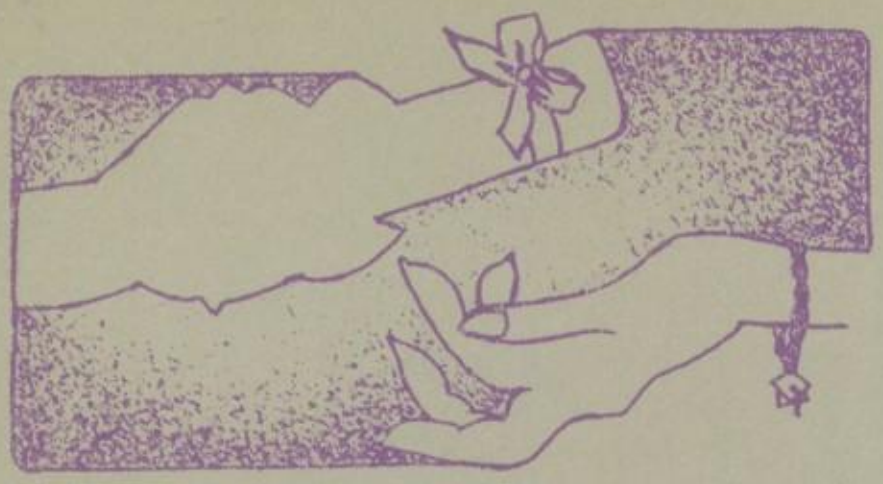
TO A CRAZY KID, "DOUG"
Best Wishes IN YOUR WORLD!
YOUR A SICK GUY, KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
LATER
ERIC

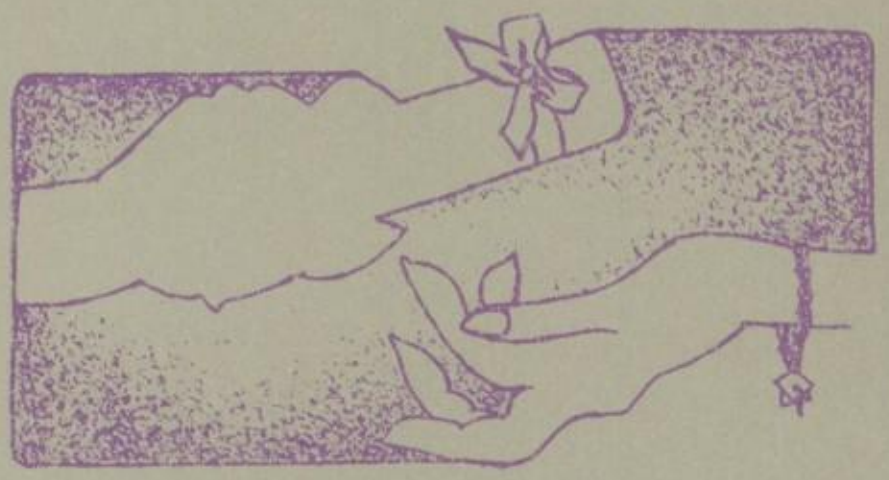
To Doug
Don't try to be a Great Man, Be a Great asshole
Larry

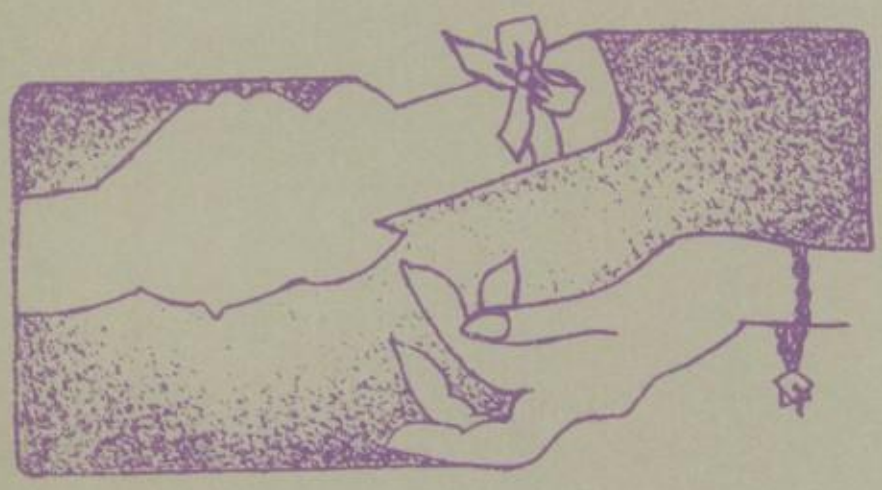
DEAR MOUSIE,
IT MAY BE HARD TO believe but I'M gonna MISS YOU ALOT!
I hope that you come back to visit ME IN this prison NEXT year.
LOVE YA,
CABBY

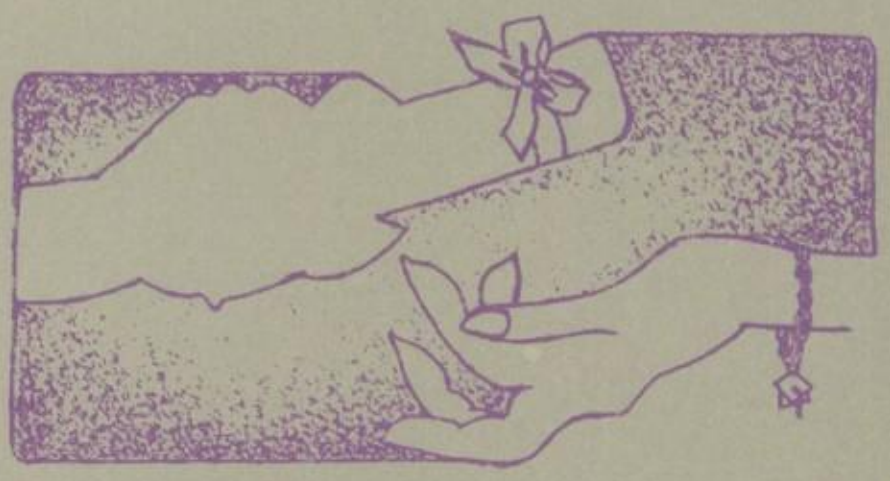
TO Doug,
Sday cool man, I im gonna miss bugging out with you in the English class. Stay chill
"86" Pharoah

Dear Doug,
You're the baggest 3 coolest white boy I ever met. You made English 3 History fun especially dissin' Rebecca. Good luck in Academy of Aeronautics you sure have worked hard to get where you are. come back and visit us. You aren't alone (Super Seniors)
love Kerri P.S. super seniors are fresh!

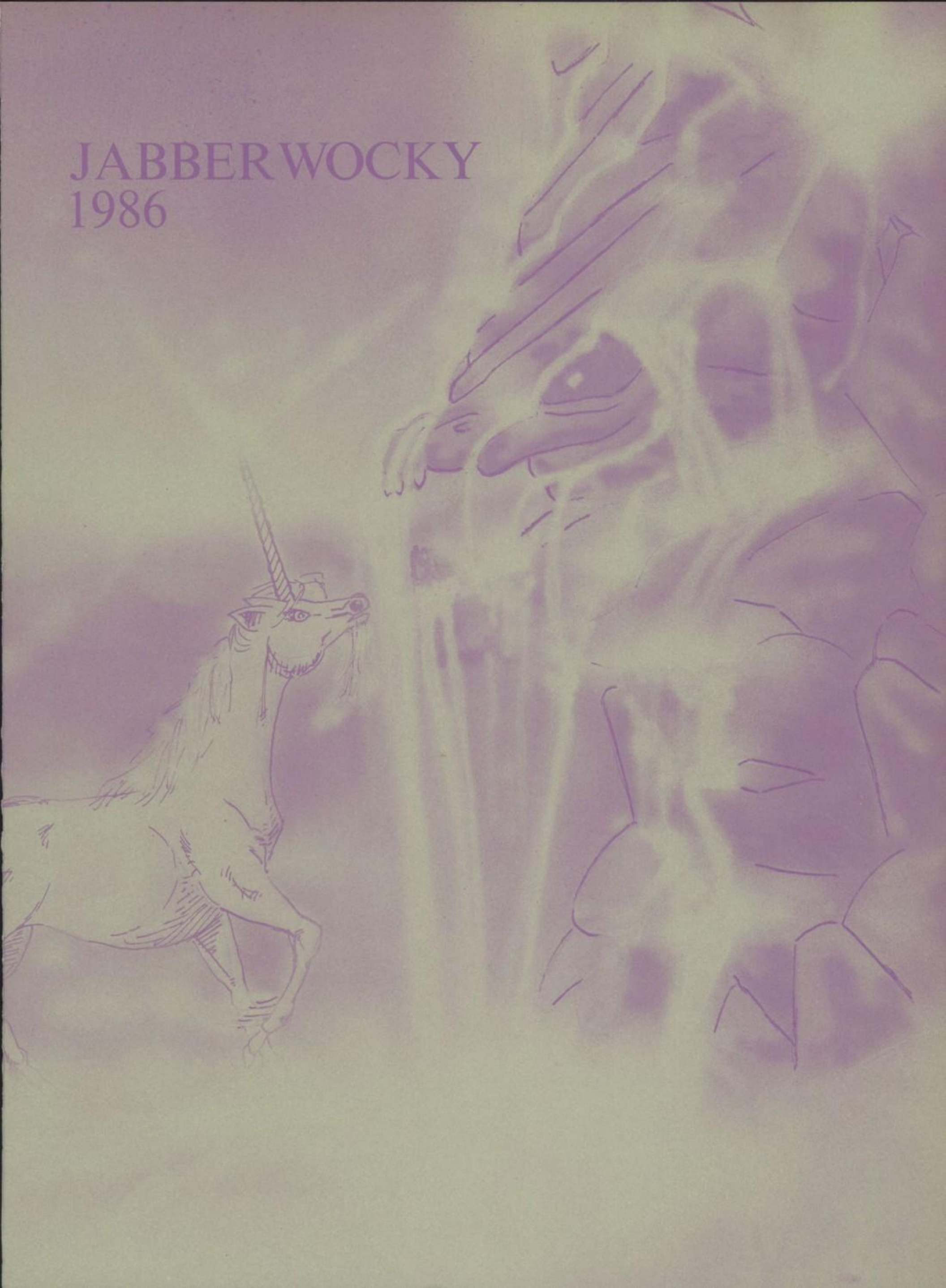


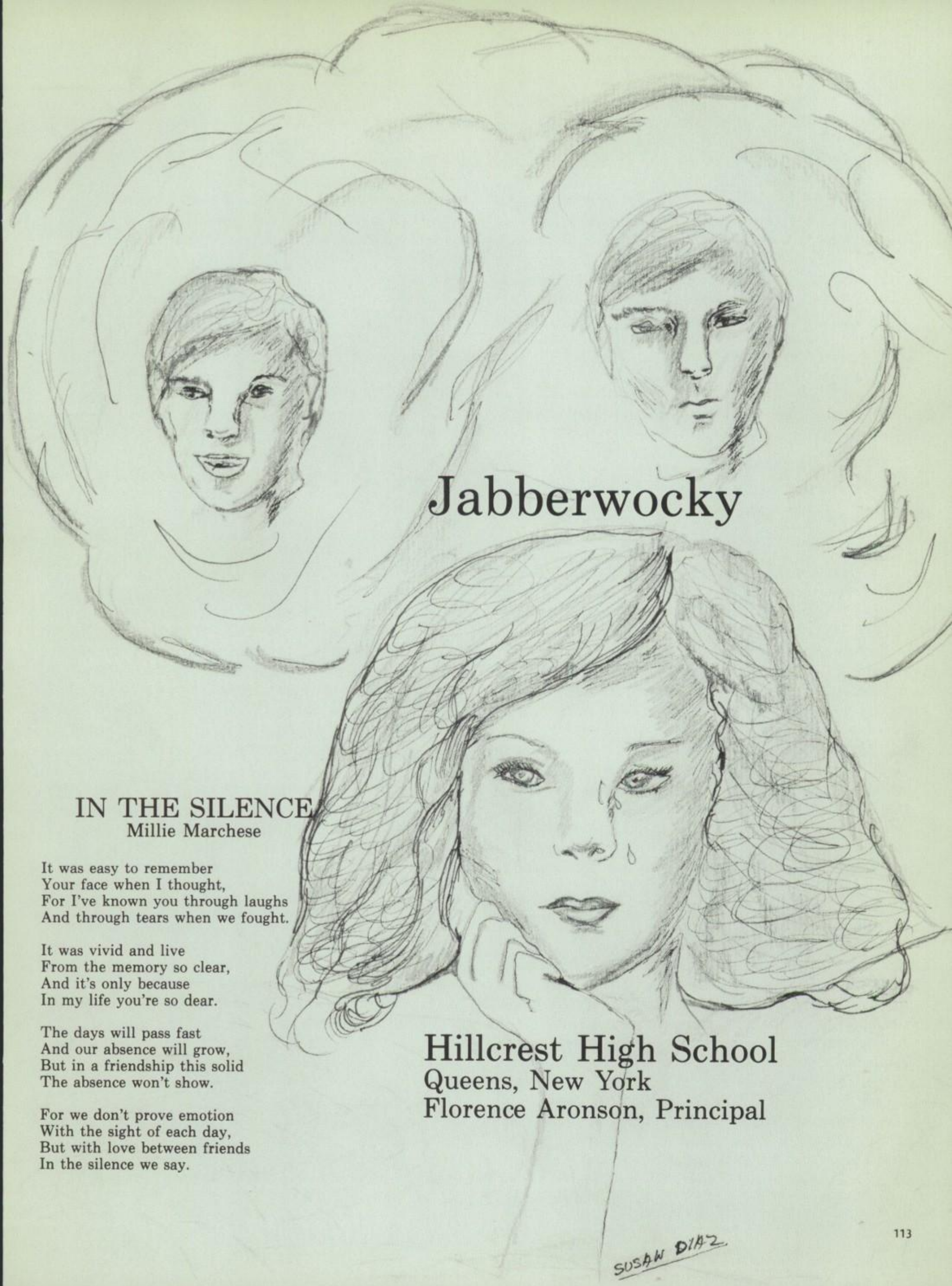






JABBERWOCKY
1986





IN THE SILENCE

Millie Marchese

It was easy to remember
Your face when I thought,
For I've known you through laughs
And through tears when we fought.

It was vivid and live
From the memory so clear,
And it's only because
In my life you're so dear.

The days will pass fast
And our absence will grow,
But in a friendship this solid
The absence won't show.

For we don't prove emotion
With the sight of each day,
But with love between friends
In the silence we say.

Hillcrest High School
Queens, New York
Florence Aronson, Principal

DREAMS

Lesley Feracho

As Elisa sat in her economics class, the voice of her teacher seemed to be fading more and more from her mind, replaced by the tinkling of piano keys beating out Moonlight Sonata. This wasn't the first time her mind had wandered from class to music. It seemed almost inevitable that she'd lose concentration, with such a deadly combination: a boring class and a girl who'd been playing the piano for almost eight years. Elisa pushed back a strand of her straight black hair and readjusted herself in her seat just in time to hear Mr. Eidelman call on Bobby Banks to explain the nation's fiscal policy in times of inflation.

Elisa had been working on the sonata with her music teacher for over a month now. As she went over it in her mind she could hear Mrs. Friegler calling out directions. Commands like, "Rotate those wrists; bring out the melody!" kept repeating in her mind. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the bell marking the end of ninth period. There was a shuffling of seats as students rushed out of class.

"Hey Elisa, you trying out for the talent competition today after school?" shouted Clara, as she walked down the hall.

"Na, don't have any time! I'll see ya tomorrow!" Elisa yelled back.

Just the mention of the word "competition" sent Elisa into a frenzy of excuses. To her, it suggested a catastrophic contest of charisma, character, and most of all confidence. All her years of training and obvious talent were a minor consideration when she thought of having to play in front of all those people. She could never picture herself playing with hundreds of eyes focused on her and hundreds of ears waiting for a wrong note. She laughed to herself saying, "Not me, not a chance in the world," as she opened her front door and stepped in. Elisa ran up the steps and plopped her books and herself down on the bed. Face up, she looked around at all the posters she had collected throughout her years of piano lessons. All of them seemed to be crying out to her: "Go for it! Don't let anything scare you. This is a wonderful world here, just waiting for you." She scanned the pictures of grand pianos, concert pianists and applauding audiences. Then her eyes focused on one poster alone in the corner of her room. She'd almost forgotten about that poster. She'd gotten it in a grab bag at a birthday party years ago. Since it had nothing to do with music, Elisa had thrown it in a corner of the room, but then to please her mother had hung it up. It was a pretty poster, with a picture of mountains and a shimmering lake under a moonlit sky. What caught Elisa's attention today, however, were the words on the poster: "Climb high, climb far, your goal the sky, your aim the star!"

The words seemed to be sending a message especially for Elisa. She knew what she wanted to do with the rest of her life, but she never had the courage to go and show everyone what she could do. Her excuses were, "I don't have the time," or, "There's no competition; most of these people play ten times better than me." Elisa could never bring herself to face the real problem: fear.

That night, Elisa decided to turn in early. All through the afternoon she could think of nothing but the dozens of chances to perform that she had missed because of stage fright and lack of confidence. Despite this, sleep came easily.

Elisa jumped up as the alarm clock gave its final ring. She quickly got dressed, ate breakfast and ran to the corner just in time to catch the bus. The classes seemed to last forever. Time always seemed to slow just when you wanted it to go by quickly. At the end of ninth period Clara asked Elisa, "Did you decide to give the talent competition a try?"

"I sure did. I have my qualifying piece all ready. I'm going to play Moonlight Sonata. I decided that I have to take chances if I want any experience to help my career. I'll see you later," replied Elisa, rushing out the door and down the hall to the auditorium so as not to be late. There were only three other people there besides her: the judges. She sat down at the piano and began to play . . .

She played the final cadence with a sigh of relief, glad that this part was over. The chord was greeted by a silence that only made Elisa more nervous. "Congratulations. Please report back for the semi-final round," echoed in Elisa's head. Before she knew it another performance was over and she was being told that she had made it to the finals — the formal competition!

Elisa felt like she was playing in slow motion. Seated in front of the piano, her palms sweating and giant butterflies in her stomach, Elisa began to play. At the end, all she could hear was the rousing applause of the audience. After what seemed like an eternity, the announcer came to the microphone. "In third place we have . . . " Elisa felt she would collapse in her seat, especially since her name hadn't been mentioned yet.

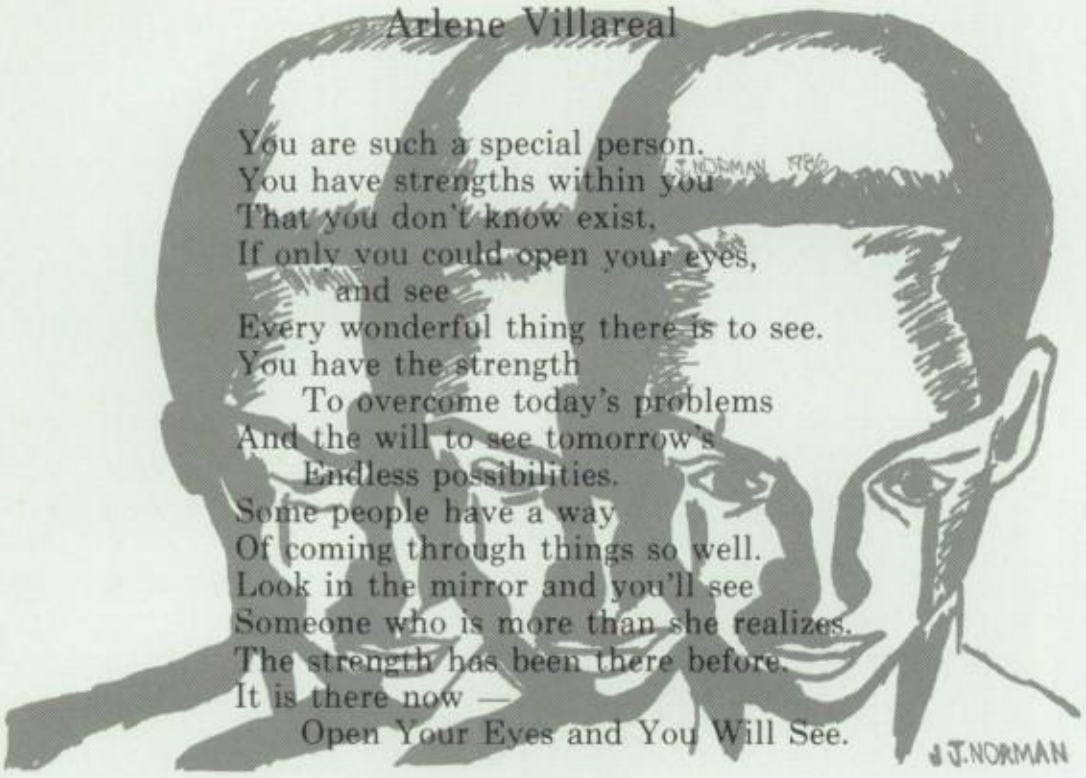
"He's announcing the winner. Well, I guess the experience was worth it," Elisa thought to herself.

The announcer's voice came over the microphone: "And the winner is . . . Miss Elisa Parsons!" It took Elisa a few seconds to realize that her name had been called, but as soon as she did she walked, or rather floated, up the stairs and onto the stage.

As Elisa reached for her trophy, all she could hear was, "Elisa, it's time to get up. You'll be late for school." Elisa jumped up and rushed into the bathroom to get ready. Then she ran downstairs, grabbed Moonlight Sonata and slipped it into her notebook. After a slice of toast and a few sips of orange juice, she dashed off to school.

OPEN YOUR EYES AND YOU WILL SEE

Arlene Villareal



You are such a special person.
You have strengths within you
That you don't know exist,
If only you could open your eyes,
and see
Every wonderful thing there is to see.
You have the strength
To overcome today's problems
And the will to see tomorrow's
Endless possibilities.
Some people have a way
Of coming through things so well.
Look in the mirror and you'll see
Someone who is more than she realizes.
The strength has been there before.
It is there now —
Open Your Eyes and You Will See.

TAKING TIME

Jodi Newman

Taking time
To stop and look
At luminous lights above,
So powerful and bright,
You can't reach up
And touch them,
Or jump and graze one.
Even when one falls,
You can't pick it up
And bring it home
In a red pail.

But you can
Take the time
To lift your head
And look at them
With a smile
And a wish.
Maybe it will come true.
Something so big,
So powerful and bright,
Must have the power
To grant a single wish.

MY MASTER AND I

Reginald Petit

I remember the first day of writing class, my master and I were absolutely filled with excitement and enthusiasm. I felt a rumbling brewing from my stem like there was a great story waiting to be released; that was my ambition, my sole purpose, my dream. I hoped my master would write something extraordinary, something special that would be remembered for a long, long time so that even after I am gone there will be something of me left behind. For you see, time is running out; the precious liquid which keeps me alive and useful is quickly disappearing.

It pains me when my master throws out or dislikes a work, for when he does this a little bit of me dies as well as the work. For writing needs spirit, and the writer is the spirit and life and protector of his work. Writing has great power: it can make someone cry or laugh. It can bring hope, it can inspire. Whoever masters this art shares in its power.

Though I myself am not a writer, my master is, but without me he could not write. My blood is the ink which allows him to transfer his thoughts to words on paper. It does not spill only for me, though I greatly love literature, but for him and for everyone who enjoys and possesses the great love for it that we do.

I hope this class can teach my master to manipulate his thoughts and words so that his art will always be strong. I hope he learns soon! I am down to my last few drops and growing weak. Please Almighty Spirit enlighten him; give him the key, for he is young and has many new and fresh ideas. Please help the teacher to show him what he needs to know. I don't want to die thinking my life was wasted. I want to live forever, and I shall. I know I shall!

DO YOU WANT TO BE A WRITER?

J. Hawley

Do you, pick up a dictionary,
Shake it over a sheet of paper
And hope the words fall into place?
If so you're not a writer.

Do you sit down holding a pencil
Clutching your hair in hope of inspiration?
If so you're not a writer,
You're doing your homework at lunch.
Do you draw pictures on your empty paper
Of what you're trying to say?
If so you're not a writer; you're an artist.

Do you sit down with an empty paper,
Shake a dictionary over it
And get something worthwhile?
If so you're a wanna be writer.

Do you put across an average point
In an elaborate way,
Or make people see things your way
While trying to be sincere?
If so you're a politician.
(But You're Getting There.)

Do you do all of the above-mentioned,
As well as chew on pencils, sweat,
Throw away dozens of sheets of paper
With one word on them?
Or curse just because it's not what you want,
And smile with relief
When you're satisfied and through?
If so you've made it to writer!

(Are you sure that's what you want to be?)

IN PROTEST OF A CLASSIC'S CORRUPTION

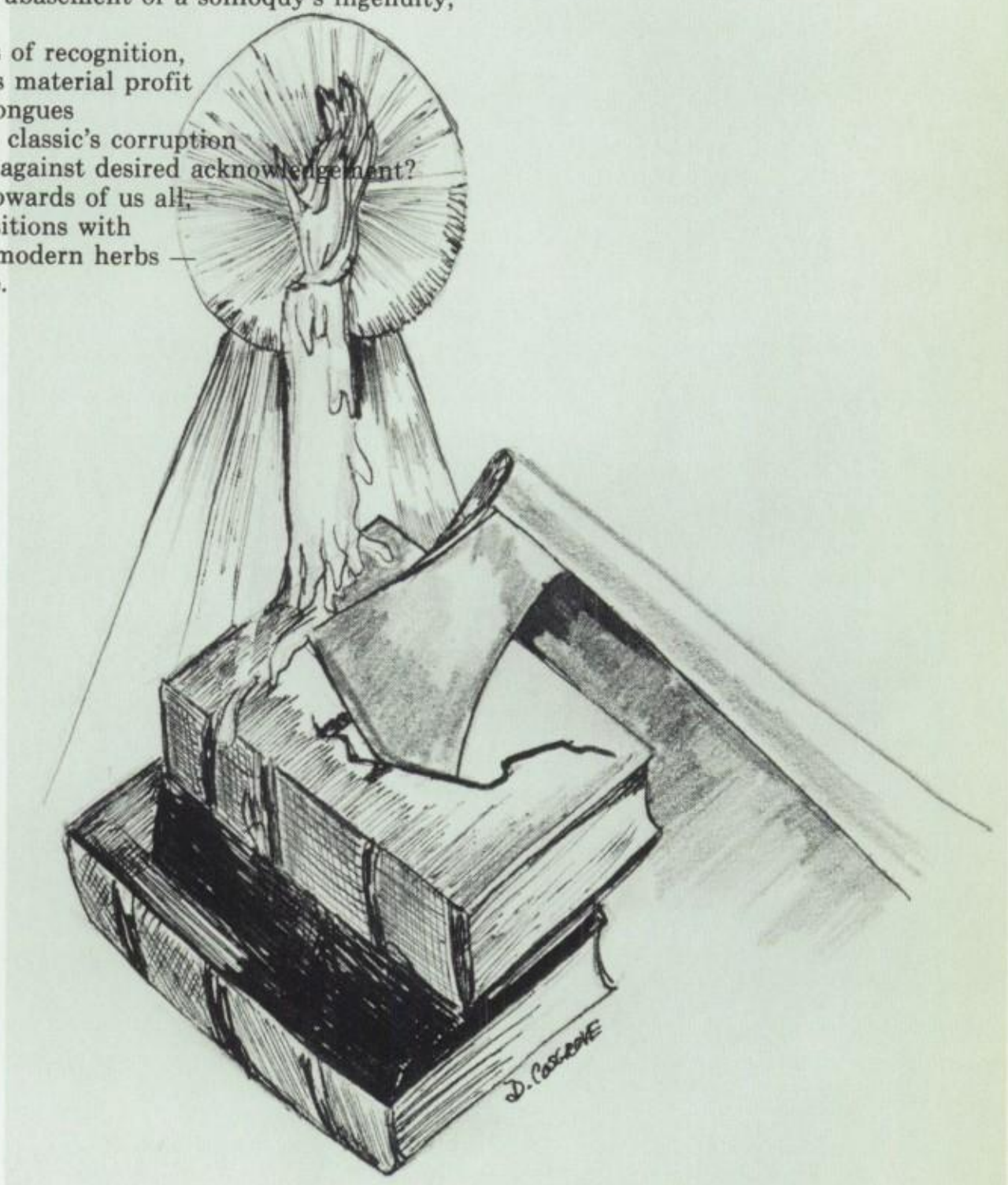
Melodia Queri

To defile or not to defile: that is the question.
Whether 'tis a heinous imposition for modern man
To paraphrase the soliloquies of tragic literature,
To juxtapose familiar elements of contemporary language with classic works,
Discard the words rendered vulgar or obsolete,
And call the accomplishment "Edited."

To amuse, to simplify — and in the process of corruption,
Our literary recognition becomes o'er-swollen, without substance:
It is a hollow gourd haphazardly gathered:
Fully mature in volume, yet bitterly unfit for digestion.

To create an abridged classic
Without sacrificing the language of the original:
Ay, ther's the paradox! For in adopting these timeless workds,
We censor the words — adapt them — to fit the molds of our current values.
There's the respect that grants this desecration such verbose adeptness.

For who would not protest the adulteration of words
To suit the public's omprehension
Or the simplification of plot at the expense of theme;
For who would not protest the abasement of a soliloquy's ingenuity,
The barter of its soul,
But that the ensnaring rewards of recognition,
The mass circulation that reaps material profit
For the "Editor," softens our tongues
And makes us rather tolerate a classic's corruption
Than to falsely preach disdain against desired acknowledgement?
Thus, want of a name makes cowards of us all;
And we dilute flavorful compositions with
Baser matter — o'er spiced in modern herbs —
And lose the name of literature.

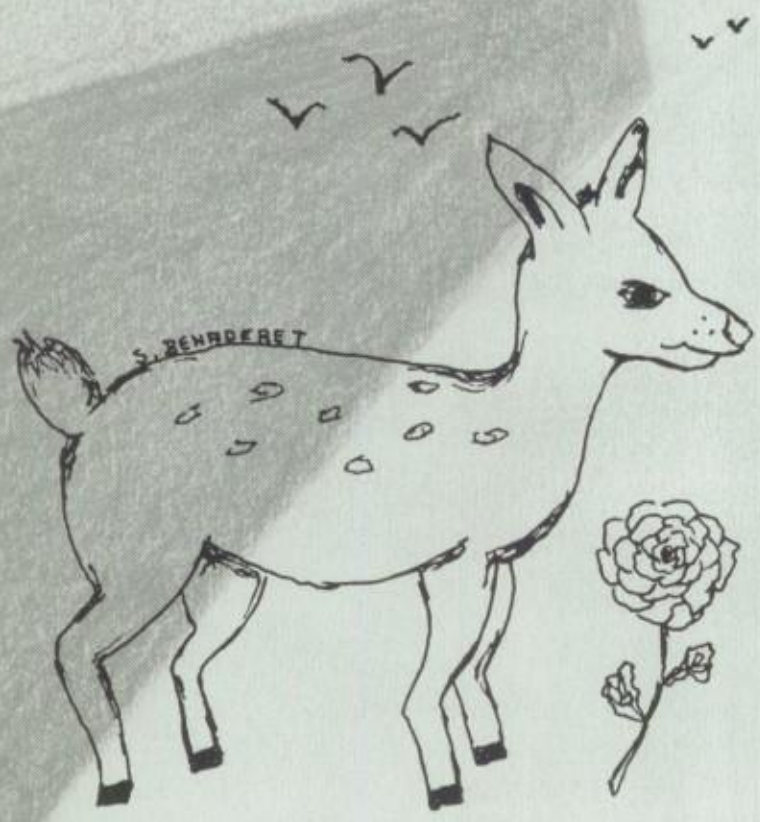


DEPARTURE
Caroline LeFebvre

Close to the doorway, he paused to stand
As he took the class ring from her hand.
All who were waiting did not speak,
As a sweet tear ran down and
Escaped from his cheek.
And in his mind the memories ran,
Of the moments they laughed
In the sun and the sand.
But now her eyes were cold;
He couldn't have her hand to hold.
They watched in awe, as he bent
Very near,
And he whispered, "I love you",
Into her ear.
Then the door opened,
And the wind began to blow,
As they carried her casket
Into the snow.

THE MYSTERY
John Fullard

Did you ever think, what is life truly about?
Is it just starting a family, then waiting to die?
Or is it dreaming, or wishing to fly?
Some might say that it's just a game to play,
While others would say, just live day by day.
I hope you know because I don't;
I hope I realize before time runs out.



LIFE IS . . .
Cheryl Allen

Energetic . . .
As a young deer.
Free . . .
Like the birds.
Fleeting . . .
Like the wind.
Beautiful . . .
As a single red rose.
Endless . . .
As the universe.

VERTIGO

Gami Dadusc

And there she sits upon my bed and stares
At seemingly my wall, but into space.
It's hard for me to see the thoughts she wears
Or know what's the expression on her face.
And would I be surprised if I could know
Exactly what was going on behind
Those shiny, glassy, eerie eyes, so cold?
Might evil be there lurking in her mind?

It seems that as I draw more close, more near,
Demonic dwellings hide behind her eyes.
The more I scrutinize, the more it's clear:
Her features hide the presence of foul lies.
WAIT! Did I just see her twitch, her brows just
sway?
I quickly turn my doll the other way.

WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN OLD

Alex Yagudaev

We should have been born old —
And should have fallen in love with an older woman,
And then have put on engagement rings,
And got younger and younger each year.

We should have been born old —
So that nothing would have been able to astonish us.
But, as we would wonder,
By each step of the day,
We would have come down to our youth.

We should have been born old —
And only then turned into babies.
So we can hug our mothers, being unprotected,
And so that we can't understand anything
In this mad world.

We should have been born old —
To know how it feels to enjoy life.
And then from top to bottom
Acquiring all delights, to DIE, . . .
In presentiment of birth.

ISRAEL IN REVIEW

Lane Alston

"No this is not my luggage!" I didn't intend to communicate the stereotypical brash and arrogant attitude mistakenly attributed to all New Yorkers; I was just defending my masculinity. Surely any other male would do the same if he found himself carrying two hot-pink suitcases through the bustling crowd of the TWA Domestic Terminal in Kennedy Airport. I had offered to carry this easily distinguishable luggage for one of my fellow exchange students who had just arrived from Atlanta (a girl, in case anyone wonders). She was just one of forty-four students from ten cities across America with whom I would live in Israel for one month. I inhaled deeply as I pondered the unforeseeable adventure yet to come.

Somehow we managed to cram everyone's baggage into a bus which transported us to our three-day interim residence at the Hotel Empire in Manhattan. There we would become acquainted with one another, because for many subsequent days we would have to share with and depend upon another — like a "family" — as it is frequently said. As I watched my roommate Bryan bop around the room mesmerized by the sounds of the rock group Rush, as I came to recognize my friend Lee's sunglasses to be an inseparable extension of his genuinely ultra-cool character, as I observed those unique qualities which differentiated each of these people from the rest of the group, I knew that our time together was bound to be special.

It was. I accrued a lifetime of memories in but a fraction of that period. I remember watching my crazy Israeli "brother" Moti perform the rap music classic "Roxanne, Roxanne" on the beach of the city of Bat-Yam against the background of a yellowish-magenta sunset. I remember a pious priest generously offering me a flask of holy oil from a briefcase for a meager five dollars at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. I remember my friend Sonya from Chicago (who was mistaken for an Ethiopian ten times) singing virtually every Baptist spiritual ever composed as I held her hand

while we descended the frighteningly steep snake path from the ancient fortress of Masada. Memories.

Then, of course, there were the amusing experiences. I suppose my particular favorite was when two young Israelis approached me on the street in Jerusalem and asked, "You . . . breakdance?"

"What?" I responded curiously.

"You breakdance?" one repeated.

"Why?" I inquired.

They pointed to my sneakers which had the identifying "fat" laces of a breakdancer. They automatically assumed I was from New York. "No," I said. "I'm from Montana."

"You know rap music?" was the next question.

"No," I replied. The two youths were astonished. "You know," they began, "Run-D.M.C. Fat Boys ..."

"Who?" I frowned in complete ignorance. I did admit to being familiar with Shakepeare, however.

"Who?" they frowned in complete ignorance.

"You know," I began. "*Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth . . .*" I proceeded to recite the first few lines of *Richard III*. They looked at one another questioningly, shrugged and bade me goodbye. Memories.

Now I'm back in America. People are curious as to what I have learned. I tell them a hundred things and I never finish. I cover everything from bathrooms with one room for a toilet and another for the shower and sink to the diverse Israeli opinions on the ideologies of Rabbi Meir Kahane, to the conflicts between Arabs and orthodox and non-orthodox Jews. A lifetime of memories, a new perspective on the society beyond my immediate world, and new and invaluable friendships between the Holy Land and the United States — they are what I have gained and will hold forever.

MY WORLD
Charlene Oliver

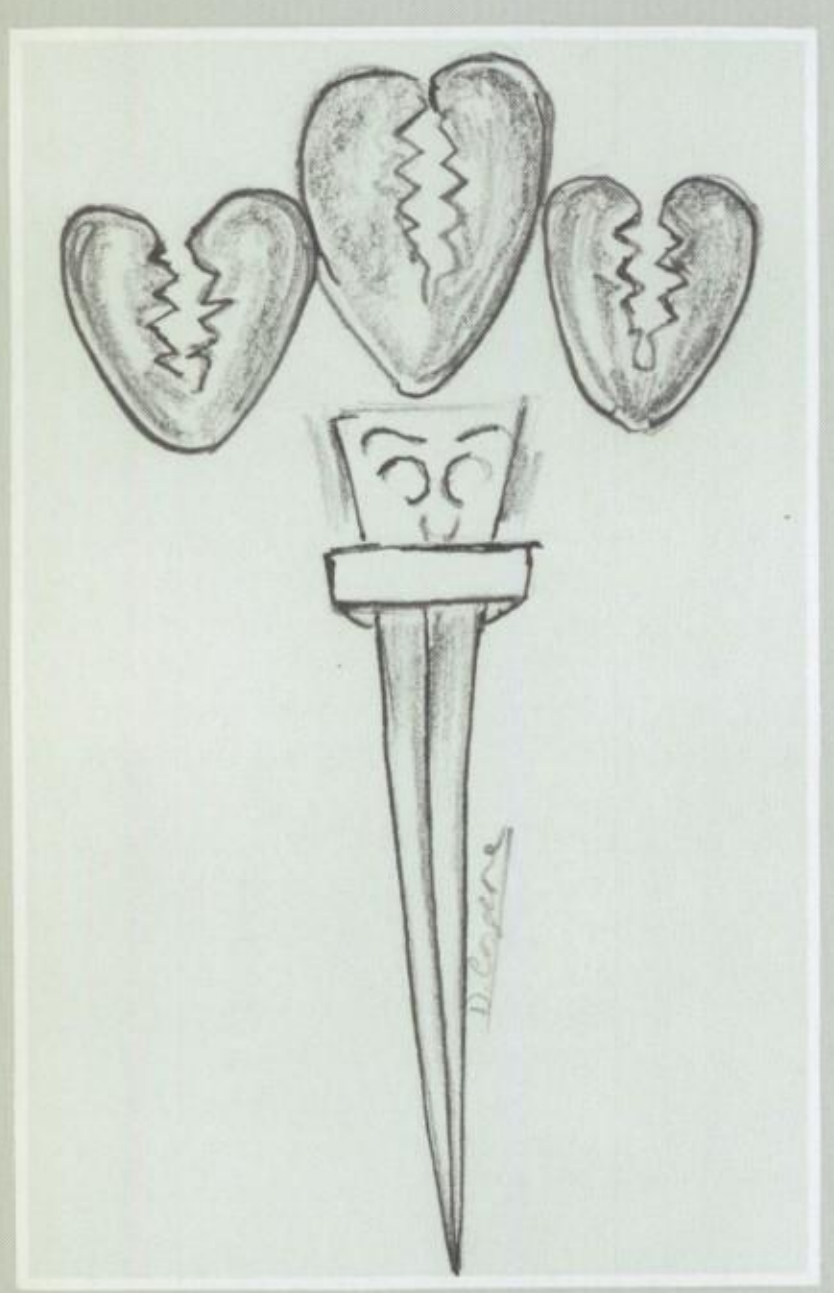
I saw the sun in your eyes.
I saw the beauty of the world
When you were by my side.
Now that you have gone
My nights have grown long
And my world has become a cold, dark
place.
But I know my sun will rise,
My world will become warm again
If your hand touches mine.

IT WASN'T YESTERDAY
Andrea Marcus

Where does all the time go?
I remember playing hopscotch in the park,
Learning how to ride my bicycle,
Going on vacations as a family.

I know that some families separate.
Who thought it would happen to mine?
I thought we were so happy.
It all seems like yesterday.

But it wasn't yesterday.



SOMETHING IN YOUR EYES
Nancy Lee Lawlor

A mellowed-out kind of sadness
That has no place to go,
A raging deep within me
Of affection I can't show.

From tears to simple conversation,
One extreme to another.
You broke an important bond,
Not a friend but lover.

There's still a hope inside me;
I want to have you back.
I see something in your eyes,
Yet something I still lack.

The tears are still inside me
But nothing left to say.
I want all you can give;
Tell me there's a way.

I know I'm lying to myself,
But it feels so good to me
To live with the false hope
Of another chance at "we."

IMAGES
Jodi Newman

Images of you
fade in and out
behind a glass door.
I can't get in;
you won't let me.
I can see you,
barely,
but I can't hear.
You are smiling
as you watch me try.

Well, even though
I don't understand,
I've learned to accept,
so when you're ready
to open the door,
just do it and I'll be there.

Until then
I'll watch your
image
fading in and out.

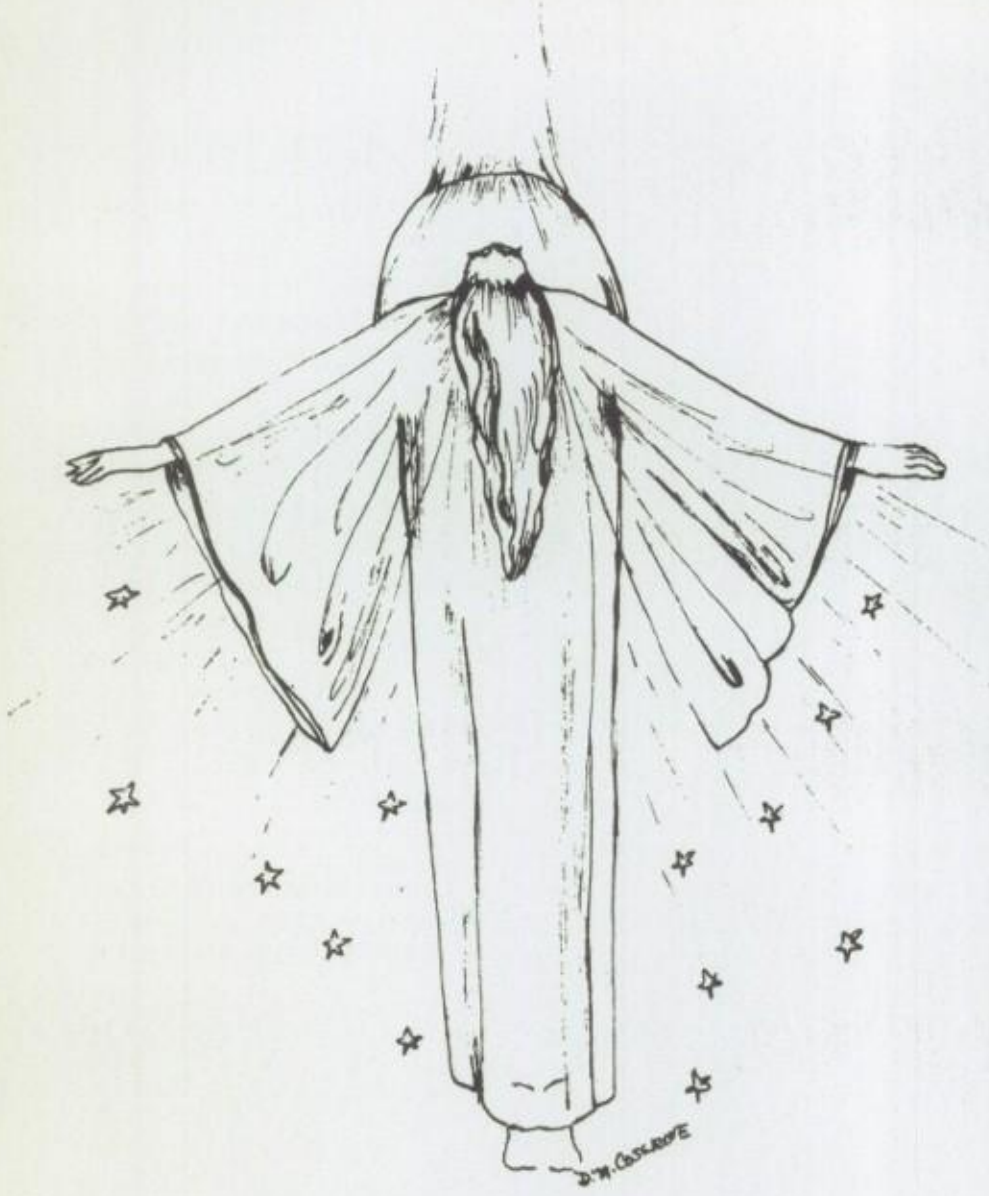
DOUBT
Nancy Lee Lawlor

When was the last time
You really understood
Exactly who you were
In any given situation?
Do you really relate
To your very best friend?
Does talking things out
Ever accomplish anything more
Than spreading gossip?

But I have so many doubts
In my life right now.
I doubt everyone
Especially myself.
Who to trust?
Who to talk to?
I want to hold you,
But you
Are what I doubt the most!

WHAT REALLY MATTERS
Nancy Lee Lawlor

Blue eyes
So divine.
I don't care
Mine are brown.
Brown is deeper
Than ever blue
Could be.
Hers are blue,
Mine are brown
Hers is blond,
Mine is brown.
She's divine.
I'm just there.
She flies,
I stroll.
She loves many —
I love you.
Isn't that
What really matters?



IMMORTALITY

Bradley E. Fogel

Why think we all that death will ne'er arrive,
And yet, we shall not live for much time more?
Eternal life is that for which we strive,
Although such heights I know we'll never soar!
Would this perhaps upset some godly plan,
Undo all that He has done on earth?
Could not it still destroy the race of man,
And turn us to a horde devoid of mirth,
Where life eternal rots to endless bore,
That leaves us empty loves and callous kin?
Would days forever come to mean no more
Than years of hardship, strife and lonely sin?
No! Life eternal must be start of all,
Of God's complete forgiveness of man's fall.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Christopher Chesleigh

I've tried to convince them for days now. The final day has come. There has never been and there never will be a day past October 19, 1989. They've mocked me. They've ridiculed me. They've called me insane. "Just another nut blabbering about the end of the world." BAH! I've strived my hardest today, but they've ignored me as always.

I've warned them time and time again, that sometime tonight, all life will end, and as the night trudges around the world, life will end there too. Twenty-four hours and all of man and his creations wiped off this earth. I devoted my last days of life, to keep history from its close. To save mankind when I could have been doing all the things I always wanted to. Why? Because I don't want to be the only survivor. I'd be too lonely.

Strolling through the streets, I found the answer to my prayer. She was obviously a runaway. I aimed to convince her for hours. I think her desperate need for love and attention helped her believe me. As dusk came upon us, I led her to my shelter under an old project which was stocked with various canned goods, survival books and a complete version of the 1989 Encyclopedia Brittanica.

She asked me how I came by the knowledge of this disaster. I couldn't say that it was revealed to me in a dream. I needed some scientific mumbo-jumbo to convince her that it was true. She fell onto my cot from exhaustion, mumbling some garbled words, then fell asleep. I wondered if she really believed me, and I peacefully rested my eyes and fell into a deep sleep. I didn't dream my usual dream of tragedy; instead I dreamed of the hills, the valleys and the beautiful animals.

She must have believed me because when I awakened, she lay in the grass beside me. We were both naked, in a beautiful valley with trees and plants and animals. Just like my dream! All my stored food and books were gone. All the buildings and streets had disappeared. All of mankind, except for us, wiped off this earth. I called to wake her and I realized I didn't know her name.

"What's your name?"

"Eve, what's yours?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

WHY WE MUST HAVE PEACE IN THE WORLD

Maryam Kamali

Peace is the key to friendship around the world. It is a word that inspires people of all nations to join hands and reach out to each other. It is our hope for a better future in an improved society.

The dictionary defines peace as calm or repose, and freedom from war or hostilities, but peace is also a state of being within a person. We all have this ideal of being at peace with ourselves, of enjoying life, accepting ourselves the way we are, and being content with the world we live in. Peace of mind and soul is the most important quality, for once we are at peace with ourselves, we are at peace with the world. Unfortunately, we find today that the world isn't at peace with itself.

Each of us has goals, has the desire to succeed in life. We strive to better ourselves, our lives, and our world. When war breaks out, when killing and fighting start, they destroy all our dreams and hopes for the future. We have to start all over again what took years and years to accomplish. What can we do to prevent this dreaded situation and preserve all our dreams? There's a word that is the perfect solution, a word that we should all respect and honor: PEACE. But we have to do more than just recognize it as a solution. We must work at making it happen.

And yet, peace is a paradox because we often use it as the excuse for war: "A war to end all wars." If we knew how to achieve true peace, we wouldn't have to fight for it.

The question then arises: how can we achieve peace? How can we insure worldwide peace or inner peace of the mind? Idealistic as it may seem, it can be achieved. There will always exist evil in the world beside the good, but our goal will be to reduce the evil and prevent it from spreading. Education is one important step in understanding one another and the world we live in. With education we will learn about past mistakes, realize what harm wars cause, and move toward the right path. There will always be people whose aggressive behavior will cause fighting and hatred, but our goal will be to train them to use other, less harmful, outlets for their aggressiveness.

Instead of fighting and killing each other, instead of bringing about destruction, let's learn to communicate and understand each other. Let's strive to help one another and live for the day when we can all sit down around the same table, put aside our differences and cooperate with each other. Once we've learned to wave the white flag of peace, to accept our "enemies" as friends, we can then solve any problems that arise, without destruction or terror. We can compromise, each giving in a little to gain a little. We can learn to live side by side despite our differences. The world we live in is a world of variety: people of different races and cultures, all living in a melting pot where each neighbor is different from the other. Why not learn from each other, enjoy the variety of our world, and accept our differences for what they are?

There's no question that the pen is more powerful than the sword in making peace. How many countries have been shattered because of war? How many innocent people have died? Woodrow Wilson was right when he said, "The next war will be the war to end all wars," because in this age the next world war will find itself with no world left! Negotiations may not seem as powerful as fast action, but in the long run wars cost more both physically and emotionally. We often fail to acknowledge that many wars did not take place due to negotiations — words that were more penetrating than gunshots.

Our goal is peace. It has been ever since man's first war. We've known this goal for years, but it's about time we REALLY strove to reach it.

Peace remains the golden key to a brighter future.

NEVER CLOSE ENOUGH

Nancy Lee Lawlor

Close enough to touch
But never close enough to love.
This is the story of my life,
Dictated to me by broken feelings
And a sorrowful heart.

My mother held me
At arm's length;
Her mind was on other things.
She was crucial in my life
But was never a part.

What relationship
Would ever come my way?
I was a girl with a woman's heart.
I was complexity and strategy
Psyching out emotions.

Was understanding
How people felt
good enough for someone
Who couldn't feel?
I had to know for sure.

The love of my life
Was carefully planned,
Orchestrated, timed, and scheduled.
He was nice, I was distant,
Both of us were bored.

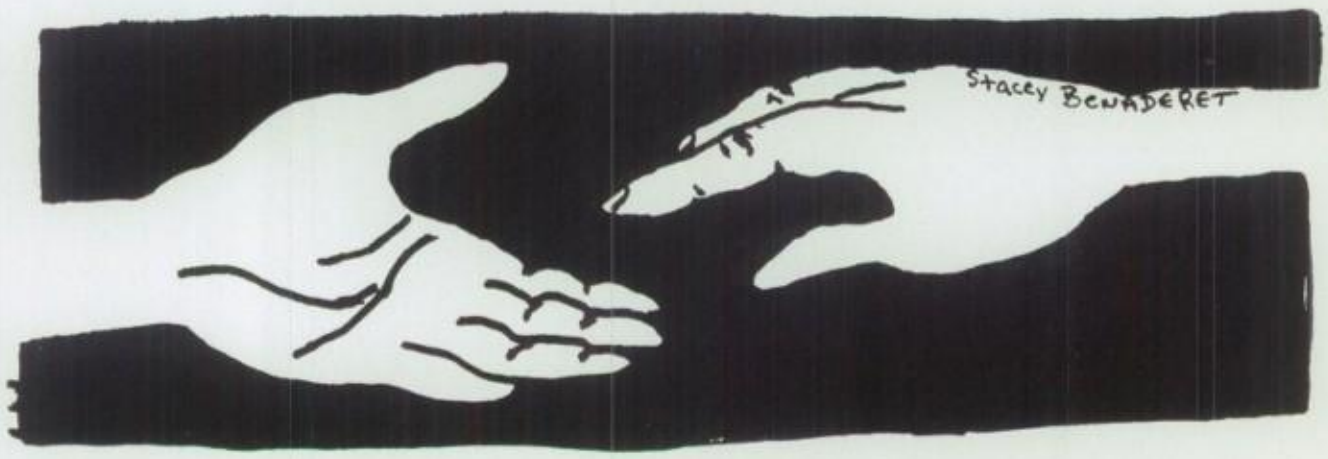
Close enough to touch
But never close enough to love,
I accept my curse.
If only, just once, someone
Would reach out his hand.

SONNET

Song Won Chon

In almost every love -related verse,
The many famous poets used to say,
To idolize a woman was a curse
And man should never give his heart away.
Yet why do men who fall for womankind
Perceive in life the beauties rarely seen?
And why do those that love's found ways to
bind,
In ancient life see youth that's fresh and green?

I ask you still what good it does to hear
A poet's version of a love forlorn,
When half the time they've never shed a tear
Because they've chanced to love or mourn.
Go out yourselves into the world and ask
In which of these two theories lovers bask.



YOUR WILDEST FANTASY

Jodi Newman

Along the sky,
There are some stars,
Some big twinkling stars,
That brighten up our nights

I've been to those stars,
I really have.
They called to me
And I obeyed.

I was led through our galaxy,
And I noticed something very strange:
Space is not all lit up.
It's very cold and very dark.

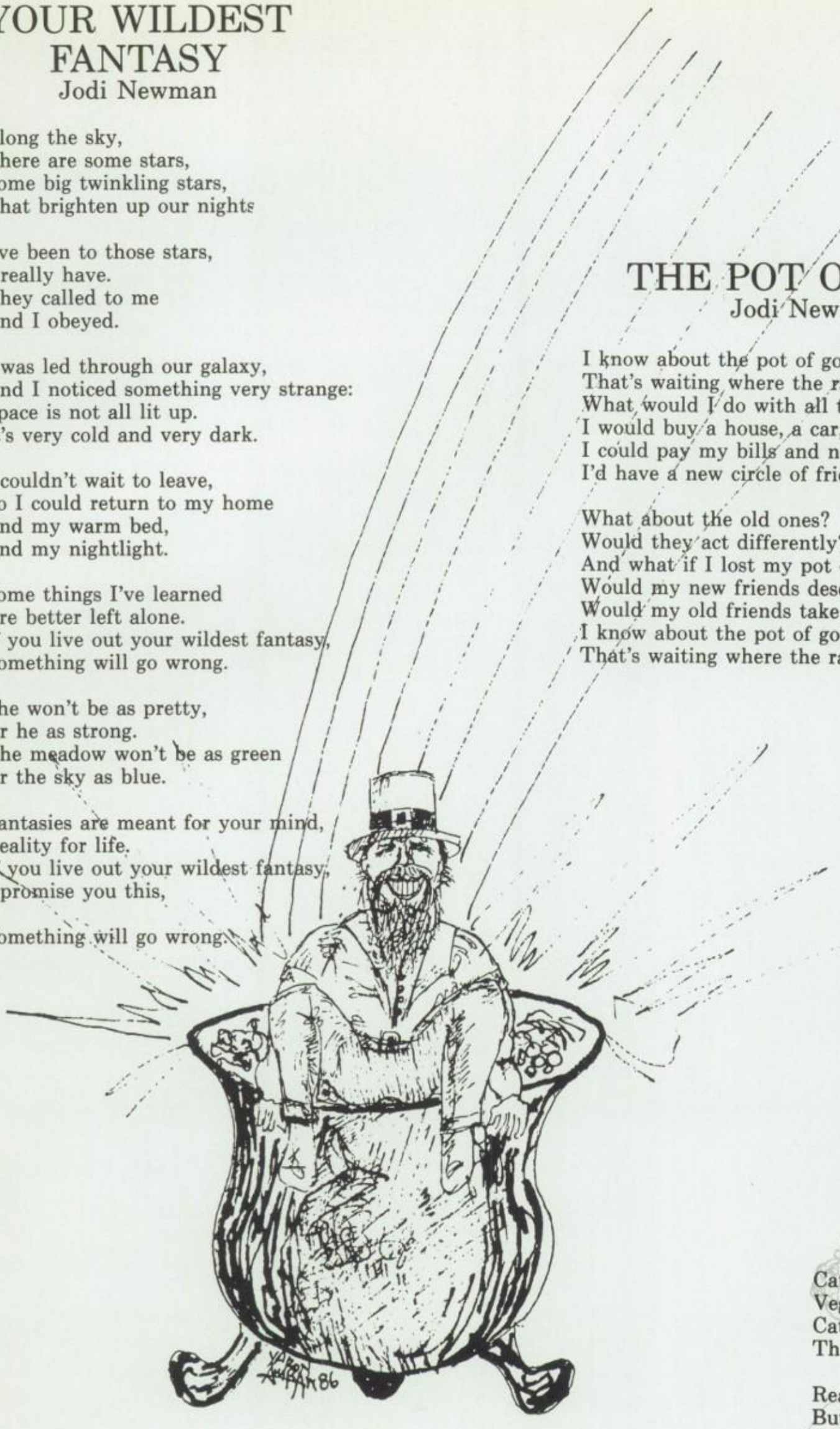
I couldn't wait to leave,
So I could return to my home
And my warm bed,
And my nightlight.

Some things I've learned
Are better left alone.
If you live out your wildest fantasy,
Something will go wrong.

She won't be as pretty,
Or he as strong.
The meadow won't be as green
Or the sky as blue.

Fantasies are meant for your mind,
Reality for life.
If you live out your wildest fantasy,
I promise you this,

Something will go wrong.



THE POT OF GOLD

Jodi Newman

I know about the pot of gold
That's waiting where the rainbow ends.
What would I do with all that gold?
I would buy a house, a car, a boat, a jet.
I could pay my bills and need never worry again.
I'd have a new circle of friends.

What about the old ones?
Would they act differently?
And what if I lost my pot of gold?
Would my new friends desert me?
Would my old friends take me back?
I know about the pot of gold
That's waiting where the rainbow ends.

CATSUP IS A VEGETABLE

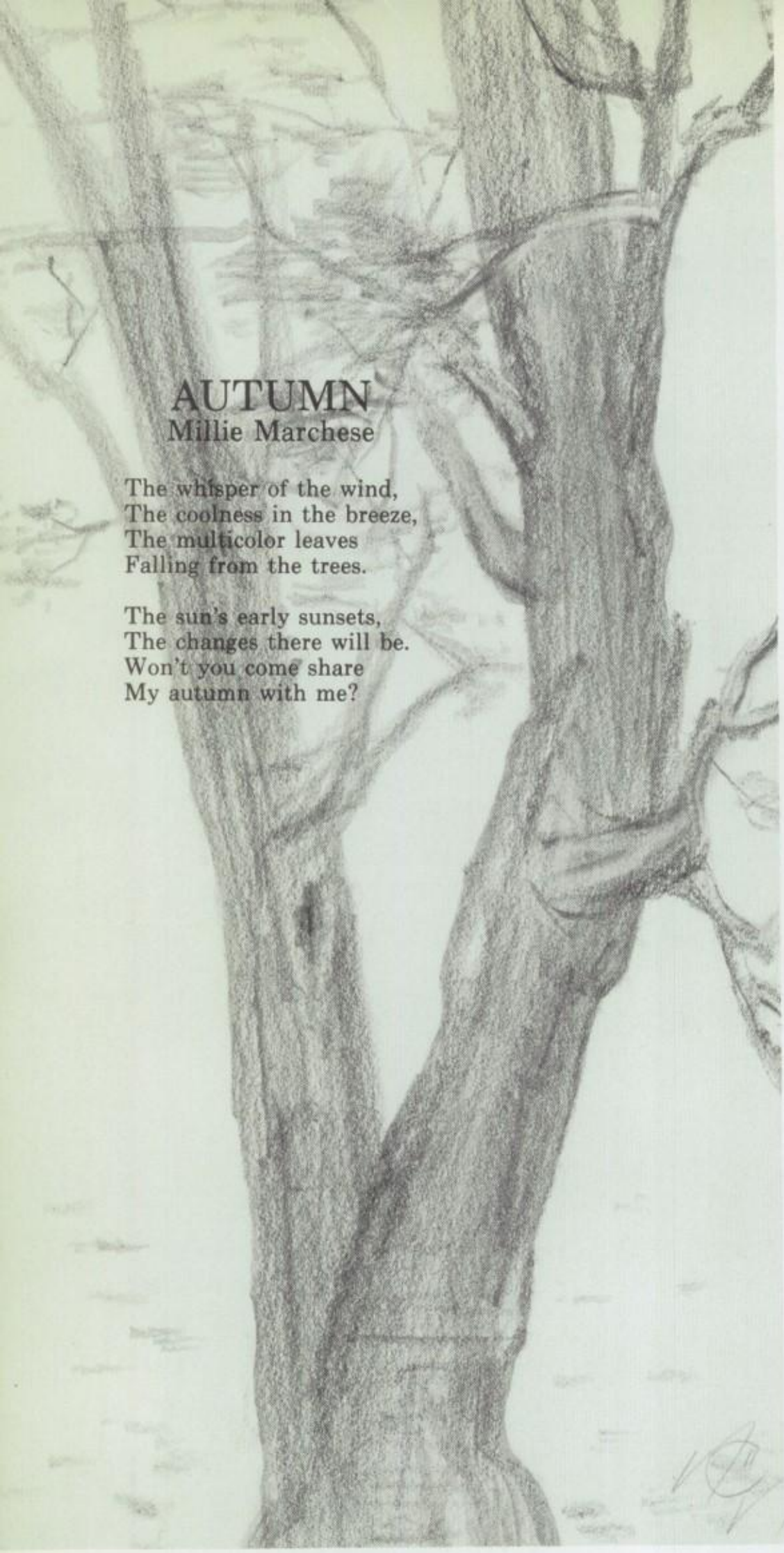
David A. Gibbs

Catsup is not a vegetable!
Vegetables you can eat.
Catsup is a liquid,
The kind you put on meat.

Reagan said it's a vegetable,
But how can this be true?
When you put it on a fork,
It tends to run right through.

He said, "Serve it to the kids,
Instead of carrots and corn."
That may save a pretty penny,
But it won't keep their tummies warm.

Michelle Krentz



AUTUMN
Millie Marchese

The whisper of the wind,
The coolness in the breeze,
The multicolor leaves
Falling from the trees.

The sun's early sunsets,
The changes there will be.
Won't you come share
My autumn with me?

JABBERWOCKY 1986
HILLCREST HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY-ART
PUBLICATION

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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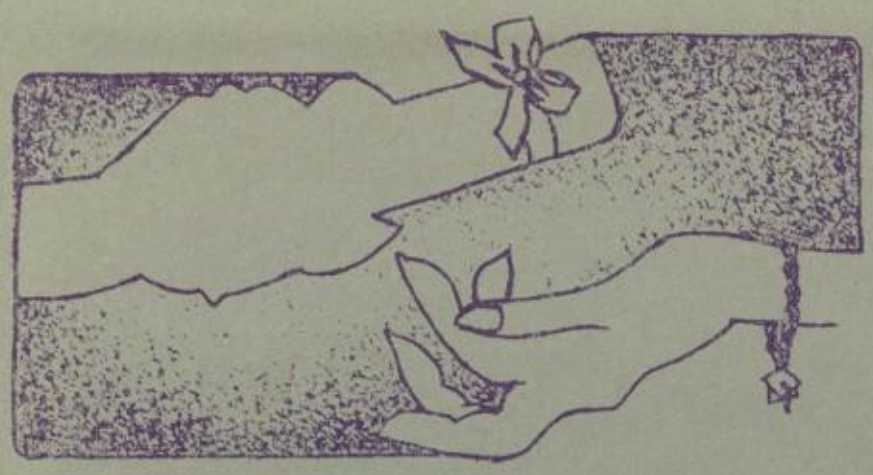
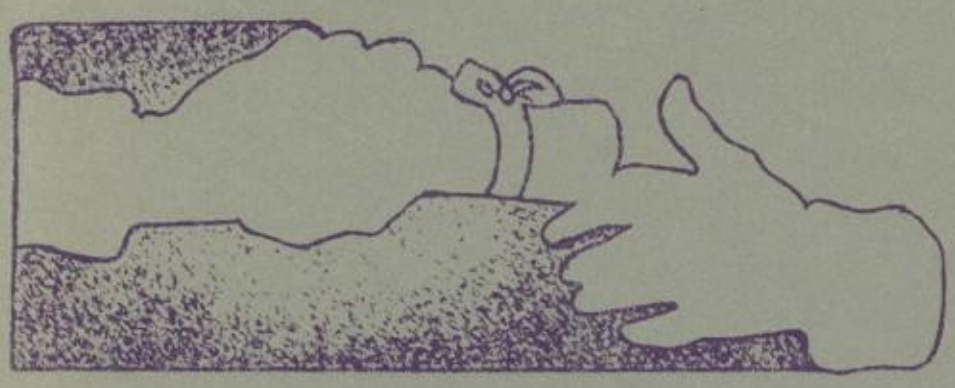
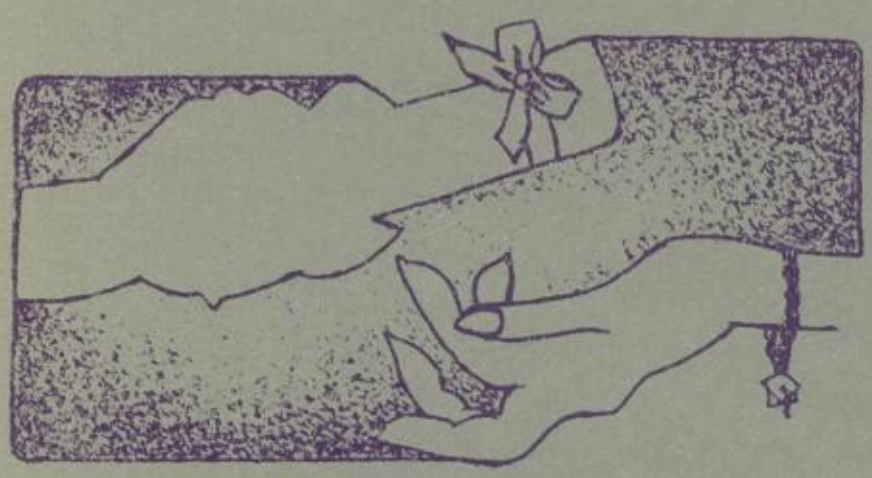
GROWTH
Jennifer Dunnaville

When we met, we were but two young caterpillars
Endlessly searching for ourselves
Yet needingly searching for each other.
Our minds were not yet developed,
In fact very impressionable.
We grew together believing life was evil;
It was just us against the world.

As we grew our minds grew.
We no longer needed each other as much,
And the search for ourselves had ended.
Now we are two beautiful butterflies,
Sure of who we are, but not of where we are going.
We fly away from each other in a new search.
A childhood friend flutters away in the wind.

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